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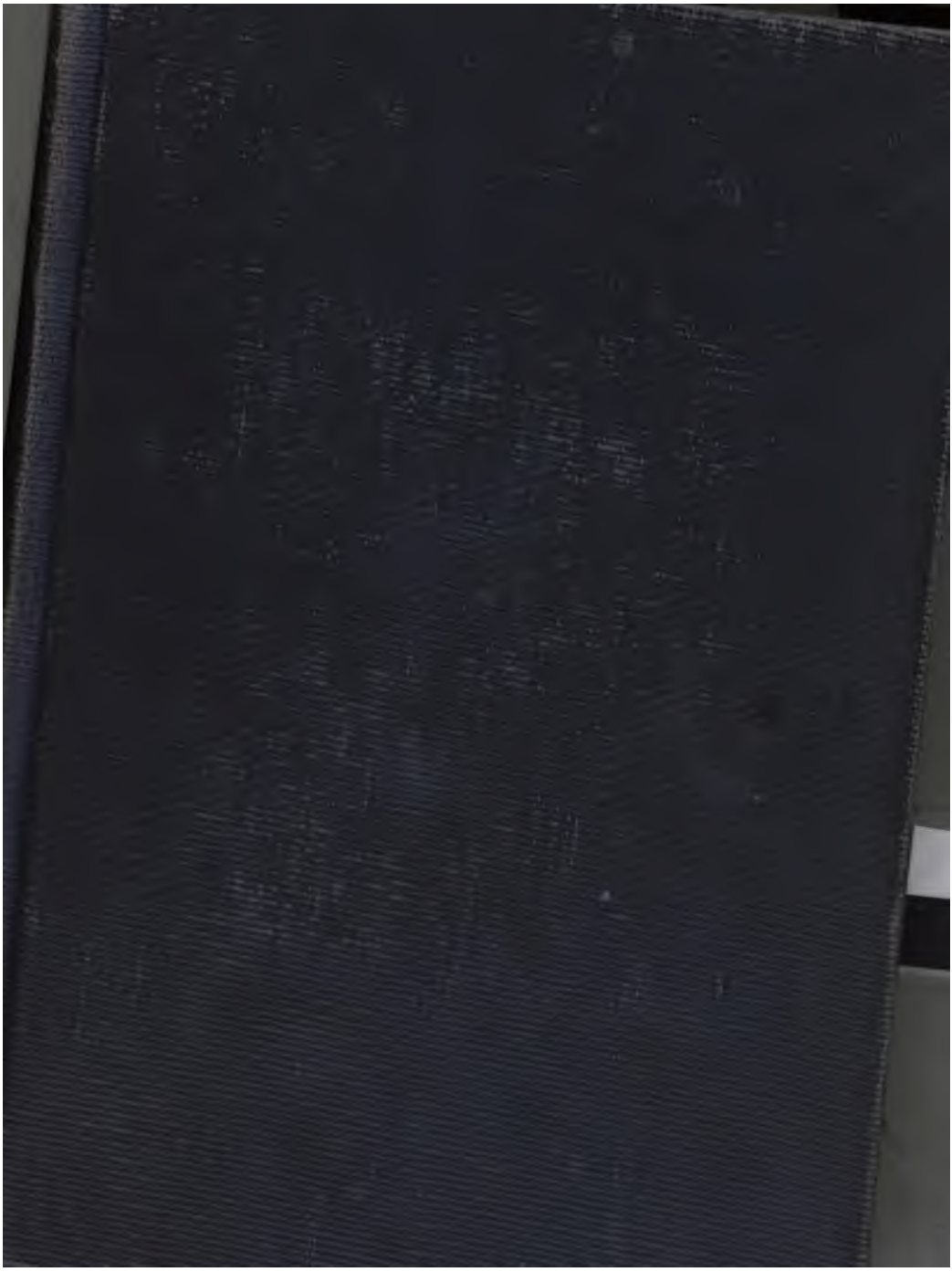

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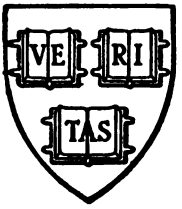

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MISS JESSIE JAMES DECLINES

—Pacific and Atlantic Photo

NO HOLDUP FOR HER—Jesse James' granddaughter, Jessie Estelle James, suing a movie company for denying her part in film version of her famous ancestor's life. She refused to stage a movie holdup of a policeman.

JESSE JAMES.

From a Portrait taken after death.

0

TRAIN AND BANK ROBBERS OF THE WEST.

A ROMANTIC BUT FAITHFUL STORY OF

BLOODSHED AND PLUNDER,

PERPETRATED BY

MISSOURI'S DARING OUTLAWS.

A Thrilling Story of the Adventures and Exploits of

FRANK AND JESSE JAMES,

Missouri's Twin Wraiths of Robbery and Murder,

CONTAINING A COMPLETE SKETCH OF THE ROMANCE OF GUERRILLA WARFARE; TOGETHER WITH A GRAPHIC AND DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE ROBBERIES AND MURDERS OF TWENTY YEARS; AND THE

LAST DARING FEATS OF THE JAMES' CONFEDERACY

IN THE ROBBERY AND MURDER ON THE ROCK ISLAND TRAIN, JULY 14th, 1881, AND AT GLENDALE, MO., SEPT. 17th, 1881; TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ACCOUNT OF

THE TRAGIC END OF JESSE JAMES,

SHOT BY A CONFEDERATE, APRIL 3d, 1882.

TOGETHER WITH

A Record of the Wild and Reckless Career of

THE YOUNGER BROTHERS

NOW INCARCERATED IN THE PENITENTIARY AT STILLWATER, MINN.

128th Thousand; New Edition, Profusely Illustrated, Containing Portraits of Jesse James and Robert Ford.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GUERRILLAS—COURAGE AND PATIENCE—A ROUGH CODE OF MORALS—PRIDE IN THEIR HORSES.

"A blush as of roses,
Where rose never grew,
Great drops on the bunch grass
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild birds to share
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun."

The great Republic of America is only in the morning of her days. Time has not yet plowed one wrinkle on her wide shining brow. Young among the empires of the earth, she has given proof of dauntless courage and of a most astonishing vitality. And if the past be a fair augury for the future, then it is safe to prophesy that America will be no laggard in the race of Nations. The pages of her brief history are rich in romance and replete with instruction. Her young days, were days crowded with earnest, honest toil. The sturdy pioneer swung

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then came a conflict long and bloody and remorseless. That war-stained page is the saddest, but not the least instructive of all America's young history. That page is damp yet with the blood of the bravest in all the land, and saturated with the tears of the bereaved and broken-hearted. That page records—concerning both sides—a bravery that knew no parallel, an endurance that was sublime.

One of the chief curses of a civil war is the legacy of bitterness and strife it leaves behind it. The seeds sown through all its gory fields wave in the harvests of subsequent years. And feuds are engendered that live through many generations. Indeed it is utterly impossible to exaggerate, by any form of speech the monstrous brood of evils to which these bloody wars give birth. The borders of Missouri and Kansas were smitten, as with a curse, by the daring exploits of as wild a band of marauders as ever laughed law and authority to scorn. These guerrilla bands, of which the bloodthirsty Quantrell was a chief, and Jesse and Frank James renowned subalterns—were the offspring of the war. They have been fitly described as "The sable fringe on the blood red garments of civil strife." These wild intrepid warriors loved to be feared. To have their names become signs of terror and dismay fed their pride, and the topmost height of their ambition was to be dreaded. They established in their own persons an aristocracy of reckless daring. They were cruel as they were cunning. They blended in their character the remorseless cruelty of the tiger, with

the subtlety of the fox. They were prodigal of life. Shedding human blood had no horrors for them. They would spill blood as freely as they would spill water, and with just as little reluctance or care. A guerrilla would ask no quarter he would give none! The word compromise, and what the word represented, was not in his lexicon. He was a follower of Quantrell's black flag and scorned to be afraid. When death came he met it, and died as the Red Indian dies—stoical, silent, and grim as a stone.

There were, however, elements of character developed by these border banditti worthy of a nobler cause. They were as courageous as the Spartans of the old heroic age. They were as valorous as the Roman in his military pride. They recognized cowardice as the chief crime, and courage as the cardinal virtue. A man who under any circumstances or in answer to any plea, would think of parleying with a foe, even if that foe were his brother or kinsman, was unfit to follow Quantrell's dread lead, and a man who would dream of craving mercy for himself could have no place beneath the Guerrilla's black banner of death. To kill, or to be killed, without the movement of a muscle or the throbbing of a nerve was the business of these outlaws. To this stern iron courage they added almost sagacious and unwearying patience. They were tireless in their strange vigils. Detailed to watch around a farmstead or a mountain pass, they would lie in secret ambush for weeks. And through all sorts of weather, in cold or heat, in hunger or thirst,

they would wait and watch unseen, till in the early morning, or by the clouded moonlight their unsuspecting victims would ride along. A dozen pistol shots would ring through the silent night; the doomed riders would fall dead from their horses; and without a word the guerillas would return to Quantrell's camp to announce their task accomplished. They led a strange unequal life. There was no "even tenor" in their way. Hungry almost to starvation to-day, to-morrow they would be banqueting in luxury. To-day, merry and glad and free; filling the air with jocund laughter, making the hill-sides echo with their wild songs; to-morrow riding for dear life, at break-neck speed, in the very teeth of danger, pursuing or pursued; following their foes, or being hunted like wild beasts. Such was the certain uncertainty of their lives. The genius who presides over the fortunes of war is a fickle jade. Fickle to regular organized armies, but a thousand times more fickle to these irregular warriors of the Border.

But there was one thing to be admired in the rough regulations of the Banditti. There was no spirit of coercion. No recruit was kept against his will. Free to come, he was also free to go. If wearied of the strife, no attempt was made to retain him. The deserters from these ranks of desperadoes were very few. The life once entered upon seemed to grow in wild romance. Every startling escapade gave promise of something still more exciting to follow. Every succeesful raid sharpened the appetite for another fray. Every taste of dan-

er aroused within him the spirit of wild revolt.

Much has been said and written in harsh condemnation of these guerrilla bands; and their deeds were appalling enough to warrant the harshest condemnation. It must nevertheless be admitted that they, after their fashion, illustrated the old adage that there is "honor amongst thieves." They had a rough and ready code of morals. The very fashion of their challenge was an indication suggestive of some due appreciation of character. The old highwayman would bid you stand and deliver with the brief formula, "Your money or your life. The challenge of the picket on the Potomac was "Who goes there?" and if the challenge was unanswered after being thrice repeated, the picket fired. The guerrilla's challenge was brief and his action quick—"Who are you?" he cried; he paused a moment, and if no answer came he fired.

Much has been said to the charge of these guerrillas for which they are by no means responsible. Every mean and dastardly thing done in the war was charged to their account. There followed the armies of both North and South a string of miserable, idle thieves, who robbed the dying and plundered the dead. Human fiends whose meanness was only equalled by their craven cowardice. Parasites who preyed not on the living but on the dead. These shameless wretches had, as may be well imagined, no reverence for the sanctity of women. When their greed was satisfied, then they sought for the gratification of their lust. And of course the fairer and

the gentler their victims were, the more determinately did they enforce them to the satisfaction of their diabolical desires. What mattered! Dying or dead, women or children! These ghouls of perdition had burned out every element of humanity in the fires of their brutal passions. The vulture clutching its prey, the wild tiger in the jungle were not less merciful than these inhuman creatures, whose ears were deaf and whose hearts were stone to the prayers and pleadings of helpless children and innocent, unoffending women. And for all these barbarous exploits the guerrillas were unjustly held responsible. Cruel and bold and desperate the guerrillas were, but never mean. They knew how to be faithful to a friend, as well as to be bitter to a foe. There was a Free Masonry amongst them held very sacred. And fidelity to each other was one of its chief elements. Strict disciplinarians, they were ordered to respect the purity of women and the helplessness of children in all their rough warfare, and they obeyed the regulatlon.

Their skillful horsemanship and their love for their horses was quite a distinctive feature in their rude characters. Their wild, dashing, flying, rather than riding, would almost favor the impression that they must have been cradled on horseback. And there soon sprung up between the horse and his rider something very nigh akin to affection. If one must go hungry, the guerrilla was content to accept the situation and give the corn he needed himself to his horse. In the keen, bitter nights of winter the horse

must be well blanketed however the rider fared. Many stories, that have almost a fabulous air, are told of the almost human sense displayed by these horses of the guerrillas. They were as eager in battle as their masters, and when swiftness and silence were needed they knew how to speed on without the stimulus of whip or spur, never once disturbing the stillness by neigh or whinny. There is something to be said for a man who is kind to his horse. He will not make a less valiant soldier because he is thoughtful of the steed who shares with him the fortunes of the fray. Indeed, it has often been said that a soldier's treatment of his horse might be taken as a fair indication of his fitness for the field of battle. Murat, the great French general, used to say, that the best and bravest among the cuirassiers were those who embraced their horses before they did their mistresses.

Amongst the bravest and most daring of Quantrell's desperate followers; amongst the most uncompromising and determined of this wild, lawless horde, that kept the borders of Kansas and Missouri in perpetual fear and turmoil, were Jesse and Frank James. The fearless exploits of these brothers have gone on for more than twenty years. They have been hunted in vain by thousands of armed men. Rewards have been offered for their capture, amounting in all to seventy-five thousand dollars. But the rewards have been offered in vain. Fleet and fickle as the wandering wind, they have eluded their pursuers. They are still outlaws, but free.

CHAPTER II.

THE JAMES FAMILY.

LIFE A DRAMA — THE MISSOURI PARSONAGE — REV. ROBERT JAMES—THE MOTHER OF THE BANDITS.

"All the world's a stage.
And all the men and women merely players
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his turn
Plays many parts."
—*Shakespeare.*

There is nothing half so strange in all the realm of fiction, as may be found in the stern facts of life. The novelist may charm us with his dreams of the wonderful; but when the checquered lives of men pass before us in all their strange variety of experience, the novelist's dreams fade utterly away, in the presence of the real wonders that throb and thrill through the common histories of men. The world is the real stage after all, and men and women are the only real players. The mimic stage where the actor frets and fumes his hour away, is but a passing show, to amuse, perchance to instruct. But

it is in the world's theatre of life where you will find how the true actors groan out and die their tragedy, or laugh in merriest mood all through the comedy of being. On the hills and in the low lands; in the quiet farmstead and the crowded city; by the campfire of the wanderer and in the wigwam of the Indian; before the mast, daring the tempest in its wildest fury; in the mine, digging for earth's secret treasures; here, and in all places where pulses throb and human hearts are beating, the true drama of life is being evermore enacted. Not in the airy speculations of romance, not in the dreams of the poet; but in the lives of men is the secret of the truly wonderful.

The story of these pages is an illustration of this sentiment. The history of these Border Bandits, Frank and Jesse James, is a record of thrilling fact and bold adventure calling back the memories of Robin Hood and Little John, and all the merry men of Sherwood forest; or the later exploits of Dick Turpin and the midnight marauderers of the old world.

Jesse and Frank James were born of respectable well-to-do parents and in circumstances that gave little indication of their future remarkable career. Sometimes a morning breaks in calm and placid beauty; the sky is cloudless and the sun shines bright and fair; but before noon the thunder rolls its angry chariot, and the sky is black with storm and tempest. And you wonder that a day that dawned so fair could hold concealed in its shining bosom so

fierce a tempest. And surely no prophet could have foretold so dark and appalling a career for these two boys; cradled and nurtured as they were amid so much of hope and promise. Their early home was in Clay County in the State of Missouri. The Rev. Robert James, the father of these boys, came from

"The Old Kentucky Shore."

He was a minister, of no small renown, of the Baptist denomination. He was what is known in that body as a thorough-going, uncompromising close Communist. He is spoken of by some as a sort of natural genius, who by native good sense managed to get along well without the aid of many books or much culture. While on the other hand he is described as a man of wide culture and scholarship. Whether he ever graduated at Georgetown College as his friends aver, is hard to tell. This at least is certain. He was a man of firm purpose and indomitable will. He knew well how to put common qualities to their best possible uses. If he had only little mental capital in stock he knew how to make the best of the little he had. He was a man of decided and pronounced opinions. Evidently intended to be a ruler and controller of men. He was a great favorite with his own Missouri congregation, and he was a most welcome visitor to other churches. But he was most of all in demand for camp-meeting services. There, he was in his glory. He possessed that indispensable gift — necessary for effective camp-meeting exhortation—the gift of rugged, burn-

ing, persuasive eloquence. It was enough for him to rise in any audience, however vast, to command instant attention. In those old days, when the camp meeting was a genuine reality—and not an organized religious show made to pay, such as camp meetings are in these degenerate times—the rocks and upland glens of Kentucky and Missouri, reverberated with his sonorous voice and the tossing pines bore the echoes of his matchless eloquence far into the silent night. He was a veritable Boanerges, a son of Thunder. There was no marked gentleness in his manner, whatever there may have been of tenderness in his heart. He was a man of all but irresistable force as an exhorter. Many a hardened man, unused to the melting mood, was terrified into anxious thought, by the stern and terrible denunciations with which Mr. James sought to arouse the abandoned. He would bid them "flee from the wrath to come," in tones of thunder. And when he essayed, as was often the case, a description of what the wrath to come was—when he portrayed the fierceness of the fires, the quenchlessness of the flames, the agony of the despairing, the torture of demons, the moaning and wailing and gnashing of teeth—it was positively awful! He seemed to be for the time utterly beside himself. He seemed as one who, if he had not himself trod the rugged pavement of the damned, had ventured to the very brink of perdition, and had inhaled the smoke of their torment which goeth up forever and ever. And his auditors were ofttimes smitten with alarm as though the fires

of Gehenna were near at hand to devour them. These moods of wild entreaty, were for the most part, confined to the camp meeting. In the ordinary discharge of his pastoral duties he was most gentle and winning. A weird prophet of the hills; his mouth full of hard sayings, and his face set like brass against the sins of his age; he was nevertheless the calmest and meekest of apostles in the midst of his Missouri flock. And though a whole generation has passed away, since he found a grave where the tall sequios rear their lofty branches above the plain; he is still remembered with deep and real gratitude by many to whom his kind and faithful ministrations were rendered so long ago. He looked after his farm and guarded and shepherded his religious flock with simple fidelity. He may be said to have filled not unworthily the outline of Goldsmith's village pastor.

> "Thus to relieve one wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
> But in his duty, prompt to every call
> He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
> And as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay
> Allured to brighter words and led the way."

The mother of these boys was of a sterner kind. Miss Zerelda Cole, whom the Rev. Mr. James married, when quite young, was never overburdened with gentleness of spirit. Her temper and bearing were most imperious. Of the sweetness and amia-

bility which we always associate with womanhood, she seemed to be, for the most part, devoid. One glance at her portrait is enough to convince one of the iron sternness of her disposition, a large, wide mouth with lips compressed in awful firmness, and eyes that seem to be homes of angry fires rather than fountains of happy smiles. The whole countenance is most forbidding. Her form was angular and masculine. A tall, gaunt presence to inspire fear rather than to invite confidence. And yet, while she had no superflous sympathies to throw away, she gained the reputation of being kind and helpful where kindness and help were really needed. She had no sentimental tears to shed, but she had a strong hand and a willing mind to help bear the real burdens of the weak and sad. So if Goldsmith's picture will serve for the Rev. Robert James, Sir Walter Scott's fine lines will not be inappropriate for Mrs. Zerelda James:

> "O, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made
> When pain and anguish ring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

CHAPTER III.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF FRANK AND JESSE JAMES.

DEATH OF REV. MR. JAMES—THE WIDOW'S STRUGGLES —DR. REUBEN SAMUELS—THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF THE YOUNG GUERRILLAS.

Frank James was born in Scott County, Kentucky, in 1841. Jesse was born in Clay County, Missouri, in 1845. There were beside these two boys, two daughters. The elder of the girls just reached the threshhold of beautiful womanhood when, to the regret of all who knew her, she passed away. The remaining daughter, Susan, went to live in Nebraska, and there became the wife of Mr. L. Parmer. They made their permanent home in Sherman, Texas. Frank was an infant in arms when Mr. and Mrs. James removed from Kentucky to Clay County, Missouri; so that all the young life of these embryo bandits is associated with the Baptist Parsonage of New Hope Church. One would hardly have expected that such a home would have been a cradle for such relentless, bloodthirsty men. But it is hard

for such relentless, bloodthirsty men. But it is hard to tell. It seems sometimes as if circumstances had, after all, very little to do in making character. They certainly seem to be less potent than is commonly believed. It is presumable that even Judas said his prayers at his mother's knee. Certain it is, that he was surrounded with the most sacred influences and advantages, and yet, in spite of all, the world accords him his place as the arch-traitor of all the ages. The fairest flowers are often found on the least cultured lands. The sons of ministers of the Gospel have often proved to be the wildest and most unsteady of all young men. As the auld Scotch-wife said: "The worst deils o' the parish are aye to be found at the Manse." And for this there must be some reason; and that reason is generally to be found in the fact that there is too often in the minister's house a lack of that wholesome restraint that forms such an indispensable element in the culture of the young. It is the old story ever repeated, Eli restrained not his sons, and they dishonored their father's name and became a bye-word and a shame in Ancient Israel.

In the previous chapter the characteristics of the parents of these boys were portrayed. The father and the mother of these boys were strongly dissimilar in their mental and moral temperaments. Mr. James was a man who had less force of character then his wife. And moreover he was so constantly absorbed in his pastoral duties, that he left the government of the house, if it could be called

government at all, to his stronger-minded spouse. He saw little of his children, and had very little influence upon them. They were very young; and in the earliest years of life, the mothers have always the mightiest control of the young folks. It was especially so in this case. The mother stamped her impress deep and legible upon her sons.

In the year 1850 an important event transpired in the home of the minister of Clay. The discovery of the gold fields of California had spread its feverish excitement far and wide. Not only the whole of America, but Europe became largely interested. If the Philosopher's stone was not found, the gold was found, and that was better still. The eyes of the Old world have many a time been turned longingly toward the new, and never with a wilder enthusiasm than in the year 1858. Men were a good deal more anxious to go to the "Diggings" than pious people were to go to the New Jerusalem. California was better than Jerusalem new or old. It was the true Eldorado, the bright land of gold, and young men, and men who had passed the fullness and strength of middle life, gave up home and quiet, and tolerably easy circumstances, charmed by the bewildering dream, that they might suddenly become rich, and spend the rest of their lives in affluence and ease. But as Ireland's sweet minstrel the poet Moore says:

> "The World is all a fleeing show,
> To man's illusion given."

And so these golden promises in the overwhelm-

ing majority of instances charmed only to betray. There were many of these adventurers who "struck gold." But the greater number struck bad luck, disappointment and dispair. Till "Damn the Luck" became the common phrase on almost every digger's lips. The far away lands, that catch the first breezes of the Pacific have become the sepulchre of thousands who left their quiet homes to find an untimely grave, instead of a fortune. The tall dark mountains and the lofty sequois overshadow the unknown tombs of many a brave and valient youth, and serve as silent mourners of the unknown and luckless dead.

In this year 1850, the Rev. Mr. James caught the gold-fever and determined to take his chances with the rest who

> "Over the Mountains
> Of the Moon,
> Down the Valley of the Shadow
> Rode, boldly rode,
> In search of El Dorado."

He had been preceded by a brother, whose rose colored descriptions of California and its wealth helped in bringing Mr. James to a decision on this point. What plans he formed in his own mind is not known. He probably thought that his absence from Missouri would not necessarily be long. He bade his Flock at New Hope Church farewell and started out on a prospecting tour. From this tour he never returned. He was stricken by some mortal disease. Away from home and kindred he died untended and

unwatched, and now lies in an unknown grave, where the rays of the setting sun leave their last faint sad smiles.

Frank was nine years old and Jesse barely five, when the sad tidings of the father's death reached Clay County. The tidings were sad enough for the widow and the orphans, but after all it was no doubt best that the father should be spared the sad history of his sons. Better far that he should be sleeping, the "long sweet sleep that knows no waking" than live to see his sons brought to such dishonor.

Mrs. James was not left wholly unprovided for. She had to struggle pretty hard for a good many years. But she had nothing weak or sentimental in her nature and struggling suited her well. The boys spent some time in a district school. But the records do not indicate that they were very diligent or very successful in their studies. Years passed on, years of struggle and hard work. At last in 1857 Dr. Reuben Samuels a native of Kentucky was brave and bold enough to propose for the hand of the Widow James, and it required some bravery no doubt. She was no coy blushing maiden to be wooed and won by the sweet blandishments of love. She was a widow well on in years. A woman who had been accustomed to sway the scepter of power at Clay Farm; and if Dr. Samuels meant business well and good. But she wanted and would have no fooling. Probably the Doctor had known her in the old Kentucky days, and knowing her disposition, ordered himself accordingly. The offer was accepted.

And they then were married. But if the Doctor could have foreseen what perils lay before him, he might perchance have paused.

The boys, Frank and Jesse, were now beginning to reveal those elements of character that, fully developed, have made their names at once the curse and shame of Missouri. Of the milk of human kindness they had none. They seem to have drunk in from their earliest days only bitterness and malice, and all evil. While they were quite young they quarreled and fought like young demons. They hated with the hatred of the most remorseless cruelty. The jocund laughter of innocent youth seldom broke from their lips; but, instead, oaths and curses, and bitter threatens mingled with gross profanity. From their eyes broke no kindly beams, but there flashed the fires of ungovernable hate. They had no pleasant playmates. They wanted none. Their whole disposition was to bully and abuse and domineer; and sometimes they carried this spirit to a shameful degree. One instance will serve as an illustration: When Frank was thirteen and Jesse barely eleven, one of the boys near their farm, himself only thirteen, was unfortunate enough to give these young fiends some offence. The brothers waited their time for vengeance. At last it came, the boys met in a large, lonely forest. The boy Smithers, who had incurred the ill-will of the Jameses, was not equal to do battle with both the brothers, so they succeeded in administering a most merciless castigation. But this did not appease their

anger. It was the spring-time, and the streams of Missouri were rich and full. Frank and Jesse procured thongs of bark and tied and bound the hands of young Smithers and threw him a dozen times, bruised and bleeding as he was, into a deep pond. He begged and pleaded that they would desist. But he pleaded in vain. The more he suffered the more they were delighted. At last growing tired of this method of torment, the young fiends, after extorting all sorts of apologies from the half-drowned boy, finished their day's sport by tying him hand and foot to a great tree, and leaving him there to whatsoever chances fate might bring. It was early morning when this inhuman scene transpired. It was not till sundown that some chance passer-by released poor Smithers, more dead than alive from his painful captivity. The poor lad was thrown into a fever from which he did not recover for many weeks, Thus before the elder of these boys had well got into his teens, the cruel murderous spirit was manifest.

A favorite pastime with these boys was to torture dumb animals. Cutting off the ears and tails of dogs and cats, and the wings of birds, was a cherished practice, and the pitiful cries of the dumb suffering things was a sort of music they delighted in. Everything that gave pain gave them pleasure. A little fellow living near the farm, a namesake of the elder boy, had a little pet dog, a rat-and-tan, called Fan. For some reason or other, this lad had managed to offend the young tyrants, and so to get

even with him they watched for the little dog Fan; and at last securing it they cut off its tail, clipped its ears, then hung it by a cord to the branch of a tree, while they dug a deep hole; after which, despite its almost human looks of piteous pleadings, they buried the dog alive! and afterward boasted of the fun! Such was the budding promise of the boyhood of Frank and Jesse James.

While they were quite young, their step-father, Dr. Samuels, presented each of them with a small double-barrel shot-gun and all the paraphernalia of a thoroughly equipped sportsman. This was quite an era in their history, and now they began a ceaseless and unwearied gun practice. They were soon very efficient and successful sportsmen, and neither bird, nor rabbit, nor squirrel escaped their guns. Guns soon gave way to pistols. The boys had heard of the wild adventurers of the Borders; of their wonderful skill in the use of those deadly weapons; and so by careful saving they were soon able to gratify their ambition and became each of them possessed of a pistol. They practiced in dead-earnest from early daylight, and very soon they became masters of the art of pistol shooting; and their awful success in their many bloody frays in after years was largely owing to their persevering practice in their young days. So thoroughly efficient had they become, so precise and accurate their aim, that they would measure a distance of fifteen paces from a tree standing in an open space, and commence walking around it, firing, what to an on-looker

would appear to be only random shots. But every shot would tell, and by and bye the tree would be completely riddled round with a ring of pistol shots. They went from achievement to achievement, with perseverance worthy of a much nobler cause. Not satisfied with being good shots as they stood or walked, they began to practice on horse-back; and before very long they were able, riding at full gallop around a circle with a tree in the centre, at a distance of seventy-five paces to completely girdle the tree with revolver bullets, never missing a single shot. This strange wild apprenticeship thoroughly fitted these ill-starred youths for the dark destiny that awaited them, and made them most dangerous foes to all who crossed their path or thwarted their dread purposes.

CHAPTER IV.

QUANTRELL'S CAMP.

THE WAND OF CIRCUMSTANCES—QUANTRELL'S EARLY DAYS—THE BLOOD-THIRSTY JAY-HAWKERS—MURDER AND PLUNDER—DAYS AND NIGHTS OF TERROR—FIGHTING THE WOLVES BY THE FESTERING DEAD—WHAT MADE QUANTRELL THE INTREPID GUERRILLA CHIEF.

Charles William Quantrell was without a doubt the greatest of all the cheiftains of those wild lawless bands who afflicted the borders of Kansas and Missouri for so many years. No King was ever more absolute with his subjects, than Quantrell was with his guerrilla followers. As to his personal authority and influence there are not two opinions. His word was law. His will was obeyed without a question. Whenever the Black Flag of Quantrell was reared, it meant death and doom without parley or compromise. As to Quantrell himself opinions were strangely divided. He has been described by some as "a highway robber crossed upon a tiger;" while others have spoken of him as "as a gallant defender of his native South." It is the fortune, or misfor-

tune of men of more than common power to awake conflicting estimates of their character. The same man, who is in the eyes of his friends and followers, a heaven-born champion of the right; is to his foes an unscrupulous usurper and fanatic.

Quantrell's was a strange career. Was he an Avenging Nemesis of the Right? Or a monster of murder's foul brood? It is not too much to say that circumstances;—or rather it should be said one baleful set of circumstances—helped to make him what he became. His career as a leader of banditti was unthought of, undreamed of; and all the training of his young days seemed to point in the direction of a peaceful life.

But the wand of circumstance, or fate, call it which you will, swept over him, and in one awful night, the peaceful unoffending youth became a living vengeance, an incarnate terror!

Quantrell was born in Hayerstown, Maryland, on the 20th July 1836. He was very early bereft of a father's care, but from his young days onward he was a gentle and obedient son to his widowed mother. About sixteen years of age he went to reside at Cleveland, Ohio, in order that he might enjoy the advantages of a liberal education. Here he stayed for some years, little dreaming of the future that awaited him. He had a brother much older than himself living in Kansas City. This elder brother urged Charles William to leave Ohio and settle down in Kansas, this was agreed upon, but before settling down to the business of life, it was resolved that they

should take a journey together to California. This was in the year 1856. They planned to go by wagons; they had with them one negro, to cook and pitch their tent and serve them generally. There were at this time blood-thirsty bands of men, known as Lane's Jay-hawkers, who under the name of Abolitionists desiring freedom in Kansas, went up and down murdering and plundering in the most atrocious and cold-blooded way.

The brothers Quantrell were *en route* for California "The bright land of Gold" as the gold seekers fondly called it. One night they had pitched their tent on the banks of the Cottonwood River. It was one of those early summer evenings when nature seems to wear her richest robes of beauty, the setting sun shot parting beams of golden glory on river, and hill and vale. The evening meal was over, and the brothers were sitting on the river bank talking quietly of other days, and canvassing future prospects. Sambo was busy fixing the tent for the night. All was peace and quiet, when suddenly a band of thirty of these Kansas Jay-hawkers broke in on the unsuspecting encampment. The sharp crack of the pistols was the first sound that broke the silence. The work was quick and effective. The elder brother was shot dead on the river-bank. Charles William was riddled with bullets and left for dead. Plunder followed murder. Watches, rings everything that was valuable was taken from the dead, and as they thought dying man. The negro was ordered to gather up all the supplies.

The tent was placed upon its waggon, negro and wagons and horses were then driven off and Quantrell heard of them no more.

Wounded and bleeding the younger Quantrell lay unconscious till the morning. The bleeding ceased but an awful fever set in. And in this fever he raged and raved. By the second night he became somewhat conscious, and as he heard the flapping of buzzard's wings, and not far away the ominous howling of hungry wolves; he crawled to where his dead brother lay, and all that awful night, and all next day kept sacred vigil by the dead and fought away the birds of prey and the angry wolves. Faint and sore, and weak from loss of blood; he rolled himself down to the river's brink to quench his thirst. But he did not wish to die. He was resolved to live! To live to be avenged!

On the morning of the third day after the Jayhawkers' raid an old Shawnee Indian, Golightly Spieback chanced to pass by, and his kind old heart warmed to the suffering lad. He staunched his wounds, he dug a grave and helped to bury the murdered brother. There was no coffin or shroud, nor priest nor passing bell. When the rude funeral was ended the grand old Shawnee invited the cheif mourner of that sad scene to a place in his wagon, and promised to drive him by easy stages to his Indian home. Charles William Quantrell accepted Spieback's kindness. But before he left that spot "by horror haunted," he fell upon his knees by the grave-side of him, who had been more like a father

than a brother through all the years of his orphanage, and swore eternal vengance against all the Jayhawking tribe!

Call that scene by the Cottonwood River the wand of circumstance, or of fate, or the wand of "murder most foul;" waving over the head of young Quantrell, it marked out his destiny and made him bitter, relentless, witheut mercy whenever the name of a Jayhawker was breathed.

Years passed by and the warfare of the Border grew more and more furious. Quantrell gathered round him such men as Todd and Scott, Anderson and Blant, Yager and Hulse and Gregg, the Younger Brothers—and the heroes of these pages, Frank and Jesse James. He became chief of the chiefs. The master spirit of the guerrilla's of Missouri. Many a young Missourian flushed with a wild ambition, longed for the honor of a place in Quantrell's camp, and craved for themselves no greater joy than the free wild life of those who followed Quantrell's Black Banner of Death.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK JAMES FOLLOWS QUANTRELL.

THE SAMUELS' STRONG FOR THE SOUTH—MRS. SAMUELS HATES THE BOYS IN BLUE — BRUTAL OUTRAGE AT THE SAMUELS' HOMESTEAD—DR. SAMUELS LEFT FOR DEAD—MRS. SAMUELS TO THE RESCUE — JESSE TORMENTED — THE FEDERALS MAKE A SECOND RAID —MRS. SAMUELS AND SUSIE IN JAIL—JESSE BECOMES A GUERRILLA.

The wild exploits of Quantrell's lawless band fell like a charm on the spirit of young Frank James. Probably the stories he heard were greatly exaggerated. But the free reckless life, the daring and the danger, the romance of the day, and the stories by the camp-fire at night, the companionship of defiant spirits who could be merry in the midst of peril, and laugh in the very face of death; all these things seen with the eager eyes of romantic youth, served to complete the enchantment. And Frank, tired of the monotony of the farm and the uneventful life he led, resolved to cast in his lot with these wild

bandits of western Missouri. No dream of wealth or honor lured him on. It was just the spirit of wild adventure that possessed him. And so in the twilight gloaming of an evening in the early spring of 1862, Frank, well armed, saddled his horse and bade farewell forever to the peaceful pursuits of life, to become a robber and a murderer!

It should not be overlooked, however, that these guerrillas were not regarded universally as of the robber brood, exclusively. They were not only tolerated in many of their awful raids, but actually encouraged by many strong partizans, as avengers of brutal and unprovoked wrongs. Robin Hood of old renown — the lawless master of Sherwood forest—was not regarded as such a dreadful moral delinquent, when he nobbed fat, wealthy Monks and Abbots, and ramsacked Abbey and Cloister to feed the starving poor. And when these wild followers of Quantrell brought swift vengeance home to a group of Federal militia-men, or a band of Kansas Jayhawkers, they were openly applauded.

The Samuels family were very strongly Southern in their sympathies. Both the Doctor and his wife had brought from their native Kentucky uncompromising attachment to Southern institutions. Their hearts were thoroughly in the movement for secession. And as we have already seen, Mrs. Samuels was thorough in all things; and in this matter she took a firm and definite stand. She could not be called a politician. But she could act like one. She hated the Northern cause. She hated the sight of

the Boys in Blue. And not being disposed ever to hide her light under a bushel, it soon became pretty widely known, that if she could aid in the discomforture of the Federal soldiers, she would not scruple much as to the means to attain such an end. Indeed there is no doubt that she was often secretly at work. Quantrell could count upon her help, and never once found her information to be misleading. She would find out—by what means it would be hard to tell—the movement and plans of the Federal troops, and then Jesse in the darkness of the night, would mount his swiftest horse and ride through the gloomy wilderness of western Missouri and never halt till he had delivered all his important tidings to the guerrilla chief. Her house had often been the scene of secret midnight conferences.

The Federal militia men suspected that the Samuels were their secret foes, and after a long period of non-interference they came down upon the Kearney farm and committed one of those brutal outrages which very nearly cost Dr. Samuels his life.

It was in the month of June, 1862, a very short time after Frank's departure, a company of Missouri militia presented themselves at the farm near Kearney, in Clay County. They were resolved to make an example of the whole family. They first of all met Dr. Samuels, whom they addressed in language that could leave no doubt in his mind that they meant to carry affairs to the bitter end. It was in vain he pleaded that he was leading a peaceful farmer's life, and didn't desire to be mixed up in

the strife of the time. They told him — what he knew much better than they did—that he and his whole family were in secret alliance with Quantrell and his followers. Frank was at the camp, Susie was away from home, Jesse was ploughing in the fields. Mrs. Samuels was nowhere to be seen. But she saw all that was going on, all the same.

They had not come unprepared for their work. They produced a strong, stout rope with which they securely pinioned the unresisting Dr. Samuels. Amid jeers and ribald jests they hurried him into a wood within sight of his home. After further insult, they fastened a rope into a noose round his neck, then throwing the other end of the rope over the limb of a tree, they drew him up hastily and with farewell curses left him to choke to death. They then went in quest of Jesse whom they intended to treat in a similar manner. Meantime Mrs. Samuels who had been an unseen witness of the hanging of her husband, came to the rescue, and with almost superhuman strength, climbed the tree and managed to cut him down, then carried him, more dead than alive, back to the house. And by long and patient nursing managed to save his life.

Meantime these gallant warriors went in search of Jesse. Here was a boy of barely sixteen years of age, on whom the men who bore the name of soldiers, were about to wreck their vengeance. They charged him with being a medium of communication with Quantrell. They put a rope round his neck and told him that his hour had come. If they thought

by these means to intimidate him they were gravely mistaken, for Jesse turned upon them a look of stolid and scornful indifference. His youth and manifest courage had some influence with his tormenters, so after further abuse and after pricking him freely, they gave utterance to the most awful threats with their swords, garnished with sundry oaths, as to what they would do if he ever dared to ride to Quantrell's camp again with any message good, bad, or indifferent. Supposing that they had made a full end of Dr. Samuels, and being pretty well satisfied with their day's diversions, they departed leaving Jesse to follow his plow.

Not long after, hearing that Dr. Samuels was still alive and that Jesse was still taking his midnight rides, a second raid was effected, and it was determined that this time both Dr. Samuels and Jesse must die. But the birds had flown! Neither the Doctor, nor Jesse could be found. Mrs. Samuels and her daughter Susie were at home. But they refused point blank to give any information. The soldiers threatened, but did not alarm the women. And especially from Mrs. Samuels, who was a magnificent hater, the soldiers got as good as they gave. Greatly enraged at being baulked of their chief prey, they arrested Mrs. and Miss Samuels and took them to the jail at St. Josephs. Here they were kept for weeks in a place reeking with filth and vermin. And they were subjected to all sorts of course brutal jests and obscene conversation from their vulgar-minded guards. But Mrs. Samuel's indom-

itable spirit did not forsake her. And what they uttered in insult, she answered back in scorn.

This last outrage filled Jesse's cup of determination to the brim. All his ambition was, to march to the music of guerrilla warfare. It is said that he had already begged to be admitted to Quandrell's wild confederacy, but had been refused on account of his youth. Now he was resolved. The attempted murder of his step-father, the imprisonment of his mother and sister in a miserable, loathsome dungeon was more than enough, to say nothing of the threats and insult that had been offered to himself. So without delay Jesse saddled his horse and turning his back upon a home that had grown intolerable, and now had become unsafe, he followed the wake of his brother Frank. He was barely sixteen, with a smooth, handsome face, deep blue eyes and a complexion as soft and delicate as a girl's. There seemed to be in him no material out of which to make a bandit and a murderer. But the die was cast. The fashion of his life was set. The brothers were together now, following the same banner, marching in the same bloody path. Destined to be for many a long year twin wraiths of slaughter.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERRIBLE GUERRILLA OATH.

QUANTRELL'S SAGACITY—SYSTEM AND ORDER IN THE CAMP—THE DREADFUL OATH.

If the sagacity and energy, the strong common sense and indomitable perseverence of Quantrell had been devoted to some worthy object in life, they would have secured for him an honorable place in society. He was a man of great foresight, and very soon discovered that if there was an absence of system and order and discipline amongst his followers; his band, instead of being compact like the Phalanx of Ancient Greece, would very soon become a rope of sand. The secret of success is having leaders who can lead, and followers who will follow. For lack of this many causes, good and bad, have been defeated. Quantrell could lead, and he would be followed. Wild and lawless as were these terrible robber-bands, they were loyal and obedient to the law that ruled the camp. The terrible black banner, made and presented by Annie Fickle, and borne by Jim Little through so many daring escapades, was the *in hoc signo* of their dread warfare. But

terrible as was the sign and dark as were its folds, it was but a feeble sign compared with the terrific character of the oath by which each candidate for guerrilla warfare bound himself. If oaths could bind, surely this oath of Quantrell's was binding. It was a pledge and declaration of purposes so dire and dreadful, that one's blood chills at the reading of it; and the men who voluntarily made it amid awful surroundings needed to be men of determined depravity

It was never administered except when the light of day had faded and the black pall of night had fallen on Nature's fair scenes, then this oath was to be made, and made in the presence of witnesses who were armed to the teeth; and in order that it may be clearly understood what manner of men these guerrillas undertook to be, the grimoath, of which Quantrell was the author, is inserted here. The candidate for lawless perils and distinctions, having expressed his ambition to join the ranks of the dreaded Quantrell, was made to swear this oath beneath the darkened heavens and in the solemn silence of the night:

"In the name of God and Devil, the one to punish and the other to reward. and by the powers of light and darkness, good and evil, here, under the black arch of heaven's avenging symbol, I pledge and consecrate my heart, my brain, my body, and my limbs, and swear by all the powers of hell and heaven to devote my life to obedience to my superiors; that no danger or peril shall deter me from executing their orders; that I will exert every possible means in my power for the extermination of Federals, Jayhawkers, and their abettors; that in fighting those whose ser-

pent trail has winnowed the fair fields and possessions of our allies and sympathizers, I will show no mercy, but strike, with an avenging arm, so long as breath remains.

"I further pledge my heart, my brain, my body, and my limbs, never to betray a comrade; that I will submit to all the tortures cunning mankind can inflict, and suffer the most horrible death, rather than reveal a single secret of this organization, or a single word of this, my oath.

"I further pledge my heart, my brain, my body, and my limbs, never to forsake a comrade when there is hope, even at the risk of great peril, of saving him from falling into the hands of our enemies; that I will sustain Quantrell's guerrillas with my might and defend them with my blood, and, if need be, die with them; in every extremity I will never withhold my aid, nor abandon the cause with which I now cast my fortunes, my honor and my life. Before violating a single clause or implied pledge of this obligation, I will pray to an avenging God and an unmerciful devil to tear out my heart and roast it over the flames of sulphur; that my head may be split open and my brains scattered over the earth; that my body may be ripped up and my bowels torn out and fed to carrion birds; that each of my limbs may be broken with stones, and then cut off, by inches, that they may feed the foulest birds of the air; and lastly, may my soul be given unto torment, that it may be submerged in melted metal and be stifled by the fumes of hell, and may this punishment be meted out to me through all eternity, in the name of God and devil. Amen."

At the conclusion of the oath, the candidate was turned successively to the east, west, north and south, while four men, clothed in red and black suits, and wearing hideous masks, representing the devil, drew their long, keen swords and presented them at the newly-made guerrilla, one pointing at his heart, another at the head, another at the abdomen and the other shifting his weapon from the arms and feet.

Bound by such an oath and installed by such a

strange, weird ceremony, rank and Jesse James set forth on a career that turned out as dark and dreadful as the oath was terrific.

CHAPTER VII.

OPENING FIRE.

RICHFIELD AND PLATTSBURG—FIENDS IN WESTERN MISSOURI—RAID ON RICHFIELD—FRANK JAMES A SCOUT—MOONLIGHT INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SAMUELS—PLATTSBURG CAPTURED—THE SPOILS OF WAR.

To some extent at least it must be conceded that Frank and Jesse James were the product of their times. The fierce passions roused by the dreadful conflict between North and South, were sowing seeds of bitterness and strife amongst those who had been for many long years firm, fast friends. Sides were taken by the elders, and the young people soon followed the example, and these two brothers trained and nurtured by one whose strongest sympathies, as we have seen were for the Southern cause, a woman of strong controlling power, who left the impress of her character on all with whom she came in contact, influenced largely the future of her sons.

In these days it was all but impossible to occupy a neutral position. You must either be for the sunny

South, or for the "Blood-thirsty over-reaching North," as Mrs. Samuels would have mildly expressed herself. Throughout the whole of the Counties of Platte, Clinton and Clay, the feeling was most intense. At last two-thirds of the people favored the Southern cause, and hated with a perfect hatred the sight of a Federal soldier in his uniform of blue. This feud spread far and wide. Old-time friends became implacable foes. Men who had everything in common, save this one question, were at daggers drawn. Father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend. Even the women entered into the controversy with most characteristic zeal, and instead of discussing domestic affairs, or wasting their breath on the frivolities that are supposed to form the staple of the talk of their sex, they became fierce politicians and talked long and loud, and like Desdemona wished that Heaven had made them men that they might go and fight. Of social intercourse there was none except amongst fierce partisans. Business was harrassed, church life was stagnant and well nigh dead. The whole framework of society was shaken to its foundations.

Frank and Jesse James, in many things most dissimilar, were one at least in boldness and intrepid daring. They were both with Quantrell's band full-pledged guerrillas. But they had not joined this band to be idle and content themselves with listening to stories of valorous deeds. They were anxious for the fray; and right glad were they when they

were summoned by their leader to serious action.

The town of Richfield on the northern side of the Missouri river was garrisoned by Federal soldiers. The company was but small, comprising only thirty militiamen, commanded by Captain Sessions. Quantrell detailed twelve of his followers under the leadership of Captain Scott to make a raid on the garrison of Richfield. Frank and Jesse James were of the number; Frank leading the attacking party. There was a desperate fight. But the guerrillas were celebrated for their unerring aim, and at the first volley from the guns of the outlaws, Captain Sessions and Lieut. Graffenstein fell dead. Ten of the militiamen were killed, but Scott did not lose a man, nor was one of them wounded. This raid was a complete victory for the guerrillas. The garrison was surrendered to Captain Scott and the survivors were paroled.

This fray was practically the throwing down of the gage of battle to the Federal troops located in western Missouri, and the immediate result was of course that the Federals began to mass themselves for defence. But they did not understand the importance of keeping their plans profoundly secret, or there were some uncommonly active spies in their camp.

After the Richfield fight, which took place in the morning, Scott moved away into Clay County, but Frank James was appointed as a Scout. He rode through the thick darkness of that night, many a weary mile, until at last in the early hours of the

morning, just as the moon broke through the gloomy clouds, he reached the home of his mother. That indomitable woman welcomed her son, but not with the hope that he would return to the peaceful pursuits of life. She was proud of her fearless boy; and now she had important tidings that must be borne at once to Captain Scott, or sent to Quantrell's quarters. The Federals were roused, they were determined to put an end to this wild warfare of the guerillas. The hunt was up, but the foxes were more wary than the huntsmen knew. The garrison of Plattsburg, in the County Town of Clinton, was left practically undefended, the defenders being out in search of the free-booters. The information Mrs. Samuels had given her son was of the highest importance. Before the moon had set and just as day was dawning on the mountain tops, Frank was in his saddle again and on his way to Scott. Scott heard the tidings, the opportunity was too good to be lost. What greater satire than to surprise Plattsburg while its gallant defenders pursued their fruitless search. There was no time to be lost. These were the days when speedy action, followed quick, on quick resolves.

Silently and secretly Scott's little band broke up camp about the second midnight after the Richfield raid. They rode within about four miles of Plattsburg, on Smith's Fork of the Grand river. They rested in a dense wood and slept for a few hours. Scouts were sent out to ascertain the situation of affairs. On their return a little before three o'clock

in the afternoon the raiders mounted horses and pushed on with all speed to the Market square at Plattsburg. There were a few militiamen left in the Court-house. They were taken by utter surprise, but were not disposed to yield without a struggle. In the midst of the excitement Captain Rodgers the Federal commander of the garrison rode into the square, but before he could rejoin his men he was taken prisoner by Frank James. At sight of this a fierce struggle ensued. The Federal soldiers pouring out all the fire they could in the direction of the guerillas. For a time the issue seemed to be very doubtful. Frank James perceiving the gravity of the situation shouted to Captain Scott: "Captain, shoot that man, unless he gives up the Court-house."

With a great oath Scott swore he would, at the same time showing his loaded revolver.

Captain Rodgers yielded at discretion. The garrison was in the hands of Scott's little band. Two hundred muskets were captured and destroyed. The citizens had fled in the most abject fear. Scott's followers began their work of pillage, $12,000 in Missouri "Union Defence Warrants" were taken beside a large quantity of clothing. The spoils of war were divided. Frank James' share amounting to $1000. This was the first money that crossed his palm as a guerrilla. The day closed strangely after a grotesque fashion. The Federal prisoners were paroled, the principal hotel keeper was ordered to prepare a banquet with all speed. The Federal commander and his comrade s—all prisoners—were

present and shared the feast. Everything went merry as a marriage ball. There was not the slightest sign of resistance on the part of the affrighted citizens. At about nine o'clock at night these roystering dare devils took horse and spurred away through the darkness back to Quantrells camp.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CARNIVAL OF MURDER.

LAWRENCE WHOLLY DESTROYED—QUANTRELL MOVES SOUTHWARD—SKIRMISHING — AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE, AUGUST 18TH, 1863—QUANTRELL'S SPEECH!—ON TO LAWRENCE!—A DAY OF DOOM!—FRANK AND JESSE KILL SIXTY-FIVE MEN BETWEEN THEM—A PERILOUS RETREAT.

It was a strong point with the sagacious Quantrell never to keep camp very long in the same district. Whatever might seem to be the guarantees of safety, he always deemed it safest to be moving about. So after the raiding of Plattsburg Quantrell ordered the camp to be broken up and pitched to southward. In this region a most deplorable state of things existed. The residents suffered exceedingly from the pitiless sack and pillage of both Federal and Confederate soldiers. And as of old, what the palmer-worm left the locust devoured; so, what the regular soldiery left the guerrillas most remorselessly appropriated. The James brothers were now warm

ing to their work. The crack of the pistol and the flash of the bowie knife might be heard and seen any and every day. There was no day without its victims. Peace and law and order gave place to the most demoralized and dangerous condition of things. No man's life was safe. The possession of property, and especially of money was a man's passport to a bloody grave. Yet no one interfered. Even the militia seemed by common consent to let Quantrell and his followers have their way wholly undisturbed. True, whenever they attacked the guerrillas they were most woefully defeated. So that they grew weary of fighting losing battles.

But Quantrell and his blood-thirsty horde were tired of these small frays and longed for some grand assault. On a lovely summer night, August 18th, 1863, the guerillas were gathered round their camp-fire, when their leader sought a conference with a few of the bolder and more daring spirits. The heroes of these pages, Frank and Jesse James—the Younger brothers, the Shepherd brothers and two or three others were summoned to the council. It was resolved that Lawrence, a thrifty little town on the river Kaw, in Kansas, should be the scene of their next desperate exploits. Quantrell's pent-up hate against Gen. Jim Lane, who resided in Lawrence, determined him in this course. The council fell in with Quantrell's resolve. The sturdy, fearless chief did not seek for a moment to underestimate the perilous character of the undertaking. It would be hard fighting; there would be countless obstacles in

the way, and many would be left on the prairies to fester in the sun. His chosen advisers, nothing daunted, joined most enthusiastically in the scheme; whereupon Quantrell called his followers to arms and made them this remarkable speech:

"FELLOW SOLDIERS: A consultation just held with several of my comrades has resulted in a decision that we break camp to-morrow and take up a line of march for Lawrence, Kansas; that we attack that town, and if pressed too hard, lay it in ashes. This undertaking, let me assure you, is hazardous in the extreme. The territory through which we must pass is full of enemies, and the entire way will be beset by well-armed men through whom it will be necessary for us to carve our way. I know full well that there is not a man in my command who fears a foe; that no braver force ever existed than it is my honor to lead; but you have never encountered danger such as we will have to meet on our way to Lawrence; therefore let me say to you, without doubting in the least your heroism, if there are any in my command who would prefer not to stake their lives in such a dangerous attempt let, them step outside the ranks!"

For a moment after this speech there was silence; no sound was heard save the sighing of the night winds through the pines and the crackling of the camp-fire, when all at once a great shout burst from the followers of the intrepid chief, and the cry from every lip was: "On to Lawrence!" There was but one desire, to strike Gen. Lane in his stronghold and lay waste the city on the Kaw. At break of day on the 19th of August the order was given to "mount," and under the black banner of death the guerrillas, two hundred strong, followed Quantrell to the bloody fray!

The history of the next few days is one of barbar-

ous cruelty. At Aubray, a small town on the border line of Kansas, Quantrell compelled three men whom he saw sitting at a store to become guides. There was nothing for it but to obey. After faithful service, bringing the whole force safely and expeditiously to Cole creek, eight miles from Lawrence, the ruthless leader ordered these men to be shot, on the principle, probably, that dead men tell no tales. Frank and Jesse James were charged to execute the diabolical command. They took the men into a wood and shot them down like dogs. One was an old man who pleaded hard for life; begged and prayed and implored; reminding these cruel men that he had done them good service and no harm. But a bullet went crashing through the old man's brain and stopped his praying, and the young murderers went merrily on!

It was a beautiful morning the 21st of August, 1863; the sun broke in beauty over the undulating prairie. Men and women were going forth to toil, and children were waking up to play. Suddenly a wild cry was heard, up went the black banner, and with a yell like wild Indians the marauders dashed into Lawrence. The unoffending residents took alarm. Volley after volley was fired. The people saw the dark ensign of the grave and knew that the guerrillas were upon them. They made no resistance; they felt resistance was vain. Quantrell's bloody hordes had already won the name of "irresistable!" Men sank down without a groan, shot dead! Women fled through the streets only to fall

dead before the bullets of these incarnate devils. The streets literally ran with human blood.

In this wild pandemonium Frank and Jesse James held conspicuous places. Here, there, and everywhere, pistol in hand, they were to be seen. They were cold-blooded and deliberate through all that carnival of bloodshed; their pistols never missed fire; their bullets never missed their aim. They made a brutal boast that between them they killed sixty-five that awful day; Jesse his thirty, and Frank his thirty-five!

The prime object of this sortie, as has been already said, was to lay a strong hand on Gen. Jim Lane who, with his relentless Jayhawkers, had burned and sacked the town of Osceola, Mo. Lane lived in Lawrence, but the moment he heard that the followers of Quantrell were at hand he fled like a dastard and a coward and hid himself in a corn-field. The guerrillas, foiled and maddened by being cheated of their chief prey, shot down every man who came within the range of their revolvers. Quantrell's orders were to shoot down every man, but to spare the women and the children. Many women and children, however, were shot, and others met a more horrible death; for the murderers became incendiaries, and, with flame and torch, set the beautiful city of Lawrence on fire. The groans of the dying mingled with the shrieks of the burning, and house and home fell a prey to the devouring flames. The guerrillas became demoralized; they broke open saloons and stores and soon became a

mob of howling, drunken devils. The holocaust of murder and rapine lasted all day; and when the night closed on the ghastly harvest of hell, the city of Lawrence was swept wholly from the face of the earth.

Quantrell and his men beat a hasty retreat. Their journey back to Missouri was more perilous than the day of slaughter. The Kansas militia and the Federal troops massed and pursued the flying murderers. But, though they were fully seven thousand strong, Quantrell's troops escaped. Their names had become so terrible that it took men of no ordinary boldness to face them. It takes a brave man to face the devil; and surely there was more of the demon than the human in these men. After many hair-breadth escapes they reached the coverts of Jackson and Clay Counties, where they were comparatively safe. Their total loss was only twenty-one men. None of the leaders had fallen. Frank and Jesse James bore charmed lives through all the dreadful carnage. They had received no wound or scar. Reserved as it would seem for darker and more desperate deeds.

CHAPTER IX.

A BLOODY CATALOGUE

QUANTRELL'S SQUADS—WILD RUSH ON RANSOM'S CAVALRY—FRANK AND JESSE IN KANSAS, DEALING OUT DEATH AND DOOM—DEFEAT OF THE COLORADO TROOPS—FRANK AT HARRISONVILLE—JESSE WOUNDED—STRUGGLE AT FAYETTE—JESSE'S GALLANT RESCUE OF LEE MCMURTRY.

A month of comparative leisure followed the dreadful massacre of Lawrence, during which time Frank and Jesse James found opportunities, though not without considerable peril, of visiting their home. These visits were most welcome to Mrs. Samuels, who took a strange and weird delight in the wild work of her sons. Instead of urging them to turn away from such a life of wreckless daring, she the rather fed the fires of their lawless ambition.

The weeks of leisure fled quickly past. At last Quantrell's cry was heard. The trumpet called to

arms! and the James boys were ready for the fray.

Quantrell, like a sagacious General, had been most carefully considering the condition of the forces under his command, and if nothing could be done, to render them a still greater terror to all law-abiding people. So after considerable thought he had resolved to reorganize his little army. The command was to be divided into squads of twenty or thirty, by which means bold and unexpected dashes could be made at various points at the same moment. By this means their foes would be confused and bewildered, and pursuit would be rendered vain; and if disaster fell upon one or more of the squads that would be better than the destruction of the whole force. For a time this method was emminently successful. The Federal soldiers and the Union citizens were wholly unprepared for any such movement, and it did not cost superstitious people much of an effort to believe that these guerrillas were really in league with the devil. Quantrell seemed to them to be almost omnipresent. He seemed to be able to move his troops in the twinkling of an eye; and he and his wild following became more and more a dread and terror through all Western Missouri.

Jesse James was appointed to the command of a squad of twenty-five men. He became aware—probably through information received from his mother—of the movements of a company of Federal Cavalry under the command of Captain Ransom. The Federal soldiers were marching toward a place

called Pleasant Hill. They were marching leisurely along past a dense wood, when all in a moment a rain of bullets fell upon them from the wood, and men fell dead from their horses as leaves fall in an Autumn gale; so fatal was the fire and so unerring the aim of their unseen foes. The whole company of the Cavalry was thrown into the most dreadful consternation. Jesse James seeing the advantage, ordered his squad to dash into the confused and stricken ranks, and without one thought of mercy the wild work was done. The havoc was terrible. Less than thirty out of the hundred of Captain Ransom's Cavalry lived to tell the story of that savage onslaught; while, strange to say, the loss of the guerrillas was only one killed and one wounded. It is said that Frank fought under his younger brother's lead in this conflict, and that Jesse killed seven men and Frank eight on this bloody day.

A week later Frank and Jesse, with fifty guerrillas in command, suddenly appeared in Bourbon County, in Kansas, five miles from Fort Scott. Captain Blunt commanded a company of seventy-five mounted Infantry. Blunt and his body guard were marching peacefully along, when like a flash of lightning the guerrillas opened fire and poured the leaden hail into the unsuspecting troops. A wild yell of triumph broke from Frank and Jesse as they saw, one after another, the soldiers of the Union falling dead from their horses without time for a dying groan! Again the bullets rang from their unerring revolvers, and forty out of the seventy-five

lay dead, their unburied bodies soddened in the Autumn rains; while the victors rode back to bear the tidings to Quantrell and the camp.

We next find the brothers following in a squad commanded by George Todd. A fierce and bloody conflict took place. Todd and his men attacked a company of the Second Colorado Cavalry, under the command of Captain Wagner. This was a conflict in down-right earnest. Wagner was as brave a soldier as ever buckled on a sword, and if he died he meant to sell his life as dearly as he could. The guerillas were having it all their own way, and it was high time some check was put to their terrible ravages. The fight began and it was terrible! Todd made a furious onslaught, but he was met by unusual resistance on the part of Wagner's command. It came to a hand-to-hand fight; the rattle of revolvers giving place to the clash of swords. Jesse James fought like a tiger robbed of her whelps, and taking advantage of an opportune moment he spurred his horse and sent a bullet crashing through the heart of the gallant Captain Wagner. The company became demoralized at the loss of their leader, and they soon began to retreat in wild confusion. The wounded who were unable to fly, and who called for quarter, called in vain; the only sign of mercy shown them was that they were shot, or put to death by the sword, while their bodies were left to rot unburied. On the 12th of August Frank and Jesse shot seven Federal soldiers dead, at Perry County, Missouri.

The Federal forces were now being massed at Harrisonville. To ascertain their exact position and number was the perilous task assigned to Frank James. The greater the peril the greater the honor was a cardinal doctrine in the code of guerrilla warfare. Frank rode straight for the town, and neither drew spur or rein till he had come within sight of the picket lines. He fastened his horse to a forest tree and under the cover of the darkness managed to creep through the lines. He found a negro from whom he gathered all the information he wished to obtain, and then as stealthily crept back and mounted his horse. At this point, however, he was espied by two of the guard, who called to him to halt. His answer was from his revolvers; one shot went through the brain of one, the second guard was mortally wounded. Having given these murderous replies, and having roused the Federal camp to stumble in the darkness over the dead bodies of the guard, Frank rode back to Quantrell's camp with his information.

On the 16th of August, 1864, two days after Frank's adventure with the picket guards of the Harrisonville Federal militia, an attack was made on the Garrison at Harrisonville, but the regulars, forewarned by the events of Frank's visit, were ready for their lawless assailants. The guerrillas were compelled to retire; and this was to them most humiliating. They heard, however, of a band of Federal volunteers, who were encamped on Grand River, at Flat Rock Ford. Thither they bent their

steps, only again to be defeated. In this fight Jesse James—who seemed to have borne hitherto a charmed life—was seriously wounded. A musket ball passed through his breast, tearing away a large portion of his left lung, and knocking him from his horse. He fell as if dead, and but for the bravery and fidelity of his companions would have been made a prisoner of war; and probably the world would have heard no more of Jesse James. But these guerrillas were bound by an awful free-masonry to stand by each other in the hour of peril, and Arch Clements and John Janette rode back through a terrible rain of bullets and rescued their fallen comrade. He was taken to the house of Capt. John A. M. Rudd, where for many days his death was hourly expected. Jesse himself anticipated fatal results, but this fact awoke in him no terrors. He determined to be as fearless in death as he had been dauntless in life. He took from his finger a diamond ring, which he charged Frank to give to their sister Susie, and to her he sent this dying message:

"I have no regret. I've done what I thought was right. I die contented." Happy would it have been for himself, and for society, and for the fair fame of humanity, if the pitcher had been broken at the fountain; but Jesse James was reserved for darker deeds. By the 7th of September he had so far recovered as to be ready to travel and fight again. On the 16th of the month on the way to visit his mother, he shot three militia men dead at Keytesville, Char-

iton, Missouri, who questioned the right of way with him. On the 17th he rode twenty-nine miles to give Todd tidings concerning the movements of the Federal forces.

On the 20th of September the whole of Quantrell's band made a concerted attack on Fayette, Missouri. All the leaders were there; Quantrell and Anderson; Poole and Clements and Todd. Charge after charge was made, but all in vain. The Federals hurled the guerrillas back with unexampled force. Every charge of the Federals left a trail of dead or wounded outlaws. It was without question one of the severest repulses they had ever met. In the melee, Lee McMurtry, one of the bravest of Anderson's men, was dreadfully wounded right under the Federal parapets. In the face of the blazing muzzles of the foeman's guns, Jesse James marched to drag away his wounded friend. The hail of leaden bullets whizzed and rattled round him, but he escaped unscathed. He bore a charmed life. His brave and gallant deed is the only one redeeming feature of that complete defeat at Fayette.

CHAPTER X.

MORE DIREFUL DEEDS.

A GHASTLY MOONLIGHT SCENE—SIEGE OF A BAGNIO—ONE DEED OF MERCY—CENTRALIA—FRANK ADDS EIGHT TO HIS DEATH-ROLL—MURDER OF BANES—JESSE WOUNDED—TODD DIES—QUANTRELL'S BAND BROKEN UP.

One moonlight night Frank and five others of the band were detailed to lay siege to a notorious bagnio four miles east of Wellington in Lafayette county. This house of debauchery was constantly frequented by a number of Federal Militia men. Frank had charge of the sortie, and went a little ahead of his company to reconnoitre. He crept stealthily up to the house and through the chinks of the window saw the whole place full of Federal soldiers and lewd women. There were eleven men and eleven women. Their shameful festival was at its height. The women were nearly nude, and the whole company assumed every conceivable form of voluptuous grouping. They had been drinking hard. The songs

were loud and lewd. The fun grew fast and furious They were taking their fill of such delights as the bagnio offered, when suddenly a wild, unearthly yell startled them from their midnight debauch. A craven terror possessed them, the men and women alike grew instantly sober, for they knew the meaning of that wild cry. They knew the guerrillas were upon them. Frank James summoned the men at once to leave the house, promising safety to the women. As the soldiers came to the yard, a rain of bullets was poured upon them and ten of the eleven fell dead before having time for a moment's parley. But where was the eleventh man? A search was made. But no man could be found. At last Frank found there were twelve instead of eleven women. A more vigorous search was instituted which resulted in the discovery that one of the men, young and fair, an evident favorite at the bagnio, had been as quick as thought, attired in woman's clothes. Frank James discovered the man, he had blue eyes and a handsome face and would easily, at a distance and in woman's clothes, pass for a woman. Of course he expected to die there and then. His ten companions lay out in the yard, with their dead faces upturned to the beauty of the solemn moonlight. It was a ghastly scene. The women wailed in anguish and pleaded for the unmurdered boy. "He was so young to die!" they said. "And were they not content with the slaughtered ten?" "Here, Frank, take him," said the ringleader of the band. "You discovered him; he is your's to deal with."

"Come along," said Frank, "and be shot." The poor lad trembled in every limb and scarcely could follow the lead of the cold-blooded murderer of his dead comrades. They went out of the yard past the ghastly heap of the dead men, out into an adjacent thicket. "Here, boy, we are far enough," said Frank James, as they reached a lofty tree that looked spectral in the starlight. The poor boy fell to the earth and began to plead, "Oh, spare me for my poor old mother's sake," he pleaded. "I never did you any harm. I would not mind dying in battle, but to die in such a way! It would break my mother's heart!" The blue-eyed soldier boy was spared for his mother's sake. "You are free, boy," said Frank, firing his pistol in the air. The boy escaped through the darkness. This one deed of mercy Frank kept to himself. He did not reveal that he was ever weak enough to be moved by a suppliant's plea. "Quick work, Frank," said one of his comrades as he returned to them. "Yes," said Frank, "babies don't take much killing. No need to waste two shots on a boy!"

One quiet evening, during this eventful summer, Jesse James and Arch Clements were riding along without particular thought of slaughter, when they suddenly espied four militia men in an orchard, gathering apples. Two of them were in one tree and two in another. Without pause, without a word of parley, these guerrillas drew their revolvers and shot the four men dead, and then pursued their journey with scarcc a break in the conversation.

The 27th of September 1864 was a day amongst the saddest and most awful of these Missourian records. Quantrells power was slipping into the hands of Bill Anderson,—as wild a Tiger as ever thirsted for blood. There was no deed too daring for him to undertake, no scheme too merciless for his dark soul to revel in. He was described as "the most savage guerrilla that ever trod the soil of Missouri." He had resolved on a desperate massacre at Centralia, a village in the northeastern part of the county of Boone, on the line of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railroad. It was a beautiful morning this fatal 27th of September. One of those mornings when Summer seems to be wooing the Autumn, the peaceful Centralians little dreamed of that day's disasters, albeit they were somewhat alarmed when they saw a company of men a hundred and fifty strong marching toward the quiet village; but when they saw the black flag unfolded, they knew that danger and death were not far behind and their hearts sunk within them. They never dreamed for a moment of resistance. The terror these guerrillas had inspired was perfect and was often half and sometimes a whole victory for them. They pillaged every house, and then Anderson ordered his murderous troops to form in line in front of the Railway depot, of which they took posession. They had not waited long when a train came along with five passenger cars well-filled with soldiers and citizens. A few shots were fired and then they boarded the cars Every one of the passengers was ordered out and

made to form in line. The thirty-eight soldiers were separated from the civilians and all disarmed. Then came a breathless awful pause. Bill Anderson was holding a moment's conversation with Frank and Jesse James; a signal was given, a wild yell was raised, the soldiers were marched a little distance and every man of them shot dead! not a bullet missed its mark! The victim fell with the report of the pistol, groaned an awful groan, writhed a moment or two, gasped a half suffocating gasp, and then all was over!—Having wrought their fill upon the soldiery they then turned their attention to the passengers whom they robbed of all their valuables and then permitted them to proceed on their journey without further molestation

This hour of horrible butchery had hardly passed before Anderson and his gang found a pretty stiff piece of work cut out for them. They were not to carry on this kind of work without any interference whatever. In the afternoon of this day Major J. H. Johnson rode into Centralia at the head of a hundred Iowa volunteers—A dreadful conflict ensued. For a time it seemed as if the Iowans were doomed to suffer by the lawless muderers; but the intrepid George Todd, burst through the volunteer lines, and soon the wretched soldiers were scattered and shot down like wandering sheep. Jesse James set his mark upon the leader of the troops and when the fight was at its hottest, sent a bullet through the heart of Major Johnson; he threw up his hands groaned, and fell from his horse; there was a stiffen-

ing form, a crimson streamlet flowing from as gallant a heart as ever beat, and that was all! It was all over with the troops, such as could escape did. The wounded were shot dead. And the dead were left stark and still and unburied on the blood-stained prairie. Of that hundred, not thirty returned to tell the tale of the massacre of Centralia. It was a day of horror; as the night came the guerrillas made merry and spent the hours in fiendish delight. Frank James boasting that he had taken eight lives that day.

About this time the James boys wrought another of their diabolical deeds. There was an old man named Banes known to be a pronounced uncompromising Union man. One night Frank and Jesse, pretending to be Colorado troopers, visited the old man who lived in a corner of Clay County, Mo. Their purpose was to obtain information concerning the movement of the Federal soldiers. Banes welcomed the boys most heartily, but the old man wore his heart too much on his sleeve to be safe. He opened his mind freely and poured all the abuse he could find language to pour on these murdering thieving guerillas. He was particularly rough on Mrs. Samuels. Indeed he blamed her more than he blamed her unconscionable sons, and went so far as to say that she was "the mother of two devils!" Frank and Jesse without a sign that a third party could understand resolved upon their course. They affected to agree with him, secured his confidence, and even persuaded him to accompany them in

search of the young desperadoes. Banes got his gun and pistol, saddled his horse, and the three rode on for about a couple of miles, when suddenly Frank and Jesse turned upon the unsuspecting old man, told him who they were; without time for him to plead for mercy, they each fired. The old man fell dead from his horse and was left a ghastly corpse on the highway to affright the next passer by, while Frank and Jesse rode merrily on under the quiet unheeding stars.

The tide of fortune now began to turn against the guerrillas. The ranks had been considerably thinned of late, many a bold rider had entered the "Silent Land" as suddenly and as sadly as his victims had gone before. Gloom was mingled with the romance of the wild border life. In a fray not far from their camp on the banks of the Blackwater, Jesse James was wounded. A little later on the advance guard of the Federal Army under the lead of General Price brought havoc among the guerrillas. There were numerous conflicts and at every conflict bloodshed. In one of these skirmishes, George Todd was killed. The James Boys dug his grave amid the falling Autumn leaves, and as they looked their last on a face, they counted of all faces they had ever seen the most brave and noble, they pointed their pistols upward to the sky, and beneath the light of the sad September moon they swore to avenge his death.

The dim leaves of October 1864 began to fall, the summer of blood was ended. For Missouri never

saw such a year of rapine and robbery and murder as that year 1864. Quantrell's band was broken up. Frank and Jesse now walk separate ways, but they are still ways of robbery and blood.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE WAR-PATH WITH JESSE.

ON THE WAR-PATH WITH JESSE — JESSE FOLLOWS SHEPHERD INTO TEXAS—CAPT. GARS AND THE REV. W. P. GARDINERS ARE MURDERED — THE PIN INDIANS—JESSE'S WILD LEAP— A QUIET WINTER—IN MISSOURI AGAIN—BRUTAL MURDER OF JAMES HARKNESS—ALLAN DUNCAN'S WOOD-CHOPPING STOPPED— JESSE WOUNDED AGAIN.

Quantrell's band was now dissolved. The graves at last opened their hungry mouths to receive some of those whose life and powers had been spent in sending others to an untimely grave, Many of the chiefs were dead. Victory sat no longer on the black banner. George Todd, to whom peril was an inspiration, was resting in his grave. John Porte, fearless and bold, was mouldering beneath the sod. Fernando Scott had led his last wild charge. Bill Anderson sold his life dearly. Kinney was dead. And in many fields, and in many gory graves lay

those who if not worthy of high rank in this heraldy of cruel slaughter; had proved themselves to be fearless, bold and bloody. Missouri breathed more freely when it was known that Quantrell's Band was now a dreadful memory of the past.

Frank James went to Kentucky. But we will now pursue the steps of Jesse. In the Autumn of 1864, Jesse James with about forty or fifty other guerrillas under the lead of Lieutenant George Shepherd, starded for Texas. Their way lay through perilous Indian territory. The utmost vigilance was needful. For if the guerrilla was wary, the Indian was cunning. And at any moment they would not have been surprised to hear the wild war whoop, which none but Indians can raise. All went well for a time. On the morning of November 22nd Shepherds band confronted a band of Union militia commanded by Capt. Emmett Goss. This band had won a great name for reckless daring, and Shepherd and his party followers knew that no child's play was before them. Goss was no carpet knight, but had gained the reputation of being "a fighing man." He had but just returned from a wild raid in Arkansas. Goss and Shepherd met. And a terrible fight ensued. It was a case of "Greek meeting Greek." The guerrillas were successful. Jesse was proud of his day's bloody work. He singled out Captain Goss, rode at him furiously, fired twice in quick succession and Goss fell dead from his horse with one bullet through his brain and another through his heart. The Rev. N. P. Gardi-

ners the Captain of the Thirteenth Kansas Militia was the next to fall before Jesse's fire. He pleaded hard for life, the answer was a bullet and instant death.

The Cherokee Indians were favorable to the Union and bitterly opposed to the guerrillas. Two days after the murder of Goss and Gardiner, Jesse was riding alone along the bank of a stream when to his horror he heard the yell of a body of these Pin Indians. They were well armed and were regarded as unerring shots. There was only one thing to do and that was to retreat. Jesse turned his horse and fled. But they kept up the chase, and Jesse soon found the Indians gaining upon him. There was only prairie, prairie, prairie—not a thicket or wood for shelter. One only chance remained, ahead of him there was a high precipice, the only thing to do was to risk all on a leap. He was quick to determine, and like Dick Turpin of old in his flying leaps with Black Ben, he put spurs to his charger and risked all upon a single die. Fortunately there was a pool of deep water beneath, neither he nor his horse suffered by the leap; and the Indians not caring to follow, Jesse escaped and found his way back to Shepherd's camp.

The winter in Texas was spent very quietly. With the spring Shephered and his followers turned their faces once more to Missouri. They had a good deal of trouble with the Indians on their return journey. But the Indians gained nothing by their interference. In April of 1865 Jesse James was in

Benton County. There lived in this neighborhood a man named James Harkness, a Union militia man who made himself most obnoxious by his strong pronounced Northern tendencies. Jesse and two of his comrades captured the man, and while the two held Harkness,—he the while denouncing them and all their robber-brood in unmeasured terms — Jesse cut his throat from ear to ear, and threw him in a ditch to rot till the buzzards and the wolves found him out. The taste or blood had its effect. The inhuman tigers thirsted for more. They journied on to Kingsville, Johnson County, Mo., where an old Federal militia man lived named Allan Duncan. Jesse found him chopping wood, the old man prayed for mercy. But Jesse's revolver stopped the praying and the wood chopping in a very short space of time.

In this same Johnson County, Jesse had another very narrow escape. A number of guerrillas had surrendered along with certain Confederate troops in May 1865. But Jesse had nailed his colors to the mast and would not surrender. The guerrilla band now hardly numbered a score. One day a band of Federals fell upon these stubborn sons of plunder, they fired upon them and an awful conflict ensued. Jesse's horse was killed under him, he was wounded in the leg and fled as fast as he could to the shelter of the woods, He was pursued and shot through the lungs and left for dead. The wound was dreadful and for two days and nights the wretched boy lay in a raging fever. He crawl-

ed to a place where a man was plouging, who took charge of him and finally sent him to his brother, who had gone to Nebraska for a season. One touch of romance has to be recorded here. The man who gave Jesse James his all-but fatal wound was John E. Jones, Company E. Second Wisconsin Regiment of Cavalry. The two became acquainted afterwards and have been firm fast friends for years. *Sic Vitæ Est.*

CHAPTER XII.

WITH FRANK IN KENTUCKY.

QUANTRELL'S LAST COMMAND—JOURNEY INTO KENTUCKY—COWARDICE AND VALOR AT HOPKINSVILLE—FRANK SHOOTS CAPTAIN FRANK BARNETTE—FEDERAL TROOPS EXTERMINATED—QUANTRELL'S LAST FIGHT—THE GUERRILLAS SURRENDER.

We have followed the fortunes of Jesse James in his experiences in Texas as a follower of George Shepherd in the autumn of 1864 and the spring of 1865.

We must now retrace our steps and call attention, briefly, to the exploits of the elder brother, Frank. On the 4th of December, 1864, Quantrell gathered his last command about him, and started on his last pilgrimage of butchery. The old fire was dying down, and the fearless bandit of the hills was but a shadow of his former self. But if the old tiger is less lithe and active its growl is just as savage and its taste for blood as keen. Many of Quantrell's

most valiant and trusted comrades had died a death as awful as their lives had been remorseless and cruel. Quantrell gathered about him between thirty and forty guerrillas, and with Frank James as a sort of Lieutenant, the band started for Kentucky. The Confederate armies had retreated from Missouri, and Quantrell felt that Kentucky would afford a fairer field for his purposes than Missouri. So, in the very beginning of a hard winter they left Wigginton for Kentucky. They went in the teeth of difficulties of all sorts. Raiding and pillaging and murdering in the summer months—when the woods form a grateful shelter, and the brushwood serves for a bed, and the camp-fire gleams romantically—is one thing; but the pursuit of such a perilous career in the teeth of winter is another. And this was not all. The militiamen had sworn by every oath that was binding to have Quantrell's life. It was only a question of time. The dread warrior's days were numbered. It was with difficulty he and his followers succeeded in getting out of Missouri alive. They were pursued hard by Captain Curtis and his troops on to the Arkansas line, but there the trail was lost, and the desperadoes crossed into Kentucky. On New Year's Day, 1865, they crossed the Mississippi River at Pacific Place, about sixteen miles above Memphis. They marched on through Big Creek, Covington, Tabernack, Humboldt, Milan and on to Paris. From thence to Birmingham, pressing forward they crossed the Tennessee River and went through Canton and Cadiz to a place called Hopkinsville. Here

they had an adventure of some interest. Stray shots by the way had resulted in one or two scattered murders per diem, but there had been nothing to satisfy the greed of a guerrilla.

Arrived at Hopkinsville they found a house in which twelve cavalrymen were taking their leisure. But on the first token of their coming, nine out of the twelve military heroes manifested that discretion which is the better part of valor and made themselves *non est inventus.* But the remaining three determined to fight to the bitter end. It was a fight against great odds—three to thirty-five. Three, but poorly equipped soldiers against thirty-five merciless guerrillas ! The gallant three blockaded the house, and held out for hours answering back the challenge to surrender with such ammunition as they possessed. At last Frank James told them that if they did not surrender he should be compelled to burn their stronghold ; and it was not till the house was burning about their ears that these poor wretches, half scorched, half suffocated, rushed through the flames to meet instant death from the deliberate, well-aimed shots of their relentless foes. They took the twelve horses the soldiers had left, as spoils of war. So closed another day of robbery, fire and murder. The chief spirit of this fray was Frank James.

When Cardinal Richelieu found the lion's skin too short for him he tried the fox's. So Quantrell when force was limited summoned cunning to aid his cruelty. At Hartford, in Ohio County, he played the role of a Federal Captain and described his band

as a Federal troop in hot pursuit of bloodthirsty guerrillas. So successfully was the deception carried out that he thoroughly imposed upon the credulity of Captain Frank Barnette, the Captain of a company of Kentucky Federal militiamen. Barnette and Quantrell became firm friends, and it was not long before Barnette was persuaded by the wily bandit to go on an expedition to hunt for Confederate guerrillas! Barnette and his company, little dreaming of the sad doom that awaited them, rode out

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the gates of hell."

Quantrell had given orders that every man would be assassinated. He had arranged the plan of slaughter. His men were to ride beside the Federal soldiers; he was at an opportune moment to draw his pocket-handkerchief carelessly from his pocket and throw it over his shoulder. That was to be the sign for slaughter—quick and complete. The unsuspecting Federals rode on; about five o'clock in the afternoon, just as the winter's sun was sinking behind the Western hills, they reached a stream of water at a ford. The fatal sign was given. Quick as thought Frank James sent a bullet through the gallant heart of Captain Barnette, who fell dead from his horse without a single groan, his blood curdling in the blue waters beneath. Every man shot his man, while Quantrell from a hollow tree watched with fiendish complacency the ruthless murder of the whole Federal troop.

It will not be surprising that this last dark deed of

violence, in which the most shameless treachery played so large a part, awoke the ungovernable anger of the Federal soldiers whose compatriots in arms had been so mercilessly destroyed. They were determined to hunt Quantrell to the death; and they did not fail of their purpose. They drove the wild tiger of the black flag from lair to lair, from hiding-place to hiding-place; until at last within a few days after the dastardly outrage of Hartford, Major Bridgewater and Captain Farrell, with a large Federal following, confronted Quantrell and his band in their last stronghold. It was Quantrell's last fight. Strangely enough Frank James was not in this last fray; he had been away on a visit, and was not with his chieftain when he fell, for which he never forgave himself. The soldiers drove Quantrell and his now diminished band of guerrillas into a village called Smiley. Here, finding escape utterly impossible, being hemmed in on every side, Quantrell made his last stand. It was an awful fight, a fight intended to be one of utter extermination. There were three hundred against forty! Gashed and wounded and covered with blood and dust Quantrell fought on, till blinded with his own blood, riddled through and through with a score of bullets, he fell at last mortally wounded, with an empty pistol in one hand and a sword reeking with blood in the other.

So fell the scourge and curse of Missouri. It was an awful scene! When his comrades saw him fall they lost all heart. But the soldiers did not rest

with the death of the leader of that murderous clan. The blood of their slaughtered comrades a few days before called for vengeance, and they killed every follower of Quantrell. It was that day a work of utter annihilation. Not a man was left alive. Frank James had to thank his accidental absence from that scene for his life. For if he had been there, a hundred guns would have flashed out on him the vengeance of the foe.

Quantrell, though mortally wounded, lingered for a little while. And before he died Frank James paid him a last visit. It is said that, hard of heart as Frank proved himself, he nevertheless wept like a child by Quantrell's dying bed, and upbraided himself for his absence from that dreadful fight; half inclined to hope that if he had been there, somehow the tide of battle would have turned. Quantrell's last words were his wisest. He advised that all the scattered members of the guerrilla forces should range themselves under Henry Porter's leadership, and now that the war was principally settled should surrender to the Federal authorities. This was done. And so ended with the ghastly death of its chief the sad page of guerrilla history.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE WAR MORE TROUBLE.

FRANK AT BRANDENBURG—ARRESTED AS A HORSE THIEF —BADLY WOUNDED—ROBBERY OF LIBERTY BANK JESSE BESIEGED—DEAD MEN OUT IN THE SNOW.

Frank James gave his parole at Samuel's Depot, Nelson County, Kentucky, July 25th 1865. Yet he did not at once return to his native State. His part in the terrible tragedy of Centralia was not forgotten, and on that account he was still among the proscribed. He was in point of fact an exile from Missouri, and for some time he lingered in Kentucky. How long he would have continued there a peaceful law-abiding citizen if all things had gone well, it is hard to tell. Had he not grown weary of that sad unrestful life? or did the awful passion that had so long been fed on slaughter and blood cry aloud for further gratification? Once pledged to such a life as he had tried, could he easily reconcile himself to the dull monotony of a peaceful life? Circumstances helped largely to determine the question.

At last the war ended. The strife and carnage

that had cost so big a price in money and in men ceased, and men returned to their old order of life. But it was very speedily found that that order could only be resumed by slow processes. Four years on the battle-field and by the camp-fire had unfitted men to a very great extent for the pursuits of former days. This is one of the untabulated results of glorious war. But the war had left a darker legacy, especially to the Border States. A horde of barbarous ghouls in human form had followed ever upon the skirts of the army; too lazy to work, too cowardly to fight, they fattened upon the blood and sorrow of the times. They followed the army at a safe distance, and made a living by robbing and plundering with sacrilegous hand the unoffending and valiant dead. The guerillas were worthy only of severest and unmeasured condemnation. But these birds of prey were worthy only of every honest man's supreme contempt. The war was over and the despicable means of their living gone, they took to theft and robbery and became the thugs and highwaymen of the time. Their special weakness was horse-stealing, and all along the borders of Kansas, Missouri and Kentucky, farmers and stock raisers suffered exceedingly.

It was just at this time that Frank James was passing from Nelson County, to Brandenburg in Meade County on the Ohio river. He was not aware that Brandenburg was the favored redezvous of horse thieves, nor that a very large number of valuable horses had just been stolen from La Rue. Such

however was the case. The people were up in arms against the thieves, and a number of disbanded Federals were now busy chasing these idle robbers. Frank James alike ignorant and innocent rode leisurely into Brandenburg and sought the quiet of the hotel. He was sitting quietly in the hotel without the slightest dream of trouble, when a posse of four men, with a magnificent giant of a man at their head entered. Whether they had been informed that Frank James the noted guerrilla was at the inn is not known The leader of the company laid his hand on Frank's shoulder and said mildly and half pleasantly:

"I arrest you as a horse thief!"

Frank took in the whole situation in a moment. But moved no muscle, betrayed no sign. He of course was not unarmed. The leader of the four saw only in his prisoner a young fellow of two and twenty, a little bronzed and travel-stained; there was nothing to alarm him in the clear gaze of young Frank.

"You will consider yourself under arrest," added the speaker.

"I consider no such proposition," said Frank, and as he spoke his hands went to his belt and before the arresting party as much as noticed the movement, two of them lay at Frank's feet shot dead by his revolvers that never failed him, a third was writhing in mortal agony and the fourth was fleeing for his life. As he fled however he fired a parting shot, which nearly cost Frank his life. It made a

terrible wound in his left hip, which rendered him almost unable to move. But his blood was roused. The old guerrilla spirit flamed up again. The wildest excitement ensued, there was instantly a crowd gathered round the hotel, and the forms of the men bespoke an angry purpose; but Frank ever dauntless crawled to a post near at hand; and though they cursed and threatened he ordered them on peril of their lives to stand back and they obeyed.

In the midst of all this excitement, some daring young spirit, who had known Frank in other days, dashed through the noisy crowd and half helped, half dragged Frank on to his horse and rode away with him, and not one of all the valiant Brandenburgers attempted for one moment to arrest or stay the departure, of this man who had wrought a tripple murder in their sight.

Frank's preserver drove him away, to a safe hiding place and procured him the most skillful medical assistance. The ghastly wound brought him to the door of death, and whole weeks passed away before the doctor pronounced him out of danger. But months of suffering followed. Indeed years after, Frank declared that he felt the effects of the shot of "that damnable Brandenburger."

During his months of enforced quiet he brooded over his lot and felt that it was utterly vain for him to dream of any peaceful way of life! The die was cast. What was the odds? He had had good luck and bad luck. One thing was pretty clear to him,

he would have to fight life out on the line he had voluntarily selected.

But concerning the younger brother, Jesse, how does he fare? We left him last suffering from a dangerous encounter in which he had been shot through his left lung. He is suffering still and is quietly resting in the family home at Kearney, Clay County, Missouri.

On the 14th of February, 1866, while Frank was in Kentucky, still suffering from his wound of the previous July, a great robbery took place at Liberty, Mo., that aroused the greatest excitement through all that western district. The Commercial Bank of Liberty was robbed of a sum of money close upon $70,000. The names of the James boys were immediately connected with the robbery. And yet there were many who loudly declaiming against them for their deeds of blood, still believed that they were honest men. Jesse had but recently returned from Nebraska and was still weak and suffering, and could hardly have had any direct hand in the robbery. Still the almost universal opinion was that he had planned the robbery. And, indeed, it was believed that a good share of the booty secured from the bank found its way to Frank and Jesse James. For it is clear that for a long time these brothers had had no means, legitimate, or otherwise of filling their purses. However this may be, a company of men, who were stinging from old wounds, determined to put an end to Jessie's depredations by quietly handing him over to the civil

power. And so four days after the bank robbery at Liberty, they matured their plans. They had no desire to kill Jesse, only to secure him and imprison him. Accordingly close on the hour of midnight of Feb. 18th, 1866, six well armed, well mounted militia men rode up to the home of Dr. Samuels. Jesse was suffering from a burning fever and was tossing from side to side when his quick ear detected the sounds of horse's hoofs crunching the crisp winter snow. In a moment he was on the alert. His two trusty companions—his revolvers—were under his pillow loaded. The heavy tramp of five men was soon heard coming along the piazza, and knocking at the door with the butt end of their guns, they demanded immediate admission.

Dr. Samuels gained a little time by parleying at the door, telling these midnight visitors to "be patient a moment, there was something wrong with the blamed lock." Meantime, Jesse looking through the window and taking in the whole situation, crawled down to the foot of the stairs.

"What shall I do ?" whispered the doctor. "Open the door the moment I tell you," Jesse answered in a faint voice, looking carefully at his weapons of defense. The besiegers grew impatient, and amid muttered curses on the whole family, began to beat in the panels of the door with their guns, demanding that "that murdering thief, Jesse, should come and surrender at once." Declaring they would take him either dead or alive. Jesse was ready with the answer. But the answer they got was a fearful one.

The door opened, and, standing half hidden in the shadow of the doorway, Jesse fired with unerring precision, and two of the company fell instantly dead, staining the virgin snow with the crimson torrents of their heart's blood.

Standing now full in the doorway, the moonlight falling on his pale spectral face, he looked a perfect wraith of slaughter; and before the report of his first shots had fully died away, he fired again, and two more of the squad fell, writhing in agony and pain. The rest of that blustering blasphemous company fled to their horses and rode away in the moonlight, leaving behind them their dead and dying comrades. The wounded men were spared. But it was a solemn sight. The dead men with pallid faces gazing stony gazes, out of sightless eyes, at the radiant moon and patient stars, the pure white mantel of the snow, stained and bedabbled with their blood; while the silence of the night was broken by the discordant groans of the wounded! An hour ago all was quiet and still! These dead men were full of life, boastful roystering and merry. Their roystering is over now forever. It is quiet and still again! But it is the quietness of a sleep in which there is no dreaming and from which there is no awakening.

Weak and feeble as he was, Jesse was wide awake to his peril. The escaped soldiers would bear the tidings of the midnight slaughter to the people all around. It would be foolish to wait and try conclusions with a largely augmented force; so

Jesse, weak as he was, trembling from head to foot with fever, but not with fear, mounted his horse and rode rapidly away in the solemn light of the mellow moon.

The news of this last relentless massacre spread like wild fire. Wearied and worn with the frightful experiences of four years of Civil strife, the Missourians longed for peace. They did not stop to ask how this last fray at the Samuels' homestead commenced. Only the dreadful fact that Jesse had killed and wounded four out of six of these soldiers, and had driven the others away in dread alarm, was present to the minds of the people of the neighborhood, A spirit of grave and awful determination arose amongst them. Jesse James must die! There had been enough and more than enough of his wild depredations. Life was so insecure, with his fatal pistol always ready for dread service, that no one knew at what moment—without rhyme or reason—he might find himself the target of Jesse's unerring aim. Frank was absent. Where, they knew not, nor cared, so that he spared Missouri the shame and peril of his presence. But here was Jesse; and if of the two, one was more daring, more deliberate, more cold-blooded than the other, surely it was Jesse. The death-sentence of the younger of the James brothers was recorded in the fixed purpose of the men of Clay county; and, accordingly, a large crowd, fifty strong, well armed, sought the Kearney farm and demanded that Jesse should be delivered to them. They swore a solemn

oath that they would take him, dead or alive, they cared not which. They had come to take him, and take him they would. But if they had been fifty thousand strong, instead of fifty, they could not have taken him, for the very simple reason that he had thought it prudent, all things considered, to retire to a more salubrious and less excited district.

Not long ago, a lawyer in one of the Western courts apologized for the inability of his client to attend the summons of the court. "Judge," said he, "I am very sorry my client cannot attend the court, but I have eighteen valid reasons to present for his non-attendance, each one of which, I am sure, will be a sufficient and valid excuse. If the court please I will proceed."

"Proceed," said the Judge.

"In the first place, your Honor," said the indefatigible lawyer, "I very much regret to say that my client is dead!"

"The worthy and learned Counsel need proceed no further," said the Judge; "the first reason satisfies the court, we will waive the other seventeen."

So the hunt was up for Jesse James, but it was all in vain. All the most solemn asservations of Dr. Samuels were regarded as so many subterfuges to gain him. The woods, the farms, the barns, the stables, all were searched, but searched in vain.

"They could not find young Jesse,
For young Jesse was not there."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARK OF CAIN!—"WE'VE GOT THE NAME WE'LL HAVE THE GAME."

FRANK AND JESSE IN KENTUCKY—THE HEROES OF THE HOUR—"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR"—WILL MURDERERS TURN ROBBERS?—INACTION INTOLERABLE.

The tragedy at Brandenburg and this last fray of Jesse's did much to settle the future of the James Brothers. However much they might be disposed to return to a quiet life, circumstances seemed all against them. If they did not bear visibly the mark of Cain upon their foreheads, they were nevertheless marked, and noted and distrusted. They had dabbled too freely in human blood, they had been too utterly reckless in their wild exploits to win anything like confidence. Men and woman everywhere were as much afraid of them as they were ashamed of them. And the general belief was that these awful fires that burned in the hearts of the young bandits were by no means quenched. Only smothered for a time, and that at the very fisst excuse

they would flame up again blood red. So it came to pass that anything that occurred of an unusually desperate character, was quietly and without much enquiry laid to the door of Frank and Jesse James. They had won such a reputation that nothing they could do was thought to be worse than they had done. So that horses are stolen at La Rue, or a bank is robbed at Liberty, then of course Frank is a horse-thief and Jesse is a bank-robber. And they are at once condemned in the public mind without judge or jury or any very long consideration. One need not wonder very much then that talking the whole matter over one day, Jesse ever the more talkative of the two, would break forth with this piece of fool's philosophy: "See Frank, its no use fighting against all this d——d prejudice, we've got the name anyhow, we might as well have the *game and the name,* as the name *without* the game."

"All right" said Frank in his usual surly manner, "go ahead and the devil take the hindermost."

The pistol shots at Lexington and Brandensburg had very seriously wounded both the robbers. Frank had to stay for some time with friends in Kentucky. After the eventful moonlight night at Kearney, Jesse made his way slowly and most stealthily to Nelson County, Kentucky. There he found Frank suffering intensely from the effects of his hip wound. He was scarcely able, even with the aid of a crutch, to walk more than half a mile without the most intense fatigue, while riding on horseback was altogether out of the question. Jesse's long and perilous

ride from Kearney had been exceedingly trying. What with frequent hemorrhages of the lungs and a fever still raging, it is a wonder he reached Chaplin, —the place of his brother's retreat—alive. As the summer of 1867 went on, Jesse grew worse and worse. He determined to put himself under the best surgical care. For he who had been so reckless of the lives of others was chary of his own. In October, 1867, he went to Nashville, Tennesee, and put himself under the care of Dr. Paul F. Eve, a noted surgeon of that city. He was here for months, and many a time despaired of his life. It was not till early in the following year, 1868, that Jesse became thoroughly convalescent. He returned to Chaplin and rejoined Frank.

These brothers had many friends and relations in Kentucky; not a few of whom, notwithstanding they were outlaws, and justly so, still had a warm place in their hearts for the daring boys. Moreover, there were in Kentucky many of the earlier comrades of the stormy times, who would gladly share all they had with the suffering compatriots of Quantrell. There were many homes where, in the closing days of the war, Quantrell, Magruder, Marion, Sue Munde and others of the bold guerrillas were feasted in unbounded luxuriance. The Southern cause was lost, but Southern pride remained unbroken. Many of the Kentucky families had lost their noblest and best at the hands of the Federals, and they found some sort of grim revenge in giving home and welcome to these young men who had

never once missed an opportunity of hurling death into the Northern ranks. Frank and Jesse were the heroes of the hour, and in the homes of the McClaskeys, and the Russels, and the Sayers, they were hailed as the most honored guests; and they did not lack the smiles of beauty, for fair and graceful ladies vied with each other in their constant attentions to the bold boys of the border. Hosts of fair Kentuckians, who during the war had become thoroughly interested in the issues at stake, and were such enthusiasts as to see nothing noble and nothing valorous save in the Confederate ranks, and those who aided the Southern cause, may be excused if they were ready with gentle hands to bind the bay leaves and the laurel crown, about the brows of those who had won the reputation of having killed more of the "accursed Federal foes" than any hundred soldiers in the fields of battle. Women generally dote on the military. A red coat is the heraldic sign of highest glory. Most of them, if invited to a military ball or heaven, would take their risks on heaven and accept the invitation to the ball; and so it came to pass that maidens and matrons of Kentucky bestowed their sweetest smiles and their compliments on the brave and daring troopers who had followed the fallen standard in irregular warfare, hurling death and defiance at the Federal hordes.

Summering in the smiles of these fair flatterers, Frank and Jesse would sometimes declare themselves overcome with gratitude, and protest that

they were not worthy of these charming attentions, to which modest protest the fair ladies of Kentucky had ever the one answer:

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

But the one question in many forms was present to the minds of Frank and Jesse, and if Frank spoke of it less frequently than Jesse it was not because he thought less of it. What was their future to be? The gateways of ordinary careers were closed against them; and beside all this, they began more and more to realize the terrible strain of inaction. Resting quietly upon your oars is all very well for a little time, but to an active, energetic mind enforced inaction is terrible to endure. What was to be done? The war was over, there was no military occupation for them. Besides, they were the followers of a fallen cause. Slowly, but surely, there dawned upon them the possible career of plunder. Should the murderers turn robbers? They never asked this question boldly and plainly, but in some shape or another, vaguely, but not less certainly, the question was pressing itself home upon them. Many of the friends of Jesse James, while they would not openly aver that he was concerned in the Liberty bank robbery, did not scruple to hint that some of the funds of that bank were sustaining both the brothers during their prolonged and perilous sickness. Should they start forth on a career of plunder? Up to this time their characters for honesty had never been impeached. Indeed, many of the bitterest foes of the James Brothers held

them in a kind of respect. At least they had universal credit for these three points of character: All Missouri said that the James were: First, as true as steel to their friends and comrades; next, they were always courteous and respectful to women; and lastly, they were as honest as the day. Were they to throw away this last clause of character? Were the murderers to become robbers? That was the question.

CHAPTER XV.

EX-GUERRILLAS IN KENTUCKY.

DICK KINNEY'S PISTOL — THE ROBBERY OF RUSSELVILLE BANK — $100,000 HAUL—WHO DID THE ROBBING? — DESPERATE HUNT FOR THE RAIDERS — OLIVER SHEPHERD SHOT DEAD—FRANK AND JESSE OFF TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

What is to be done with the disbanded soldiers after the war? That question has been one of most difficult solution in all civilized lands in modern times. To gather great crowds of men to go out and fight the battles of a nation has never been so difficult as to know what to do with them when the war is over. And the longer the war lasts the more complicated and difficult the question becomes. There can be no doubt a prolonged engagement in the profession of arms utterly unfits men for the hum-drum and monotony of ordinary life. A feverish restlessness is begotten that experience proves is very hard to allay. To keep, as a permanent institution, a large standing army does very little, if anything, to mitigate the state of things; for in all the large

towns and cities of Europe there seems to be a growing dislike to having these towns and cities turned into military centres. It is not only the voice of prudish sentiment, but the voice of repeated and undeniable facts, that declares a residence in a barracks town to be most undesirable. Put the thing in the most favorable light possible, it cannot but be a perilous experiment to hold great companies of single men in almost entire idleness; for though the adage is a child's adage, it is an adage for men and women as well as children:

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

America had her share of this difficulty at the close of the war. Both North and South felt the position keenly. Four years in the camp and the field, if they had not served to utterly demoralize the soldiery, had at least unfitted most of them for the farm and the factory and the store. But this was not the worst. As has been said before, there constantly hung about the skirts of both armies a most undesirable following of those who preferred pillage and plunder to either fighting or work. And, beside all these, there were scattered up and down the border States great numbers of those who in Quantrell's palmy days had followed the fortunes of guerrilla warfare.

In Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, and especially in Kentucky, where Frank and Jesse had so long found an asylum, there were many of the ex-guer-

rillas still living, and it only needed some little wind of circumstance to blow, and they were ready to turn back to the old exciting life of peril and romance. Indeed, they began to think there was nothing else before them. They were unfitted for a quiet life, and all the doors that opened to honest, peaceful avocations were closed against them, and guarded by prejudice and distrust. What was to be done? Dick Kinney had bequeathed his pistol to Frank James. On this pistol there were forty-eight notches, a ghastly record of those who had fallen victims to its deadly fire. It was treasured by Frank as a trophy and sometimes he thought that so faithful and true a weapon ought not to lie any longer in inglorious rest. The dumb and unused messenger of death rebuked his apathy and it needed but very little to wake the old guerrilla fire within him. To what extent Frank and Jesse and their friends had become organized is not known. For a time, at least, they were forming plans in secret. At last the Western world became aware that they had not been wholly inactive. The sense of security which was spreading throughout the country was most suddenly disturbed.

Russelville—the next scene of their exploits—is a pleasant little village of three to four thousand inhabitants. It is most pleasantly situated in Logan County, on the southern frontier—adjoining Tennessee. It is quite a centre of a large, thriving agricultural district. And its bank became in consequence the depository of a good deal of wealth. The spring

time of 1868 was a favorable time for the farmers of that western region. The roads were in excellent condition, so that there was no difficulty in the carrying of produce to the markets. So the bank of Russelville was doing a thriving business, which fact was not unknown to those whose depredations are now to be recorded.

It was a beautiful spring morning, March 20th, 1868. There seemed nothing unusual in the sleeply old village with its long struggling street that spring morning, save as the sleepiest of villages will bear the impress of a rarer beauty in the early days of spring. The music of the school bell had just ceased, to be taken up in ringing tones by the blacksmith's merry anvil. By twos and threes the women stood at their doors enjoying the usual morning gossip; the old men hobbled about and declared it as fine a spring as they had seen in "forty years;" and the radiant maiden looked still more radiant as she caught a sweet smile from the young clerk as he passed on his way to the store, and thought of that verse from the poet which he had quoted so touchingly last night:

"In the spring a livelier iris
Comes upon the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy
Gently turns to thoughts of love.'

The stores were open and the store-dealers were beginning their business for the day. Now and then a rumbling wagon, corn laden creaked along the quiet street. The bank was just about to open its

doors, when suddenly a clatter of hoofs was heard. Sharp, quick and terrible as the crash of doom, a dozen horsemen each armed with two pairs of revolvers dashed down the street to the terror and amazement of the quiet villagers. With the most fearful oaths and threatenings these armed brigands commanded the people to go into their houses and keep quiet on pain of instant death, and to confirm their purpose they fired in all directions. Two of the men, of whom there can be no reasonable doubt that Jesse James was one and Cole Younger the other, dismounted at the bank and entered. The cashier had opened the safe and the books were out on the counters, and a quantity of gold was spread out before the cashier which he was then in the act of counting. The sudden entrance of these armed men astonished him for a moment, he turned at once to the safe and was in the act of swinging back the door when Jesse James said:

"Leave that alone and keep quiet, or I'll blow your brains out."

What could the cashier do with such a threat in his ears, supported as it was by the loaded revolvers too close to said brains to be pleasant. The cashier setting a higher value on nis life then all the gold in the safe kept quiet, and the safe was rifled, the loose gold on the counter was swept off by Cole Younger. Everything of value was taken away except a few revenue and postage stamps. These the robbers thought hardly worth the trouble of taking, and so Jesse, to whom a joke was never untimely, tossed

back the stamps remarking to the affrighted cashier that he "might want to mail letters latter in the day!"

The booty secured the robbers departed as they came cursing and threatening instant death to any who dared to follow. They swept into Russelville like a tornado they swept out like a whirlwind! The surprised and stunned inhabitants were perfectly helpless against the wild daring of the adventurers. The completeness and simplicity of their plans, and above all the speed and promptitude with which those plans were executed, left the men and women of Russelville standing agaze at one another, ready almost to ask if those things had really transpired; or if they had some horrid nightmare! and they seemed as ill-fitted to pursue the robbers as they had been incapable of resisting the plunder. No one blamed the cashier of the bank. He was thoroughly helpless. The safe was open, and all he could have done would have been to throw away his life without saving a penny to the bank. The amount stolen has been variously estimated. But all told there could not have been much less than $100,000, which sum divided between ten men would make a pretty considerable fortune for each man.

The friends of the James boys have made very strenuous efforts to clear them of complicity in this deed of plunder. But however they may have succeeded in making out a case in defense of Frank, whom they declare to have been in Nelson County, Kentucky still suffering terribly from his wound;

they were not as successful in their defence of Jesse. Jesse himself attempted to prove an alibi. But if he had been at the Marshall House, Chaplin on the 18th of the month, there would have been no great difficulty in his reaching the scene of the robbery in ample time. For he rode only the fastest horses and as we have seen it was no uncommon thing for him to ride fifty miles on horseback in the space of six hours. There can be little doubt that the leaders of that raid were Jesse James, Cole Younger, Jim White, George and Oll. Shephard. And if Frank James had no active part in the robbery, he probably had his share, and a very good share in arranging and planning the whole affair.

After the first surprise of the daring robbery had passed away it was resolved to make a most determined and exhaustive pursuit. The robbery so bare faced and impudent was only one of many that would follow if this kind of thing was unchecked. The fact that murder had not been added to robbery was owing rather to the paralysis that struck the astounded villagers than to the mercy of the robbers, and now thoroughly aroused it was resolved to rid the region once and forever of these robber-bands.

The pursuit was long, untiring, but fruitless. The blood of the Kentuckians was up, but it was all in vain. They followed the scent with utmost care, but the foxes were always ahead! Over the Cumberland river, through the wild rocky region that leads to the border line of Tennessee, thence to the

wide waters of the Mississippi, but all in vain! The robbers eluded their grasp! They had plunged into the trackless paths of Southeast Missouri. The pursuers took up the trail and pressed unweariedly through swamp and morass. The scent became fainter and fainter, till at last utterly worn out and dispirited they returned home, their expedition having utterly failed. George Shepherd, however, was subsequently arrested, he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years.

Only one other member of that robber gang was ever found, and that was Oll Shepherd. He was found in Jackson County, Missouri. A warrant for arrest was issued, but Oll declared he would never be arrested. A body of from twelve to twenty men were detailed for his arrest. They surrounded him, well armed, and called out to him:

"Surrender, or die! Which shall it be? Will you surrender?"

"Never! Death before surrender, a thousand times! Do your worst!" shouted the valiant old guerrilla.

Then the awful work began, shots came thick and fast. It could only be a question of a little time, but Oll Shepherd fought to the last. He stood with his back to a tree and emptied his revolver, firing fourteen shots in wild despair. At last he reeled and staggered, but it was not till his body had received seven bullets that he fell; fell like the old Greek warrior fighting with death to the last!

Every other member of that robber-band that

wrought such consternation in Russellville that bright spring morning, escaped.

The James boys parted company for a while, but they both set their faces toward the golden gate. They met in that "glorious climate of California," wither we next follow them and their shifting fortunes.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT IN THE GOLDEN WEST.

OUT IN THE GOLDEN WEST!—JESSE SAILS FOR CALIFORNIA—FRANK JOURNEYS WEST-WARD—THE BROTHERS MEET—QUIET LIFE IN PASO ROBEL—PLEASANT DAYS IN THE SIERRAS—SHAKING UP THE ENCAMPMENT OF BATTLE MOUNTAIN—A FATAL GAME AND A FEARFUL NIGHT.

Shortly after the robbery of the Russelville bank, Jesse James was back again at Kearney in Clay County. Romantic stories are told of the marvelous manner in which he pioneered the robbers from Russelville through the hilly regions of Kentucky, never resting till he reached the banks of the Mississippi. That march of more than five hundred miles, made still longer by the many necessary detours, was full of hair-breadth 'scapes and perils, and the wonder is that the robbers were able so successfully to evade their pursuers. But Jesse's guerilla experience had made him as cunning in ambush, and as skilful as a

guide, as he was brave in battle and dauntless in peril. The story of that one prolonged flight from Russelville to Missouri's western border is a complete romance in itself. The stolen marches under the cover of the starry night, the patient waiting in ambush while their pursuers were so near, that their breath seemed almost to blow hot upon their cheeks, the daring sallies when everything was staked upon a single chance. The conduct of Jesse James in that long ride for life would have made him a hero in any other cause, and those whom he piloted to safety thought him a real hero, whatever the world might say.

Jesse's physical endurance was something wonderful. He had received twice through the lungs bullets that had left great gaping wounds that would have been fatal to any ordinary man. He bore upon his body the scars of more than twenty wounds. And yet he was but in the very morning of his days! Not twenty-four! And yet he had gone through, and dared, and endured more than many a veteran through a long career of warlike experiences. He seemed to have been cast in an iron mould, but there were limitations to his strength, and his friends urged him to a time of quiet. Dr. Joseph Wood, of Kansas City, advised that he should take a sea voyage and seek some warmer climate where his shattered lung might have an opportunity of healing.

In accordance with this advice, he left the home of his childhood in the month of May, 1869, with many misgivings that he might never see it again.

And, though not overburdened with sentiment, we can well understand that he looked with a fond lingering look as he bade farewell—it might be forever—to the hills and vales of his native Missouri. It was the home of his childhood and youth. What there had been of gentleness in those bye-gone days was associated with these scenes. It had been moreover the theatre of many daring exploits and perilous adventures. There he and his brother Frank had won names that some counted heroic, while the great majority spoke only of them with dread and horror. For good or ill, for life or death, he was leaving his early home. And he left it with a sigh. He was badly wounded, and he was suffering enough to make him thoughtful. Besides, his very going away at all was a recognition of the fact that he was in a critical position.

He journeyed as far as New York, where he spent a few days with friends of the old stormy times, for the James boys had friends everywhere. On the 8th of June, 1869, he set sail for Panama on board the Santiago de Cuba. From Panama he took another ship, and at last, after a pleasant and helpful voyage, he reaches the "City of the Golden Gate."

In the meantime Frank had been hiding away in the house of a most respectable citizen in Nelson County, Kentucky. A few weeks after the Russellville fray, and when the excitement had quieted down, the friends of Frank deemed it best that he should absent himself from that region. He was still suffering from his wounded hip. And, as it is al-

leged, the funds of the Russelville bank had placed the boys in possession of a good round sum of money, there was no reason why they should not enjoy a good long spell of quiet. One dark night Frank was driven in a close carriage from Nelson, through Smithville and Mount Washington, to Louisville. Here he rested awhile. A few days later the register of the "Southern Hotel," St. Louis, bore the inscription "F. C. Markland, Kentucky." Mr. Markland, whoever he was, was very cordially and warmly greeted by a group of men who were not unknown in the neighborhood, and who had a certain sort of notoriety as having once belonged to Quantrell's daring band. The group of old-time companions spent a few pleasant days on the banks of the Mississippi, after which Mr. "F. C. Markland" (who, of course, was none other than Frank James) journeyed as far as Kansas City, where he met his mother at the house of a relative, and from this point he went to San Francisco, arriving there in advance of Jesse. It had been given out that Frank was going to sail to California, but that was probably only a ruse to put his enemies on the wrong track.

Frank and Jesse met at last at the home of their uncle, Mr. D. W. James, who was then proprietor of the Paso Róbel Hot Sulphur Springs. Here the brothers spent a calm and peaceful life for months. No one could have imagined that these two quiet, amiable young men had made at least three States of the Union tremble with the terror of their names. They could be most gentlemanly and polite. And if

Frank created the impression by his reticence that he was one of the most retiring of young men, Jesse won for himself golden opinions on account of his kindly, genial disposition. Through the whole of that summer of 1869 the brothers lived without a single adventure, save the very desirable change from weakness to robust health. Frank's hip grew strong, Jesse's lung yielded to the kindly influences of the beautiful climate, and before the autumn sun had touched the far-spreading woodlands with tints and hues of golden splendors, the young men who came to Pass Robel broken-down and emaciated were as strong and robust as ever. And with returning health and vigor came back the old spirit of daring and wild adventure. Whatever firm resolves they made in the day of their weakness as to a quiet honest life for the future, these resolves began to weaken with their increasing strength. It was the old story:

"When the devil was sick,
The devil a saint would be;
When the devil grew well,
The devil a saint was he."

Moreover, it must be remembered that the very air they breathed was laden with the spirit of adventure and unrest. The mining camps of Nevada were the homes of wild romance. Frank and Jesse took a journey up the mountains without any special purpose other than that of seeing the country. Of course, they were not likely to risk their lives among the miners of the Sierras unarmed. So, car-

rying with them their weapons of defense—their faithful companions of the days of peril—they started forth. The camp life was most congenial to them. And, to add to their pleasure, they found several old companions who had followed the black flag of Quantrell in the old days. They prospected, they played sportsman, till little by little the old fires were kindling, and there needed only some circumstance to set the old guerrilla flames aglow.

The occasion was not far to seek. Frank and Jesse, with two old Missourian acquaintances, took a journey into the region of the Sonoma Mountains, where a small tributary of the Humboldt river cuts the foothills of the range. There was a new encampment called "Battle Mountain." And, to use the emphatic language of these four Missouri boys, they thought they would break the monotony of life by going to Battle Mountain "just to shake up the encampment!" These camping towns spring up as if by magic. And very often just as rapidly pass from sight. So that now the traveler in these mountain regions comes often upon the relics of a deserted hamlet that served the purpose of the hour and then was left to rot and ruin. Some lucky "find" would determine the locality. A main street would be laid out. Saloons, eating-houses, dance-houses, and gambling-hells, with a sufficient number of shanties for the dwelling of the men, would make up the "place." And, over and over again, the gold for which men had toiled so hard for weeks would all be squandered in a single night's debauch. Battle

Mountain had the reputation of being a "rattling place." It had among its strange inhabitants men of honorable position, charmed by the hope of finding sudden wealth; and men of easy mind and careless mien, who were simply traveling to see what was to be seen, and others of dark intent; who knew best of all how to gamble and carouse, and always to be ready with bowie knife and revolver as the quick and sure settlers of any argument that might arise. Hard work by day, and at night women, whiskey and cards, this was the order of Battle Mountain. And it was to "shake up" this encampment that Frank and Jesse James and their two companions from Missouri, came. They had not been here long when a number of gambling blacklegs, who little knew the sort of men they had to deal with, formed a plot to swindle these green boys from Missouri. While the James boys did not drink, they were somewhat proud of their skill at cards. One fatal night, the boys of Battle Mountain, thirty or forty strong, were gathered together. Some were drinking, others playing at cards, others mapping out plans for future prospecting.

Jesse's friend, sitting at the same table, had just "called" the hand of his opponent—one of the men in the plot.

"Three kings," said the gambler, cheerfully.

"Three aces," coolly replied the other, as he exhibited them and raked down the "pot." Then he continued: "I discounted a king. When the cut was made for your deal, the bottom card was ex-

posed. It was a *king*. You got your third king from the bottom. You mustn't do that again."

"It's a lie!" snarled the gambler through clenched teeth. And there was a look in his steel-gray eyes that meant mischief, as his hand felt down for his revolver.

The attention of the whole company was arrested. Jesse took in the whole situation in a moment. His companion had made a deliberate charge of cheating, and Jesse knew well that according to the gamblers' code of honor in such a case "some one must die." There was a moment of peril for his friend, but quick as thought Jesse's pistol flashed its unerring fire, and the gambling cheat fell dead.

The remaining gambler made a violent lunge at Jesse with a knife, the blow was partly warded off by a tough buckskin bag of gold dust which Jesse carried—the next moment Jesse brought his pistol round with a swing, fired, and literally blew off the top of his opponent's head, and he fell with his face downwards upon the gambling table.

A perfect pandemonium ensued. Frank and his companion were ready for action in a moment. Howling and yelling and cursing rent the air. The gamblers of Battle Mountain found that these quiet-looking Missouri boys were incarnate devils when roused. But they had most to find out yet. There were four against thirty! Rather heavy odds! The lights were suddenly put out, and Jesse cried:

"Stand aside! Be ready!"

Frank and the other two men knew precisely what

that meant. They made a rush for the door, amidst shots flying fast and free. Jesse covered their retreat with his pistol. They, having escaped, began to fire warily on the demoralized crowd. Jesse then made for the door, but two burly men with huge knives stood in the way. Jesse fired on one of them and he sank groaning to the earth, in a moment he sprang upon the other and dealt him so fearful a blow with the butt-end of his pistol that he fell insensible on his dying comrade. Over this bloody barricade Jesse crept and joined his friends outside.

When lights were obtained the interior of that gambling hell presented a ghastly sight. The half-drunken women were suddenly sobered. Three men lay dead, wallowing in pools of their own blood. Five others lay mortally wounded, groaning, cursing and blaspheming. The floor and walls were all bedabbled with human blood. A sudden impulse stirred a number of the survivers to follow and avenge this dreadful night on the escaped Missourians.

A little more than a mile away they came upon the Jameses and their two friends. The leaders of the avenging mob ran yelling and howling toward them.

"Fall back!" cried Jesse, "Fall back! We have fought once in self-defense, and we can fight again." Then turning to his comrades he said, "Steady boys! Let every shot count."

On came the yelling pack, filling the air with blas-

phemous threatenings of death to the fugitive ones.

"Back, you d——d miscreants! Stand back I say!" cried Jesse James.

But they rushed forward at the top of their speed.

"Boys, we are in for it," said Jesse, quietly.

"All right! Be ready!" Then he shouted: "Come on, d——n you! Just come ahead and be killed!"

Four bullets quick and sharp sped their way to the oncoming mob, and in a moment four men fell wounded to the earth. The Missourians opened fire again and two others fell gashed and wounded. At this the avengers paused. The dauntless four in that moment escaped. The gamblers, however, treated them to a parting shot, seriously wounding one of the party. Jesse's hat was shot off his head, but no further harm was done. They reached Minnemunca in safety. They had "*shaken up*" Battle Mountain with a vengeance! Twelve men had fallen victims, and were dead or dying! This was a new sensation in the great mining State. The quiet, inoffensive-looking boys, who seemed to have more of the Sunday school teacher about them than the wild desperado, had left their unmistakable sign manual in the gold-diggers camp.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN OF THE ISHMAELITES.

RETURN OF THE ISHMAELITES—BANK ROBBERY AT GALLATIN—WHO WERE THE ROBBERS?—JESSE DENIES ALL SHARE—THO. MASON'S BAND ATTEMPT TO ARRREST FRANK AND JESSE—MRS. SAMUELS AGAIN—NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

It was not safe for our heroes to try the experiment of eating their Christmas dinner in the neighborhood of the Sierras. After that fatal night at Battle Mountain, they became marked men, and it was on their part a stroke of sound policy to leave the hills and mountains of the golden West at the very earliest opportunity. They remained in seclusion only a few days and then they journeyed with all speed to their home in Missouri.

Arrived here, they soon found that, though they had many friends of the old guerrilla days scattered up and down, yet for the most part they were Ishmaelites indeed! Their hands had been against every man, and now every man's hand was against

them. And in that region of country everything that went wrong, every theft small or great, every annoyance important or trivial, was laid to the door of the James brothers. And, though much may be said concerning the circumstances that first drove, or attracted, the boys to the camp of Quantrell, their subsequent conduct bears only one conclusion; that whatever they had to suffer of injustice in this respect, they had only themselves to thank for it. They were but suffering the natural and inevitable result of such a course as they had pursued.

It is true, as has been before insisted in these pages, that, altogether outside these old guerrilla forces, there were bands of wild freebooters who scrupled at nothing; to whom the sanctity of womanhood and the defenselessness of children counted for nothing, when they crossed their path or thwarted their purposes. But between these awkward desperadoes and their clumsy deeds, and the well-organized and invariably successful plans of the old time guerrillas there was a wide difference. The Jameses and the Youngers and the Andersons left their own imprint distinct and definite on all their doings. A thousand deeds of lawless adventure were so effectively done, and all trace so completely covered that a successful raid was without much consideration attributed to the most successful leaders of the time, Frank and Jesse James.

And yet it can not be said that their Ishmaelism was without cause. Had not the home of their childhood been the scene of many a fierce onslaught

on the part of the Federal militia? If Dr. Samuels was alive it was because he had been secretly rescued after having been left for dead. And one of Jesse's earliest remembrances was of being subjected to treatment both shameful and cruel. And the seeds of shameless cruelty will bring forth abundant h vests.

Vigilance committees were hounding their comrades without mercy. And they knew that the zest with which these were exterminated would be ten times more fierce if they should chance to fall into their hands.

On the 16th of December, 1869, Gallatin, a flourishing little city in Daviess County, Missouri, had an experience similar to that of Russelville. The chief difference being that cold-blooded murder was added to robbery. It was a dark, gloomy day such as abound in the month of December, It was supposed that the bank was just then pretty flush in funds. All at once a band of armed horsemen rushed into the quiet street that runs like an artery through Gallatin, with wild cries and curses they ordered all the inhabitants to keep their houses at peril of instant death. Two of the band rushed into the bank (believed to be Cole Younger and Jesse James) and holding a revolver before the face of Captain John W. Sheets demanded that he give up the keys. The safe door was already open. The booty was secured. The amount, however, was small, reaching only about $700. The gold being put in a bag, the robber who had held Captain Sheets

in silence deliberately fired a bullet through his brain and the unfortunate cashier fell dead at his assasin's feet. The robbery completed and the murder done, the wild band fled from Gallatin as quickly as they entered, and left no trace behind them save the plundered bank and the lifeless form of a gallant gentleman who was universally respected. The wanton cruelty of this murder awoke the bitterest feeling throughout the whole neighborhood. Captain Sheets was a great favorite in business and social circles. The robbery was altogether lost sight of in the graver consideration of the foul and unnatural murder, the motive for which it was hard to imagine. It was, however, afterward averred that the murderer mistook him for a certain Lieut. Cox, who, it was said, in a raid against the guerrillas, had killed the notorious Bill Anderson. The whole country was roused and a most exciting chase took place. But the robbers were well mounted, and, though they were pursued to the borders of Clay County, the pursuit was vain, for at that point they lost all track of them. The robbers were on what they significantly called "their own stamping ground."

Who were these robbers? The universal voice saddled the robbery and murder on the Jameses and the Youngers, which Jesse however most indignantly repudiated. So bold and intrepid was Jesse in this denial that he wrote to the Governor of Missouri on his own behalf and on that of his brother Frank offering to surrender to the officers of the law and submit to a trial, on condition that the Governor

would guarantee them a safe escort securing them from the chances of mob violence and lynch law in Daviess County. Governor McClury declared that he did not believe that the boys had anything to do with the robbery. For a time his decision had some influence on public opinion. But there was a deep under-current of feeling that if these young men Frank and Jesse James had not been actually concerned in the operations, they were nevertheless parties to, if not instigators of the plot. As years went on, further developements led to the now thoroughly received opinion that Captain Sheets died at the hand of Frank or Jesse James. Amongst those who believed most thoroughly in the guilt of the James brothers was Captain John Thomason of Clay County, Missouri. He thought that it was no use in the world to deal in half measures with these miscreants. He was persuaded that there would be no peace, no security for life or property as long as they were at large, hence he put himself at the head of a band of men who were resolved at all hazards and at any cost to arrest Frank and Jesse James and bring them to justice. Captain Thomason had served during the war on the confederate side, he had also sustained the office of Sheriff of Clay County to the great admiration of the county at large. He carried with him great moral influence as a man who was the outspoken friend of law and order. No man in Clay county could command a larger following for any good purpose. The James brothers were made acquainted with the purpose of Captain Thom-

ason, they knew the man they had to deal with, but they were not in the least dismayed. They went out to meet him and his band. The meeting is said to have taken place near the home of the Samuels. Captain Thomason demanded their immediate unconditional surrender. Of course, as may be well supposed, they laughed the demand to scorn, and seemed disposed to treat the whole affair as a huge farce. When the thing assumed a more serious aspect and Captain Thomason hinted at force. Then there was nothing for it but to meet fire with fire. And the guerrilla boys proved themselves ready for the encounter. A shot from Jesse's pistol brought down Captain Thomason's horse dead under him. The fray lasted only a few minutes. The pursuing party felt that to proceed would only be to endanger life with little prospect of capturing their prey, so they returned, and Frank and Jesse rode back home scathless and triumphant. It is one of the wonders of this wonderful history that these mauraders were hunted so incessantly and never caught. After the Gallatin affair the Daviess county officials hunted them in vain. Pinkerton and his staff from Chicago, and a posse of shrewd skillful detectives from St. Louis hunted them in vain. It is quite evident that many who might have given some information, felt no particular desire to place themselves in an attitude of antagonism to these desperate characters. The dread they had inspired far and near made all timid souls conclude that it was best to let the James brothers alone, and so they got a pretty wide berth,

and enjoyed a freedom that would certainly have been denied to less reckless men.

Captain Thomason was annoyed at his defeat; and did not hesitate to express himself in unmeasured terms; not staying even to express very strong and uncompromising opinions concerning Mrs. Samuels whom he regarded as the hateful guiding spirit of these murderous sons. Indeed he said over and over again that only such a mother could bring forth such sons. A remarkable and characteristic interview between the two is reported.

Mrs. Samuels had heard of the strong things Captain Thomason was saying, and thought perhaps to intimidate him by threats. Whatever was the purpose this irrepressible woman, now close on sixty years of age, rode ten miles on horseback to give Captain Thomason a piece of her mind. She entered the house without ceremony as the family was dining and walking up to Captain Thomason in a resolute tone of voice.

"Captain Thomason, I understand you have called me a ——— !"

"Yes, I did," returned the Captain, "and I want you to understand that I mean every word I say, and, mark me, if ever I or any of mine are injured by you or yours in the least thing, I swear before heaven and earth that there shall not be a stone left of your house, nor a single member of your family spared !"

"Indeed !" said the stern-faced woman.

"And if any killing is to be done," continued the

Captain, "take my advice and see you kill all my family; don't let a member survive, or the injury might be avenged !"

At this Mrs. Samuels, with a look of supreme disgust, strode out of the room and journeyed home feeling that her errand had been a failure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BANK PLUNDERING CONTINUED—RAID AT COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY—MURDER OF MR. CASHIER MARTIN—ANOTHER FRUITLESS CHASE—THE ROBBERS AT CORYDON, IOWA—$40,000 AT A SWEEP!

The best-filled coffers will not hold out forever. And the robbery of another bank was a sure and certain sign that the funds of the robbers were running low. The spring of 1872 found Frank and Jesse James and the three Younger boys all in Kentucky, whither they generally fled when danger threatened. They had many friends in Kentucky, and were as secure here as any place in the world. Of course they were careful never to appear publicly in company. Their policy was to keep apart, and they have often spent days in the same place as though they were the most perfect strangers, and more than once they have undergone the farce of being introduced to each other by strangers.

A whole year or more had passed since the last bank raid, and the public mind began to rest in a

sense of security. Besides which, the managers of banks, as may well be expected, looked more diligently to the means and methods of security and defense. But while there is no insurmountable difficulty in guarding against ordinary dangers, the special and unexpected and sudden dangers are not so easily foreseen.

Columbia is a pleasant little village in the county of Adair, in Kentucky. A quiet, sleepy little place that knew nothing to disturb the even tenor of its way, save when the holding of the Courts of Session stirred the dull monotony of the place. For Columbia was the seat of Justice for the county. On the afternoon of April 29th, 1872, all was *in statu quo,* as Wilkins Micawber would say. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The bank was still open. The Pres. of the Bank of Deposit was chatting with Mr. R. A. C. Martin, the respected cashier of the bank, and Mr. Garnett, an old citizen of Columbia. All in a moment the conversation was interrupted by a most unusual occurrence. Five well-armed horsemen dashed into the street. There was the old order. Promiscuous firing of pistols, oaths and threatenings; every human being was driven into the house on peril of instant death. Before the gentlemen in the bank could for a moment guess the meaning of this strange tumult, Frank James and Cole Younger dismounted and entered the bank. Without a word the bandits went round the counter, each holding a pair of cocked pistols in his hands.

"Will you give up the sate keys, d——n you?" said

one of them to the cashier, holding a pistol within a yard of his head.

"I will not!" was the answer of the brave cashier Martin.

"Then, d——n you, will you open the safe? Come, quick. I've no time to waste. If you don't I'll blow your brains out! Quick, d—n you, quick! Now will you?"

"I will not. I will d—"

Poor, brave Martin had no time to finish the sentence. A bullet crashed through his temples. Blood and brains spurted out upon counter and on floor, and the valiant guardian of the public funds fell dead at his murderer's feet.

The on-lookers seemed paralyzed. They were horror-stricken and utterly powerless. The robbers then gathered together all they could, which only amounted to a little over $300 in cash. For the robbers had outwitted themselves. The secret of the combination was with the dead cashier. Placing such spoils as they had in hand in a sack, they remounted their horses and gave the signal for departure. They went as quickly as they came.

No sooner had the news of the raid spread, than another of those fruitless pursuits began. The robbers were pursued to the mountains of Tennessee. One of the robbers called Saunders, but better known as Bill Longley the Texan desperado, was shot in Fentress County. The fact that Saunders was of this gang was proof sufficient in the minds of the Kentuckians that the robbers of the Columbia bank

were none other than the James and Younger gang. There are others, however, who cling to the belief that neither Frank nor Jesse had any part in this fray.

Russelville! Gallatin! Columbia!

And, in less than twelve months after, the Bank of Corydon, Iowa, was in like manner robbed and raided. It was on the 28th of June, 1873, at about 10 o'clock in the morning. The bank was just opening for business, when seven desperadoes charged furiously into the center of the town, firing right and left and swearing to shoot dead everybody who remained in the streets. Their commands were obeyed. The streets were cleared. None of the inhabitants thought of offering any resistance. Three of the robbers dismounted and with cocked pistols entered the bank, swearing to blow the heads off any who dared to interfere with them, The six heavy dragoon pistols served to terrify those who were in the bank, and, with the memories of Captain Sheets and Mr. Martin before them, they yielded at discretion. The safe was opened and the contents thrown into a sack. It is said that the robbers made by this one haul a sum nearly approaching $40,000. The people in the bank were charged to order and silence, and one of the robber brood boasted that he could fetch a button off the coat of any of them with his pistol; so they had best have a care.

Of course after the consternation had given place to quieter moments, the inhabitants instituted a vigorous pursuit. The common result followed, Not

one of the robbers were caught. So a handful of men, in the broad light of day, were able to go about murdering and plundering and no power was able to repress them. Corydon never again saw a dollar of its stolen money, nor caught a glimpse of the wild raiders who shook that June morning with threat and terror.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHAPTER WITHOUT BLOOD

FRANK AND JESSE AS GENTLEMEN AT LARGE—EQUAL TO EVERY EMERGENCY—THE GRIM JOKE OF THE BROTHERS HUNTING FOR THEMSELVES — JESSE PLAYING RUSTIC.

It must not be for a moment supposed that Frank and Jesse James were always on the war-path. Apart from those periods of enforced leisure, when through dangerous wounds they were compelled to seek rest and retirement; they took many occasions to enjoy life to the full. The robbery of a bank would supply them with ample funds. And, as the old story goes, money easily gained is just as easily parted with. When the times were flush with them, they knew how to play the role of roysterers and convivial gentlemen. They were widely dissimilar in their mental characteristics, but they knew each how to enjoy life to the full.

They enjoyed the luxury of travel. But they never travelled together when using their own names, and they were never very far apart. Over the plains of

Texas or through the swarming centres of civilization, they were always near enough to help each other if the bell of danger rung. Their reputation was their safeguard, if they should chance to be known in the larger towns or cities. Everyone who knew them, knew that there was nothing surer than the aim, and nothing deadlier than the fire that flashed from the pistols of Frank and Jesse James. And so discretion suggested that it would be well to leave the James boys alone. They might have been arrested a thousand times, but what is everybody's duty is nobody's duty; and, moreover, there was a widespread feeling that anything done to Frank or Jesse would be sure to be avenged with an awful vengeance! It was well known that the corner stone of their policy was: "Dead men tell no tales." And if a question rose as to the advisability or unadvisability of shooting a man, or a dozen men, their invariable method was to shoot, and leave the question for more convenient consideration. Under such circumstances can it be greatly wondered at that a policy of non-interference has so largely prevailed.

"Do you see that rather sedate, well-dressed fellow, sitting over in that large chair just by the pillar?" asked a gentleman of his companion, not very long ago, as they sat smoking in the great central hall of the Palmer House, Chicago.

"I do," was the response of the gentleman, who happened to be a Justice of the Peace for Cook County.

"Well," said the first speaker, "do you know that that is the notorious outlaw Frank James?"

"Indeed!" said the magistrate.

"Yes," said his informant, "no doubt at all about it. He has registered as Edwin Jackson, of Detroit; but he has been spotted by a dozen men, there is no doubt about his being the great Missourian bandit, Frank James. Say, Judge, what a grand opportunity for you! You might have him arrested, and make quite a name and fame!"

"No thank you!" said the legal dignitary.

"But you are a Justice of the Peace and society looks to you!" said his friend, growing quite eloquent.

"That's just where it is," said the magistrate, "I'm a Justice of the Peace, and I want peace. Society looks to me, and I want it to go on looking to me. That may or may not be Frank James, it's none of my funeral. But if it were Frank or Jesse James or any of that infamous gang, and I arrested him, it would probably be my funeral, and soon! Do you think that because a man is a magistrate he must therefore be a fool? Come and let us take a turn along State street."

Exiled and outlawed as they were, they dared to the uttermost, and went up and down enjoying themselves without any fear of arrest. They took the precaution to wear false names, but that was all the false they did wear. Anything like an attempt at facial disguise, or make up in form or dress, was beneath the dignity of these dauntless

men. They trusted to courage and good sense and their ready wits. They never trusted to good luck. They trusted to themselves, and they seem to never have trusted in vain!

They seem to have been equal to every emergency. They took long journeys and sea voyages, and were often brought into contact with people of culture and refinement. Amongst those they were perfectly at home. Frank's reticence always served him in good stead, while Jesse's free spirit and manner always made him appear to advantage as a most genial young gentleman, of good education and breeding. With the roystering and the merry they could take their part, and be as loud and jolly as the best of them. With the vulgar and the loafing they had nothing in common, they disdained the companionship of the low; just as Dick Turpin would have disdained a clumsy thief. Frank and Jesse James were the aristocrats of wild adventure.

They had several aliases. Jesse was known for a long time in New York, and widely respected, too, as Charles Lawson, of Nottingham. While they were being hunted and sought for in Missouri and Kentucky and Texas, they were having a good time a thousand miles away; while their foes were beating about the woods of Jackson county, Frank was dining at the Palmer House, Chicago; and Jesse was entertaining a number of friends at the Astor House, New York. Or while Pinkerton's men were hard at work hunting the boys, quite sure that they had got on the right trail at last, the affectionate brothers

would be refreshing their love of the beautiful from the drawing-room window of Prospect House, Niagara Falls, or laughing at Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," at Whitney's theatre, in Detroit; or listening to Lawrence Barrett's divine declamations at Booth's theatre in New York.

Sometimes they would perpetrate the grim joke of joining their pursuers in search of themselves. More than twice or thrice they have been daring enough, in an unknown region of country to engineer a movement in search of those wild, lawless James brothers, and to lead the search themselves, seemingly most intent on catching their prey.

A most amusing story is told of Jesse, who on a memorable occasion played the part of rustic to his heart's content. It was the second day after the bank robbery, at Corydon Iowa. The whole region was up in arms and in hot pursuit after the robbers. Jesse was riding along a way not much frequented, when he became suddenly aware of two men riding in hot fury not far distant. Confident that they had neither seen nor heard him, his ready wit suggested a speedy course of action. Jesse was dressed in the rough attire of a granger, and assumed a most uncouth simplicity both of dialect and manners. When he came within reasonable distance of the two well-armed, well-mounted horsemen, he, with a wary eye on their pistols and his hand not far from his own, accosted them:

"Well, gentlemen, hev you met anybody up the road ridin a hoss an' leadin' ov another one, 'cause

you see as how I lives down on the Nodaway, an' some infernal thief has gone off with my two best hosses. I hearn about two miles furder down at the blacksmith shop that a man passed there about a hour an' a half ago with two hosses, an' they fits the descripshun of mine to a T. Have you seen sich?"

"No. Where are you traveling from?"

"Why, Lord, I've come all the way from the Nodaway. The infernal thieves are using us up awful. I wish I'd come on the infernal son of a seacook whose taken my hosses. I do, you bet, I'd go for him with these 'ere irons. I would that!" And Jesse revealed his "weapons" as he called them.

"Did you see anybody on the road ahead? asked the tallest of the two horsemen.

"Not for some miles. I met four ugly-looking customers this mornin'. They looked like they might 'a been hoss-thieves theirselves. D——n the hoss-thieves, say I!" said he rustic Jesse.

"Thieves are plenty now-a-days. They come into towns and break banks in open daylight. How far did you say the four men were ahead?"

"Well, I didn't say; but it must be more'n two hours since I met 'em, an' they were a ridin' purty fast, an' I've rid my hoss almost down, as you can see," answered Jesse.

"What kind of looking men were they?" asked the robber-hunters.

"Well, one was a sizable man, with a long, red beard, and a flopped black hat on, a ridin' on a big

chestnut sorrel hoss, an' one more was a smallish man, with very black hair and beard, and sharp black eyes, an' he was a ridin' on a roan hoss, an' another was an oldish man, with some gray among his beard, an' he wore a blue huntin' shirt coat, an' he was a ridin' a gray hoss, and the last feller was a little weazle-faced chap, with tallowy complexion, who didn't ware no beard, an' he rode on a dark-brown hoss," said the rustic with rustic simplicity.

The two robber hunters then consulted together.

"That's their description," said one. "Precisely," said the other. "Shall we follow?" asked one. "I would like to," replied the other. "But there are four of them," was the remark in rejoinder. "Yes, that is bad. If Ed, Dick and Will would just hurry up. Those fellows are no doubt very dangerous men," was the comment of one. "You bet they are," was the response.

All this time Jesse had listened as an interested party. Now he thought he was privileged to make an inquiry.

"What's up, strangers, anyhow?" Jesse asked.

"You blow it! Don't you know that the Corydon bank, up in Iowa, was robbed yesterday?"

Jesse opened his eyes in well-feigned surprise.

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, in broad daylight, and the men you met are the robbers, no doubt. There's a big reward offered to catch them."

"What's this country comin' to anyhow? Hoss-thieves down on the Nodaway, an' bank rogues up

to Iowa. 'Pears like hard workin' honest folks can't get along much more," grumbled Jesse.

"Could you go back with us?"

"I'd like to, but the cussed hoss thieves will get away. Besides, you see, my horse is mighty nigh played out hisself. Howsumever, I might ride with you as fur as I can. D——n all thieves, say I, don't you?"

And Jesse actually turned around with the two pursuers of the robbers, in pursuit of another posse of pursuers which Jesse had been enabled accurately to describe by having seen them pass him while lying snug in a dense thicket.

"They might catch the robbers, an' as he'd have a sheer ov the reward, it would be better'n nothing at all fur his stolin hosses."

For miles Jesse rode with them, till, coming near a railway station, he begged to be excused on the ground that his horse was becoming lame. His excuse was accepted and he left the pursuers to their vain and hopeless pursuit.

A thousand stories might be told of a most amusing character as to their coolness in the very midst of danger. One day, when the whole of the special detective forces of St. Louis and Chicago were hunting them, they were bold enough to traverse the streets of St. Louis, and Jesse, under the guise of Mr. William Campbell, is said to have done business with a St. Louis bank that very day.

CHAPTER XX.

KANSAS AND STE GENEVIEVE.

FAIR DAY IN KANSAS CITY!—SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE DAY'S DIVERSIONS!—THE CASH-BOX STOLEN!—STE. GENEVIEVE!—THE BANK PLUNDERED!—THE ROBBERS ESCAPE!

The bell rings! The curtain rises on a new scene. It is not a bank to be raided, nor a murder to be accomplished, unless the exigencies of the hour demand it. We are in the midst of jocund merriment. It is a time of mirth and gay delight! It is Fair Day in Kansas City. It was a lovely Autumn day, September 26th, 1872. It was Thursday. The great day of the Fair, the "big day" of the Kansas City Exposition. From early morning there had been a din of drum and trumpet and gong! Thousands upon thousands had poured in from all quarters. Leavenworth and Sedalia, St. Joseph and Moberly, Lawrence and Clinton and regions further removed had sent in their crowded trains. All went merry as a marriage bell! Subordinate exhibitors were taking advantage of the time, and under the shadow

of the great exhibition they erected their side-shows. It was wonderful what might be seen for a dime! The fat lady with the flowing beard, the calf with five legs and two heads, the wild panther from the trackless West, and a Tasmanian devil, all for ten cents! If you were not satisfied, the generous showman declared you should have your money returned, and a chromo of the Benicia Boy thrown in to comfort you! There was art combining with the wonderful to satisfy the bucolic mind! The renowned and only Madame Spezterini would perform on nine different musical instruments, and would be accompanied by the famous twin brothers Pioeletti, who had performed before all the crowned heads of Europe! All for a dime! A most enterprising showman had gathered together a small menagerie, and had secured the services of a very fluent assistant, whose power of lungs would have fully qualified him for a position as missionary to the deaf. This glib, loud-tongued showman overshouted all the rest of the showmen, and always had a large crowd listening to his merry invitations, ending his urgent entreaty in this remarkable formula:

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the kangaroo, the cockatoo, the sea lion, the white bear, the jumping-jack, the laughing hyena, and the man-monkey!"

With great emphasis on the "man-monkey," he would point at some gaping youth in the throng of bystanders, and the whole crowd would go off in

roaring fits of laughter at his evident discomfiture.

There were viands of the choicest, pies with crusts of adamant, cakes that made you think only of sawdust, puddings purporting to be plum-puddings, that looked like slabs of human flesh in the worst stages of smallpox, the eating of five cents' worth of which would insure you a vision of your grandmother

In the still silence of the voiceless night."

And the drinks—nectar for the gods!—all for five cents a glass! Pink libations that shone with a richer color than the roseate faces of the maidens fair who thronged the crowded streets on that bright Autumn day. The banners were streaming, the music was thrilling the listening ear. That indescribable noise that only can be made by a vast crowd was dinning and surging and swelling. There were twenty thousand people on the Fair ground that September afternoon, and thirty thousand more were crowding and surging up and down the streets of Kansas City.

One of the special features of that afternoon's entertainment was the races. Ethan Allen was to trot against a running mate at five o'clock. The people were crowding into the Fair ground between four and five in masses. The ticket-sellers and the gate-men were doing a roaring trade. Mr. Hall, the secretary and treasurer of the association, had counted up the receipts of the day and found the same reached nearly $10,000 in hard cash. Arrangements had been made to bank this money at

the First National Bank, though it was considerably after banking hours.

Mr. Hall called one of his trusty assistants and gave him a tin box containing the money, and sent him to deposit it in the bank according to arrangement. The idea of this box being stolen in a street crowded with tens of thousands of people was never dreamed of. It would have been regarded as quite preposterous to think any one would have the daring to attempt so wild an exploit. The young man who had charge of this box, started off carrying the treasure in his right hand.

Just at this moment the general attention was arrested by the clatter of hoofs. Seven well armed horsemen rode along, among whom, it is now universally believed were Frank and Jesse James and Bob Younger. Their dress and manner were such, that some of the more credulous spectators thought that this was a part of the show, and that the management had arranged for these "mummers" or "cowbellians" as part of the provided entertainment.

They were not kept long in doubt. The strange company dashed along, the crowd making sudden way for them. One little girl was within a hairs' breadth of being trampled to death. In a moment Jesse James sprang from his horse, drew his pistol and held it before the face of the luckless bearer of the treasure, while he snatched the box from his astonished grasp; and before either the cashier or the gaping crowd could take in the situation, the

oaring robber had re-mounted his horse, and the whole gang, with cocked pistols pointed at the people, and swearing instant death to any who dared to interfere with them, swept away as swift and as mysterious as a whirlwind. Not a shot was fired, not a life was lost. Ten thousand dollars, not in bills and bonds, but in hard cash!

"Clean work!" said one of the robbers to his comrades with a shrill whistle, as they counted the spoils.

For even these plunderers preferred money unstained by blood, if they could so obtain it. But money they would have, and if blood stood in the way, then blood must flow.

A more daring deed than this theft of the cash-box at Kansas Fair the annals of crime does not present. The compeers and comrades of these wild raiders expressed their views of the whole affair in terse but suggestive language.

"The job was beautifully done," they said.

When the robbers had escaped—when the horse was gone!—the horse in this case being the cash-box—then there was much ado about fastening the stable door. The management of the Fair, the magistrates, authorities, the sheriffs, the marshals, the constables, big-wigs, little-wigs and bald-heads; all turned out to shout after the lost horse and look well to the fastenings of said stable door.

Then there was hurrying and scurrying and hot pursuit! Over hill and over vale, by mountain and valley. The constables raged and the marshalls

swore. But raging and swearing was all in vain. The robbers rode five miles out of the city. Broke open the tin box, counted and divided the "swag;" then hanging the box from the limb of a tree, as a daring sarcastic relic of their visit to Kansas City, they parted. Frank and Jesse James to their friends in Jackson County, Bob and Cole, Younger to Monegaw Springs, where they became the guests of a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Theodoric Snuffer.

The running of Ethan Allan was very tame that afternoon. Kansas City was in a doleful mood at the end of its great fair day. The hunters of the robbers came back vowing what they would have done if they had caught the miscreants, but the miscreants they caught not. They were willing enough to cook the hare in the most approved fashion, but, alas! the hare was not caught!

With the booty gathered from this daring feat the bandits were put in good financial position. So they spent the early part of the winter of 1872–3 in grand style. If they were not quite clothed in purple and fine linen they fared sumptuously every day. They had a period of the very jolliest hibernation. They ate of the best and drank the rosiest wines. Like the Monks of old—

> "They sang and they laughed,
> And the rich wine quaffed,
> Till they shook the olden wells."

Early in the spring of 1873, Frank James and Jim

Younger were sent into Nebraska, to gather all the information they could, relative to the express service, and especially the shipment of bullion and precious treasure from the West.

The remaining company began to feel impatient of the long delay of their comrades. So to break up the monotony and replenish the failing coffers of the gang, Jesse James, Bill Chadwell, Clell Miller, and Bob and Cole Younger resolved on one more bank robbery. The Savings Association Bank of Ste. Genevieve was fixed upn as the scene of their lawless endeavors.

Ste. Genevieve is a grand old Catholic town, of Missouri. It is more than a century old. The home and scene of French Catholic taste and politeness. "More than a century ago," says a distinguished author, "it was a beacon-light of civilization in the midst of the vast wilderness then known as the 'Far West.' Ste Genevieve has all the signs of taste and beauty that would remind the traveler of the Rhone and the Saone. It is a perfect garden of beauty and freshness. And the dwellers in this Missouri paradise, were a wise, thrifty people, and their savings bank was known to contain often as much as $100,000—the accumulated savings of a well-to-do thrifty community."

It was a beautiful spring morning, the 27th of May, 1873, Ste. Genevieve was looking its very loveliest. The whole air was perfume-laden with "Sharon's dewy rose." Mr. O. D. Harris, the cashier of the bank, accompanied by F. A. Rozier, a son of

the Hon. Forman A. Rozier, the president of the bank, had left his garden home all bright and cheerful, little dreaming what an episode was at hand. The cashier and his young companion arrived at the bank, the door swung open and suddenly Mr. Harris and young Rozier were confronted by four armed men and accosted thus :—

"We have come to help you open the bank. Open the safe instantly, d—n you, we have no time to lose."

"I am helpless and cannot resist you," replied the overpowered Mr. Harris.

Meantime another of the robbers pointed a pistol at the head of young Rozier, and called out:

"You keep still, you d—d little rat, if you don't want to have your brains blown out in an instant!"

"I? What for?" asked the young clerk, who had shown signs of desiring to create an alarm.

"Not another word, young devil," said his stern-faced foe, "that's enough! A blabbing tongue can be stopped, d—d easy."

Taking the advantage of the moment and desiring that these strange visitors should have all his room and none of his company, he made a bold leap and sprang down the steps of the bank into the street. As he fled the fellow fired at him and cried. "Halt! halt! You wretched young cuss!"

The bullet tore through the shoulder of his coat and grazed his chin.

The report of the bullet roused the attention of a gentleman opposite, who seized his gun and was

about to join the fray in defense of Mr. Harris. But the good man's wife must have been a lineal descendant of Pilate's wife, for she exhorted her spouse to mind his own business. Like a wise man he obeyed, and doing so probably saved his own life and that of Mr. Harris.

By this time the safe was opened. But the robbers were much disappointed, for instead of making a haul of something like $80,000 or $100,000, they only secured booty to the extent of about $8,500. Mr. Harris was then relieved of a beautiful gold watch which he wore. And the robbers then started away.

Just as they were leaving the city one of the horses of the robbers ran away and the bag containing their ill-gotten gains broke in the street. It was but the work of a moment to lay violent hands on a German farmer who had a wagon and team. They made him, under threat of instant death, ride after the runaway horse, the rest of them guarding the treasure till his return. The citizens were waking up to the condition of things and began to arm and prepare for a battle. But the German farmer returned with the runaway horse. And the robbers mounted and rode off. A dozen men were by this time ready for pursuit and they gave chase and came very near to the runaways. The company of plunderers turned and, facing their pursuers, swore by everything that was terrible, that if they came one step nearer they would shoot them dead. The wise and heroic twelve at once returned.

There was the usual organized search with the usual vigorous proceedings and the usual utter failure. It was said that a man had been seen who looked very much like a robber. But that was almost as definite as the Scotchman's declaration, that he had "once seen the Duke of Argyle, or a man that looked *unco*—like him."

CHAPTER XXI.

TRAIN-WRECKING.

THE COUNCIL OF JULY — A NEW DEPARTURE — THE WATCHERS FOR THE TRAIN—DAY DAWN—SUNDAY, JULY 21ST, 1873—THE TRAIN WRECKED—THE PASSENGERS ROBBED.

After Ste. Genevieve came a brief respite. The fearless raiders had not spent the days in entire idleness, if they had spent them in luxury. They were busy enough forming plans for the future. The results of the pioneer journey of Frank James and Bill Younger into Nebraska were now under consideration. The method of bank raiding was growing quite monotonous. They longed for some novelty to be imported into their robber experience. Early in the month of July—the Jameses and the Youngers and Robert Moore—a new importation—a desperado from the Indian territory, held a council of war in Jackson County, Missouri.

The subject for consideration was to find the best and most successful method of robbing a railway train. The first scheme to rob a train on the Hannibal & St. Joe railway was rejected. The pros and

cons were fully gone into and it was at last determined to make Iowa the scene of this first train-wrecking experiment. For it was an experiment; just as truly as any new departure in a mercantile firm may be considered an experiment. There was a good deal to be considered, and only cold-blooded men who set no important value on human life could have entertained such diabolical plans. The robbery of a bank only involved the murder of a few persons. But to deliberately wreck a train, and an express train, would probably insure the loss of many lives, and would most certainly jeopardize the lives of every passenger on the train.

Hitherto these followers of Quantrell had counted it as a part of their high moral code, never to involve in their schemes women or children. The purity of the former and the helplessness of the latter were to be held sacred. But in this devilish scheme for train wrecking women and children were equally involved. And to overlook these considerations was to violate what Quantrell would have called "the dignity of honorable warfare." Before the early July council closed the plans were fully matured.

Comanche Tony—a desperate Texan ranger—was added to the plundering brotherhood; on the night of Saturday, July 20th, 1873, the gang, comprising the James boys, the Youngers, Bob Moore, and this Texan Tony, met—each of course, coming different ways—at a point about fourteen miles east of the city of Council Bluffs on the Chicago, Rock Island

& Pacific railway, and each wide awake for a stake.

They met under the cover of the night, selected the exact spot for their direful work. They determined to wreck the morning express train bound eastward; supposing it would carry a great mass of bullion from the gold fields of California. The robbers hoped for gold. Silver was too cumbersome; as was afterwards proved again and again from the fact that in subsequent train robberies they have deliberately spurned bars and bricks of silver, and have left them on the floor as "too heavy to be bothered with." But gold! They wanted gold! In any shape or form, or coin. They wanted gold!

The train was due to pass their point of ambush about three o'clock in the morning. All night they waited and watched scarcely exchanging a word with each other, and when they did, not above a whisper. Three or four rails were loosened and torn from their places, Several cross ties were placed in position to be used the moment they were required. They worked and watched and waited in silenee. They had chosen a most suitable spot. It was fourteen miles from Council Bluffs, six miles from Adair, and about the same distance from Des Moines. There was not a single human habitation for miles around.

It was day dawn on that summer Sabbath morning. Such a summer dawn as can only be seen in these glorious Western regions. The roseate hues flashed all the eastern sky, and from their secret lairs crept the murderous robber brood, to deeds of

plunder and of blood, despite the holiness of the day.

The rumbling of the train was heard in the distance. The gang set to work with awful dogged determination. As the train crossed the Turkey Creek bridge, the loosened rails were thrown apart, and half a dozen cross ties were thrown across the track just above.

The glaring headlight showed to the vigilant eye of John Rafferty, the trusty engineer of the train, the danger ahead!

But he saw too late!

The train was speeding to its doom at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour!

"My god, the rails move!" yelled John Rafferty to his fireman.

With this wild cry on his lips, and a wilder look in his eye, the brave engineer reversed the engine and applied the air-brakes. But it was in vain! The gigantic wheels sped over the sixty feet of firm iron that lay before them, the engine like a wild demon goaded on to madness ploughed into the bank and rolled over on its side.

The air-brakes had stopped the train, but the concussion had killed the valiant Rafferty, who lay with upturned face dead on that bright summer Sunday morning! Dead because he did his duty!

Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion and horror! Amid the screams and cries of half-awakened women and children, the robbers set to work, yelling—not like Indians in honorable warfare—but rather like demons set on fire with the

madness of hell, these desperadoes rushed forth discharging their pistols through the coach windows, demanding in the most lordly style that every passenger should keep still. They then rushed into the cars firing over the heads of the inmates to alarm and terrify them. If any man ventured to go forward or leave his seat under any pretense a revolver was held before his face and a threat supported by an awful oath that if he dared to wink an eyelid he should die the death of a dog.

The express car was broken into, and the messenger in charge had his arm broken and was forced to unlock the safe. The robbers secured some $6000. And the poor guardian of the mails had his watch taken and ten dollars, the only money he possessed. After this every passenger was searched and robbed of money and jewelry. The spoils were put in a sack and the masked robbers sought their horses, and as the light broadened that peaceful summer morning they took their way southward, $25,000 richer for their dreadful exploit.

A most determined search was instituted. The robbers were tracked to Clare County, Missouri, but there every trace of them was lost. The successful raiders were safe in their hiding place.

A reward of $50,000 was offered for their arrest. But it was offered in vain.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ROBBER BROOD IN ARKANSAS

ROBBING INVALIDS—THE GAINS PLACE STAGE—A MYSTIC CIRCLE—A STRANGE BILL OF MERCHANDISE—SHAMELESS TAUNTS AND INSULTS.

The robbers of the West grew in grace, or rather in the shameful disgrace of their craft. The early friends of the James brothers were most enthusiastic in their declaration for years that Frank and Jesse would murder to avenge a cause or to retaliate for wrongs inflicted, but they would never under any circumstances rob. And again and again they most vigorously defended them from any participation whatever in the train robberies already recorded in these pages. It was impossible they could have been at these places at the times specified, and moreover they were not men greedy of plunder. They were bold, valiant, adventureous! But stoop to anything so low as vulgar robbery! Never! They were gentlemen, heroes if you will; but thieves! Never!

Whatever may have been the high heroic resolves of Frank and Jesse James in the early days of their lawless career, they were fast becoming robbers of the wildest and most cruel kind. It was true for them with a vengeance. *"Facilis decensus averni."* The way down was easily and swiftly traveled. From robbing banks to wrecking trains was but a step, and now a more shameful robbery than all has to be recorded.

The robbery of the sick, the invalided and the helpless is cowardly and cruel in the extreme. There is not one gleam of boldness to redeem this robbery from unqualified disgrace.

In December, 1873, a council of the bandits was held near the Big Blue in Jackson County. It was resolved to attempt a stage robbery, and the line between Malvern and Hot Springs was decided upon. And in spite of all attempts at the time to clear the James brothers of a share in the exploit, it is now abundantly established that the small, heartless gang who accomplished this deed consisted of Frank and Jesse James, Coleman and James Younger and Clell Miller.

On the 15th of January, 1874, the regular stage running from Malvern on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway to Hot Springs had two ambulances for the sick invalids who were seeking such relief from their sufferings as the Hot Springs could afford. Already the Hot Springs, the Baden Baden of America, had gained a great reputation and was the resort of the afflicted from all quarters.

It was, however, the resort of the wealthy, not of the poor. The suffering pilgrims were of the well-to-do class, and the wealthy sick are always good game for robbers.

The robbers took advantage of these facts. And as the cavalcade proceeded quietly on its way it came to a most picturesque little spot called Sulphur Vale, near the old Gains mansion and about five miles from Hot Springs. The stage stayed for a few moments in order that the horses might quench their thirst from the waters of the Sulphur, after which the whole company proceeded on their journes. They had not gone more than a mile from the watering place when the driver of the stage was suddenly accosted.

"Stop! stop! or I'll blow your head off!"

With this unceremonious challenge, five men, dressed in Federal uniform, sprang from their ambush, each with cocked revolvers in their hands, threatening the lives of every passenger who dared to resist them. Of course the passengers were struck dumb with consternation and terror. Presence of mind is an uncommonly good thing but by no means common under such circumstances.

'Come, d——n you. Tumble out quick, we have no time to spare!" was the order of the foremost robber

"Oh, certainly!" said a Mr. Charles Morse, "We can do nothing else."

"I am paralyzed in my legs and cannot walk," cried a poor old victim of rheumatism within the

stage, as the other passengers came tumbling out.

"Never mind! Stay where you are," was the reply.

The stage was emptied, save of the one lame old gentleman. The rest of the passengers were ordered, with oaths and threats, and with pointed revolvers to confirm the threats, to form in a circle and hold up their hands, which they did without delay.

The brigands then began to search, examine and rob every passenger. Not one escaped, and not one seemed equal to offering the least resistance or making the slightest remonstrance. The net result in money and valuable approximated the sum of $4,000. The following may serve to show in detail the strangest bill of merchandise ever made out.

THE SPOILS OF ONE MORNING'S ROBBERY.

Ex-Gov. Burbank, of Dakota, cash,	$850 00
" " " diamond pin,	350 00
" " " gold watch,	250 00
Passenger from Syracuse, N. Y.,	160 00
John Dietrich, Esq., Little Rock. Ark.,	200 00
William Taylor, Esq., Lowell, Mass.,	650 00
Charles Moore, Esq.,	70 00
E. A. Peebles, Hot Springs,	20 00
Three country farmers,	45 00
Southern Express Company,	450 00
Geo. R. Crump, Memphis, Tenn.,	45 00
Total,	$3,090 00

"Not a bad morning's work," says one who counts only the gains of the robbers. But might not these men have earned more by honorable toil than by this sad course of life?

Having made quite certain that none of the passengers were armed, the robbers next indulged in grim and untimely jests at the expense of the plundered invalids. The fright of the travelers was greatly intensified by the blood-chilling threats of the desperadoes. They jested with one another and made banters to test their skill as pistol shots on the trembling and unarmed passengers. "Now," said Frank James to Cole Younger, "I will bet you the contents of that fellow's pocket-book," pointing to one of the travelers, who was a small tradesman at Little Rock, "that I can shoot off a smaller bit out of his right ear than you can." "I'll take the wager," responded Cole, "but you must let me have the first shot, because my eyesight is not as good as yours, and if you should hit his ear first the blood might confuse my aim." Frank insisted on shooting first, and in the wrangle the poor victim trembled until he could scarcely retain his feet, and with the most prayerful entreaties begged the robbers to take what he had but spare his life.

The rheumatic old gentleman was very nervous, and so to conciliate the robbers he begged to know to whom he should give the money. This somewhat amused them, and they agreed that he should retain his pocket-book and its contents. One of the passengers named Crump was examined by Jesse James. He had been a soldier and had fought in the late war.

"On what side?" asked Jesse.

"On the Confederate side, to be sure!" responded

the wary invalid, thinking that the safest reply.

"Well, you look like an honest fellow," said Jesse. "I guess you're all right. We don't want to rob Confederate soldiers. But the d—d Yankees have driven us all into outlawry, and we will make them pay for it yet."

The robbers never liked newspaper men. Editors, reporters and journalists, of whatever sort and order, they utterly abhorred. The limbs of the law they dispised. Detectives they laughed to scorn; but "damn all editors and reporters," was one of their favorite expressions.

There was, unluckily for himself, an editor amongst this company of sick people, Mr. Taylor, of Lowell, Mass. He, of course, had to undergo a rigid examination.

"Where are you from?"

"St. Louis."

"Yes, and d—n your soul, you are a reporter for the St. Louis *Democrat*, the vilest sheet in the land. Go to Hot Springs and send the dirty concern a telegram about this affair, and give them my compliments, will you?"

At this point Governor Burbank begged that his papers might be returned to him, on the ground that they could not possibly be any good to the robbers, but were invaluable to him. A very lengthy examination took place, which almost cost the Governor his life, for some papers attracted the attention of Jesse James which led him to think the Governor was only a detective in disguise. Satisfied on this

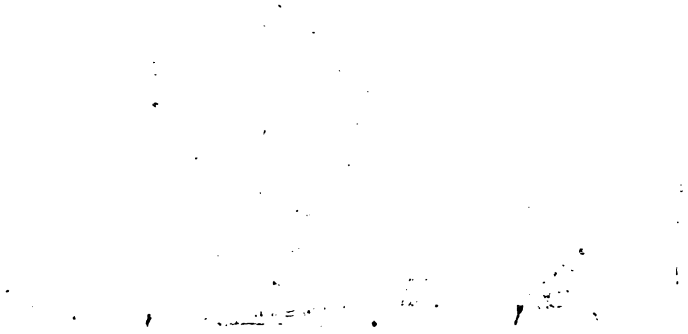
point, he was permitted to pass on without more ado.

All this while one of the robbers, said to have been James Younger, held a double-barrel shot-gun cocked in his hand, which he pointed ever and anon at Mr. Taylor, the supposed *Democrat* reporter, making such cheerful remarks as these: "Boys, I'll bet a hundred dollar bill I can shoot his hat off his head and not touch a hair on it." And the others would respond with a banter of a very uncomfortable character, while the facetious bandit went on: "Now, wouldn't that button on his coat make a good mark. I'll bet a dollar I can clip it off and not cut the coat?"

At last, wearied of this diabolical sport, the robbers bade the robbed company good morning. Frank James raising his hat in most graceful style, saying: "The procession will now move on. We can assure you, gentlemen, we have had the greatest pleasure in meeting you. I am compelled to say, however, most reluctantly, that we hope never to meet you again! I am like lightning. I don't want to strike the same parties twice. Adieu. gentlemen, adieu!"

When the travelers reached Hot Springs they were in a sorry plight, not one of them having enough money to send a message home for additional funds, but the citizens kindly provided for their wants and exhibited much sympathy, but little or no attempt was made to capture the highwaymen. Indeed, any such effort would have undoubtedly terminated fruitlessly, for, in addition to the cunning and bra-

very of the bandits, the mountainous nature of the country would have prevented a pursuing party from making up the time lost in reporting the circumstances of the robbery.



CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER TRAIN WRECKED AND ROBBED.

GADSHILL—THE STATION AGENTS MADE PRISONERS—THE TRAIN BOARDED—A CLEAN SWEEP—THEY WANT TO ROAST PINKERTON'S HEART —THE ORGANIZED HUNT FOR THE DESPARADOES.

"Within a month, a little month" or ere the memory of the Gains' Place Stage robbery had subsided, the robbers were at their tasks again.

This time a train was to be wrecked and robbed. The train selected was the St. Louis & Texas Express, and the place for the exploit was a little lonely flag-station on the Iron Mountain road about a hundred miles south of St. Louis, and about seven miles from Piedmont, just where Shepherd Mountain and the Pilot Knob stand lofty guardians of the lonely vale of Arcadia.

It was in the very depth of winter, January 31st. 1874. The cold biting wintry day was closing. About half past three o'clock in the afternoon a company of seven men splendidly mounted and well armed

came to the lonely flag-station of Gadshill. The only inhabitants of that bleak region were a station agent, a blacksmith, and two or three countrymen. It did not take long to place this small community under arrest, and by the usual threats of violence to ensure their silence. The train was to be boarded in this quiet uninhabited spot where it was utterly impossible to give anything like an effective alarm. With the tools from the blacksmith's shop they securely imprisoned their captives, and then set to work to prepare for the coming train.

The signal flag was displayed, and the switch opened, so that the train would be inevitably ditched if it attempted to pass. Everything being in order, the robbers waited for their unsuspecting prey.

The train left the Plum street depot, St. Louis about 9.30 o'clock in the morning and was not due till 5.40 o'clock in the evening. The train was in charge of Mr. C. A. Alford and was well loaded with passengers and express freight. The day wore on wearily enough. The long journey was tiresome as all long journeys are, except to people who always want the worth of their money, like the canny Scotchman who in answer to the complaint that the journey for London to Aberdeen was a long journey responded:

"An' sae it aught to be, it costs twa pund twelve!"

True to time the luckless Texas express drew near the Gadshill station. The shadows of twilight had deepened into darkness. All was mete and fit for the darker deeds to be perpetrated. The train came

bowling along, and the engineer seeing the danger signal ahead brought the train to a stand still at the little station. No one was seen on the platform. But in a moment Cole Younger mounted the cab of the engine, and at the point of the pistol drew off the engineer and fireman in terror of their lives.

Mr. Alford the conductor immediately left the train to see what passengers were waiting to board her when he was met with this gentle demand.

"Give up your money and your watch d——n your soul and quick!"

Mr. Alford gave up about $50 he had in his possession and an elegant gold watch. And then he was hustled most unceremoniously into the little station house that had become a prison.

"Get in there and be quiet d——n you," was all the brief instruction of the moment.

The train was now wholly in the hands of the robbers. And most effectively they managed their work. Terrifying the passengers by threats and pistol shots they induced them with very little hesitation to give up all the valuables they possessed.

One peculiar feature of this raid was that the robbers insisted on knowing the names of their victims. The timid pilgrims readily gave their names. But one bolder than the rest was curious to know why the name was demanded.

"What is your name!" asked one of the brigands of a Mr. Newell who was on the train.

"What do you want to know that for?"

"D——n you, out with your name, and ask ques-

tions afterward!" was the profane reply he received.

"Well, my name is Newell, and here is my money, and now I want to know why you ask me for my name?" said Mr. Newell with an attempt at pleasantry, fortified by a sort of grim smile.

"You seem to be a sort of jolly coon, anyhow," said the robber, "and I'll gratify you. That old scoundrel, Pinkerton, is on this train, or was to have been on it, and we want to get him, so that we can cut out his heart and roast it."

The boys had a mortal hatred of Pinkerton and all the detective clan much as they dispised them. And no doubt if Mr. Allan Pinkerton had been on board and had revealed himself there would have been a somewhat tough encounter. Yet it is hardly likely that Pinkerton would have been so verdant as to have given his name.

The mail car was next plundered. Letters cut open, one of which contained $2.000. The total booty obtained by the robbers reached about $11.500. When the robbers had effected their work they released Alford and ordered the engineer to proceed with the train, which he did at once. They then mounted their horses and rode away in the darkness, and it is said that they rode sixty miles before they drew rein or gave themselves any rest. Then putting up at the house of the Hon. Mr. Mason a member of the State Legislature they demanded and obtained refreshments and rest.

The news of the robbery was of course telegraphed all along the line and an instant search was made.

A large body of well armed men tracked them a goodly distance. But the trail was lost. And in point of fact hunting these robbers was a thankless task. No commensurate reward was ever offered. And hunting these men, as a skillful and travelled huntsman once said, was a good deal like hunting tigers. It was all very well when you were hunting the tiger, but when the tiger turned round and began to hunt you it was another matter altogether.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EPISODE AT BENTONVILLE.

THE COMPANIONS OF THE JAMES BOYS—HUNTING IN EARNEST—A MOST DETERMINED SEARCH UNION OF FORCES—A DARK TRAGEDY NEAR THEODORIC SNUFFER'S— JOHN YOUNGER'S LAST SHOT.

Bentonville is a quiet little town in Benton county, Arkansas. One of the principal stores—a sort of *omnium gatherum*, where everything from a mouse-trap to a pot elephant might be obtained—was kept by Thomas Craig & Son. This firm did a first-class business on a purely cash basis. On what was known as market day the country people from far and near would drive into Bentonville, and Craig & Son's store would be crowded until four or five o'clock.

On the afternoon of one of these market days, February 11th, 1874, between five and six o'clock, after a splendid day's business, Mr. Craig and his son were alone in the store, for at this time the country people were all well on their way home. The old gentleman was congratulating his son on

the day's successful dealings, when all at once three strange looking men entered the store.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Craig, senior, in his bland, polite manner, while his son Thomas came down from the desk to help serve the strange customers.

"You can keep quiet," was the blunt answer of the foremost of the men as he presented a revolver in each hand and continued: "If either of you speak a word or stir an inch I'll blow your brains out, so if you value your d——d lives, why be quiet!"

Looking round the Craigs saw two other men keeping guard at the door. Resistance was utterly impossible. The safe door was open; it was the work of a moment to rifle it of its contents. But the robbers were disappointed. They expected to make a big haul, but the Craigs had banked all their cash on hand at four o'clock, and the safe only contained about $150. This greatly disgusted the rogues, so they swept up about $200 worth of valuable silks and went as quickly as they came, leaving strict charge that if they attempted to raise an alarm before they had time to leave the town, they would shoot them dead at sight.

Having transacted their business in this summary manner they departed. There was little doubt in Bentonville but the robbers were the James gang. The Bentonvillians, disgusted that a robbery could be effected so quietly in their little town, mounted and gave chase to the robbers, but they returned with disappointment and disgust as the only reward

of their pursuit of the reckless seizers of silks.

It was quite clear that there was a well organized raiding confederacy. All the robberies of banks, or wrecking of trains, indicated that there was as much shrewdness and system in their plans as there was boldness in their execution. Nothing was done at a guess. Every detail was most carefully considered, and hence the remarkable success that attended these raids. But a very natural question arises:

Of whom did this confederacy consist?

There were, to start with, the Jameses, Frank and Jesse, and the Younger brothers. Ol Shepherd was dead, shot dead because he would not surrender to the representatives of the law. His brother, George W. Shepherd, one of the old followers of Quantrell, had settled down after the war, and was married, and lived in Chaplin, Nelson county, Kentucky. After the raid on the Russellville bank he was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to a term of three years in the penitentiary. He left his wife at Chaplin in a house on which he had paid $600 purchase money. On his return from the penitentiary he found that his amiable wife, tiring of her loneliness, had made good use of the time, had obtained a divorce, and was again married, having brought a new husband to the old house at Chaplin. This arrangement took Mr. Shepherd a little aback. But he looked at the circumstances a little, and then treated the whole affair most philosophically. Why should he disturb,

or attempt to disturb, these happy relations? The cat had been away, the mice would play. So he left them to their own sweet wills, and returned to his life of recklessness and shame, and there can be little doubt that George W. Shepherd was one of the boldest of this gang of desperadoes.

Bradley Collins and John Chunk, two wild free-booters who had wrought terror throughout Texas and the Indian Territory, were members of this circle.

Sid Wallace was a friend of the James boys, and had shared with them many a daring escapade. He was well known for at least eight years as "one of the gentlemen of the road." But he was less fortunate than his comrades; he ended his miserable life on the scaffold at Clarksville, Arkansas, in 1874.

Beside many others who came and went as fancy led them, Cal. Carter, Tom Taylor, Jim Clark, Jim Reed, John Wes. Hardin, Clem Miller, Jim Cummings, Jim Anderson, Sam Bass, and the notorious Bill Longley were members of this robbing, murdering fraternity which infested Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and Arkansas.

The daring Gadshill robbery created a wild-spread consternation. There was not only danger for those who lived in the neighborhood of the haunts of these robbers, but if trains were to be boarded and every passenger robbed and threatened with death, by men who always kept their dark vows to the very letter, who was safe? The whole community became thoroughly roused, and it was determined at

all costs and risks to have these robbers hunted and caught.

Large rewards were offered by Governors Woodson of Missouri and Baxter of Arkansas. The American Express Company spared neither money nor pains, offering a very heavy reward for the capturing of the bandits. The United States authorities joined in the movement, and were willing to provide all necessary sinews of war. The public mind was thoroughly stirred. It was felt that this state of things was a disgrace to civilization, and that just as long as the public left any one stone unturned in the way of putting an end to these depredations, the public was to that extent responsible. So most determined search was resolved upon.

Allan Pinkerton was engaged by the Express Company. The whole force of detectives was greatly interested and not a little excited. There was money to be earned and a great reputation to be made if they succeeded in capturing these enemies of peace and order. The Secret Service force of the United States Government was ready to march at a moment's notice, the police and constabulary of Missouri and Arkansas were under orders. Everything pointed in the direction of success.

One company went in search of the Youngers. John and James Younger were known to have returned to Roscoe in St. Clair County. Their pocket books were well filled from the Gadshill fray. The whole detective force of St. Clair County was out under the direction of Captain W. J. Allen, whose

real name was Lull. Allen was one of Pinkerton's most trusted men. Ed. B. Daniels of Osceola acted as guide, and a shrewd detective of St. Louis, known as a "fly cop," and calling himself Wright, made up the party in search of the notorious Youngers.

The three just named—Daniels, Allen, alias Lull, and Wright—were out riding one morning, March 16th, 1874, near the house of Theodoric Snuffer, not far from Roscoe. They were conversing in a low tone of voice, calculating the probabilities of finding the Youngers either at Snuffer's or in Roscoe. They were startled by a more sudden acquaintance with the Youngers than they had anticipated. John and James Younger had seen them from the window of Snuffer's house, and instead of hiding or seeking to escape they boldly determined to go out and meet them and dare them to their worst. So making a short detour they overtook these searching men on the Chalk Level road. By this time Wright had left his companions and ridden ahead. Approaching Lull and Daniels from the rear, the elder of the brothers called out in a commanding tone of voice:

"Halt! Hold up your hands!" At the same time the two brothers presented their double-barrel shot guns full at the breasts of their would-be captors.

"You d—d detectives, you thought you were not known." said Jim. "Now drop your pistols this moment, or by g—d we'll fire on you."

Without a moment's delay the detectives dropped

their pistol belts in the road. James Younger then dismounted, having his brother John to keep their foes at bay with his gun while he secured the weapons that had just been thrown down at his command.

For a moment John, for some inconceivable reason, lowered his gun. That act sealed his doom. Captain Lull took advantage of the moment and fired from a revolver which he had concealed in his bosom. The shot took deadly effect in John Younger's neck, severing the carrotid artery. With a wild yell and the look of a demon, John fired a fatal retort to his adversary, and John Younger and Captain Lull both fell dead from their horses in the same moment. Daniels fired at James from a concealed revolver; a slight flesh wound was the result. James, half mad with pain and desperate at the sight of his dead brother, rushed like a tiger after Daniels, who was making for the woods. He sent a bullet crushing through his neck and had the felicity of seeing him fall dead from his horse, Wright, the St. Louis "fly cop," had dashed ahead at the first cry of "Halt!" and had so spared his precious life.

James was in an uncontrolable agony because of his dead brother. He madly kissed his cold, blood-stained form, and swore that he would have a life for every drop of John's blood. He took the pistols John had used in so many fatal frays, and leaving to his friend Theodoric Snuffer the charge of John's funeral, he rode away, sad and solitary and brooding vengeance, to the house of a well tried friend in

Boone County, Arkansas, there to plan future acts.

Such was the tragic end of the hunt for the Youngers.

CHAPTER XXV.

WICHER, OF CHICAGO

JOHN W. WICHER, OF CHICAGO—PINKERTON'S COOLEST, BRAVEST MAN—ON THE TRACK OF JESSE JAMES—JIM LATCHE SPOTS THE DETECTIVE AT LIBERTY—WICHER TURNED TRAMP—JESSE AND WICHER FACE TO FACE—"I WANT FARM WORK TO DO"—WICHER'S LAST RIDE—TORTURE AND DEATH.

The position of a detective is not to be greatly envied. Apart from the peril that attends his work, he occupies an anomalous position in society. Nobody makes a warm bosom friend of a detective. Howsoever successful he may be in the discharge of his duty, he can hardly hope to be a favorite amongst men or an ornament to society. He may succeed in hiding his calling from the common gaze and walk amongst men apparently "unknowing and unknown," but the timid and the cautious who have no need in the world to be afraid will always fight shy of the detective. He is a sort of necessary evil in the present state of society. Not

infrequently, however, the members of this order have proved themselves to be men of downright bravery, as well as shrewd and sagacious observers of men and nature.

The history and experiences of Pinkerton's detective force is full of romance, and in that remarkable body of men there are wonderful combinations of character. Courage and cunning, reticence and freedom, a perfect knowledge of human nature, an eye to see clear through men and things and to understand the hidden and mysterious relations of the commonest events.

"Guess you detectives can see through a ladder as well as most folks!" was the naive observation of a gentleman who was introduced to two or three of Pinkerton's men.

"That's so," replied one of the detectives, "and what's more, we have to see through a ladder when there isn't one, and worst of all we have to climb it too, to the peril of our necks."

John W. Wicher, of Chicago, was one of Pinkerton's best men. He was scarcely thirty years old, and yet he had won a reputation amongst the brave and daring, as one of the coolest of them all. He was never excited, never in a hurry; but once set to a task he followed it calmly and doggedly to the end. Mr. William Pinkerton regarded Wicher as one of his most reliable and accomplished men. In any dangerous enterprise he would have selected Wicher as the most suitable man for a difficult and daring part.

Early in March, 1874, it was pretty well known that the James boys and others of the gang of robbers were in the neighborhood of Kearney, Clay County, Missouri. Indeed, it was believed that a number of them were staying at the house of Dr. Samuels. Being made aware of this, Wicher formed the determination to go and arrange for the capture of the gang, or at least of the ring leaders. Accordingly, on the 10th of March he entered the office of his chief in Chicago, and asked permission to start on his perilous journey. What plans Wicher had formed in his own mind will never be fully known. Mr. Pinkerton pointed out to his assistant the dangers before him, and from the first was reluctant to give his consent. So many brave men had fallen before the deadly bullets of these miscreants, that it seemed like running a terrible risk to go out single-handed in search of their whereabouts; and of all men Wicher was the last he wanted to lose. After a very long deliberation he consent, and on the following day the brave young detective left his young wife and happy home to enter on that last fatal enterprise.

Wicher went straight to Liberty, the county town of Clay county, some twelve or fourteen miles from Kearney, the home of Dr. Samuels. He first visited the Commercial Savings Bank, where he made certain deposits and made the object of his visit known to Mr. Adkins, the President of the bank, who, while applauding his purpose, still was by no means sanguine of the result.

"You little know what you are daring," said the Bank President—who was just as anxious as anybody that this robber-band should be broken up—"I tell you a gang of devils would not be worse to meet than this crowd of blood-thirsty scoundrels who are led by Frank and Jesse James."

Liberty was a small town, and a stranger would be sure to be noticed if he stayed long. There was an eye on the wary detective, more wary than his own. Jim Latche, fully aware that the hunt was up for his friends, the Jameses, noted the stranger at the bank. Something in his manner aroused suspicion, and Jim Latche watched with keen and ceaseless attention. From the bank he went to the house of ex-Sheriff Moss, little dreaming that he was being followed and watched. In was in vain that Mr. Moss urged him to return. He gave him a terrible account of the prowess of the desperadoes; told him of their shrewdness and of their merciless nature when excited by the presence of an enemy; and warned him that he need not hope to secure such wary men by strategem. Col. Moss was earnest in his efforts to dissuade Wicher from making the rash attempt, but all entreaties were in vain. Wicher had started out and he would not return without having made a trial. He determined to assume the role of a tramp and apply for farm work. Before he left Liberty he changed his clothes for those of a farm laborer. Latche saw this, and this was enough. Away he sped to Kearney and gave Jesse James timely warning.

Never did man walk more deliberately into his grave than did Detective Wicher that bright spring afternoon. Jesse James, Jim Anderson and Bradley Collins were all on the alert. The afternoon train brought Wicher to Kearney, and with a bundle swung on a stick in true tramp style he took his way, without suspicion of danger, towards the Samuels' homestead. The three desperadoes who had resolved on their course of action were hiding by the roadside. When within half a mile of Dr. Samuels' home, Jesse suddenly confronted the somewhat astonished Wicher:

"Good evening, sir," said Wicher.

"Where in h—ll are you going?" responded the other.

"I am seeking work. Can you tell me where I can get some work on a farm?"

"No, not much, you don't want any either, you d—d thief. Old Pinkerton has already given you a job that will last you as long as you live, I reckon."

Wicher was taken aback, but he soon took in the whole situation. In a moment Jesse's pistol was brought to sight, and he laughed that scornful laugh that has no mercy in its tone. Wicher was not greatly perturbed, but saw at once the only possible chance was conciliation. That was the last card in his hand, but he played it in vain.

"Well, this is a singular adventure, I declare," said Wicher. "Now, why you should make such a mistake concerning me, is more than I can imagine. You are surely making sport of me. I tell you I

know nothing of the persons of whom you speak, and why should you interrupt me? Let me go on, for I must find a place to stop to-night, anyhow."

Jesse James laughed outright. "What," said he, "were you doing at Liberty to-day? Why did you deposit money in the bank? What business did you have with Adkins and Moss? Where are the clothes you wore? Plotting to capture the James boys, eh?" and Jesse laughed aloud, and Jim Anderson and Fox, and another confederate of the Boys, came from their concealment, with pistols in hand. Poor Whicher saw this, and for the first time he fully realized the helplessness of his position.

Then Jesse James added in a merciless, swearing tone of voice, "Young man, we want to hear no more from you. We know you. Move but a finger and you die now. "Boys," he said, addressing Anderson and Fox, "I don't think it best to do the job here. It wouldn't take long, but for certain reasons I don't think this is the place. Shall we cross the river to-night?" The others answered they would if it was his pleasure.

All this time Wicher stood calm and silent. He was consciously facing the inevitable. At a command from Jesse his pistol was taken from him. And in the midst of their grim sport one of the boys on examining Wicher's hands, said:

"Damnd fine hands these for the hands of a farm laborer. You've not done much farm work of late, my beauty! But you've done all the work you'll

ever do for Pinkerton or anybody else, my dear sir!"

The plans of the bandits were complete. Wicher was disarmed, and now he was bound by strong cords and a gag put in his mouth to keep him from raising an alarm.

Later on in the evening he was put upon a horse, his legs firmly tied under the horse's belly. Jesse James, Jim Anderson and Bradley Collins followed making up an awful procession. On they went hour after hour and the wretched man, gagged and bound, had his ears regaled with the detailed plan of his execution.

By three o'clock next morning they reached Blue Mills on the Missouri river, woke up the sleepy ferry man, and, under the pretense that they were on the track of horse thieves, they persuaded him to take them across the river. The ferry man obeyed and making some sort of gruff reference to the man who was gagged, they told him that he was one of the captured thieves. They had crossed the river, and in a dark copse in Jackson County the dreadful deed of murder was wrought.

Wicher was taken from the horse on which he had ridden his last sad ride, and bound to a tree. The gag was taken out of his mouth and then by a process of slow, awful torture, the wretched demons sought to extract from him some information concerning the plans of Pinkerton. But it was in vain. Wicher saw that death was before him and he determined not to speak. They cut and slashed him with their bowie-knives. They dragged his head down

till his neck was nearly broken, but all was in vain; and when at last they saw that no amount of torture would induce him to speak, they finished their ghastly work. And amid sneer and jest and ribald taunt they sent one bullet crashing through his brain and another through his heart.

The first beams of a fair March morning were breaking through the tree-tops of the wood, when these wretches had completed their night's dreadful work. There was blood upon the young spring grass, and blood upon that young fair face of Wichers, but what of that! These bloodhounds were too much used to scenes like these to feel one thrill of pity. What cared they for the young wife made an untimely widow! It was life for life they said. They dragged his bloody, mutilated corpse out on to the highway that it might be a warning to all detectives who should dare to hunt the Jameses.

So ended the tragedy of Wicher's fruitless search.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ASSAULT ON CASTLE JAMES.

LULL, DANIELS AND WICHER TO BE AVENGED — THE JAMES BOYS TO BE CAUGHT—THE ASSAULT ON THE SAMUELS' RESIDENCE—AN AWFUL SCENE OF FIRE AND BLOOD—FRANK AND JESSE STILL UNCAUGHT.

Captain Lull, Edward Daniels, and John W. Wicher, had all fallen victims before the men they went out to capture. A thousand mingling emotions stirred the minds of the public at large on the tidings of these shameful murderers. But in the minds of Pinkerton and the whole detective force, there was a bitter sense of humiliation mingling with sincere regret. Not only were they sad to lose such gallant comrades, but it seemed as if the skill and cunning of the whole detective force were as nothing when brought to play upon these daring robbers. The loss of these three brave men had made them sad, the defeat had driven them furious with rage and they swore to avenge the deaths of Lull, Daniels and Wicher, and to redeem the credit of the detective force.

A detective campaign was organized that was to put to an end forever the outrages of these wily brigands. William Pinkerton, a brother of the Chief Detective, was sent to Kansas City with five of the most trusted men of the force. All the plans were to be well and carefully laid, nothing was to be left to chance. Constant communication in cypher was kept with Chicago. As soon as Pinkerton arrived in Kansas City, the sheriff of Clay County was sent for, and it became abundantly clear that the detectives could reckon upon the sympathy and moral support of a very large proportion of the best citizens of the county. A careful watch was set about the Samuels' homestead, in which twelve trusty citizens were engaged, and reports were furnished hour by hour. It was arranged that none of the detectives were to be in the neighborhood of Kearney till the time had come to strike the decisive blow, the day for which was fixed January 25th, 1875. That cold wintry afternoon Frank and Jesse James were both seen in the front yard of the Samuels' residence. Of this fact there is no doubt for a single moment. The fact that they were there was telegraphed to Pinkerton, it was believed that the two young men would spent the evening under their mother's roof, it was, therefore, resolved under cover of the night to assault the house, which had long been called "Castle James," and secure both Frank and Jesse. But Frank and Jesse were never without friends and there can be little doubt that the whole scheme of Pinkerton had been communicated to the broth-

ers. Whether there had been any betrayal of trust on the part of any one, or whether the schemers had been outschemed by some cunning secret friends of the boys, or whether a sort of devil's luck had made the boys restless, it is hard to tell. They had keen noses for a scent, and they may have smelt that there was danger in the air. Be this as it may, soon after nightfall on this memorable 25th of January, when all arrangements for their capture were perfected, when squads and posses of detectives and private citizens, were drawing a cordon round the ill-faded house, when a special train was on its way from Kansas City to Kearney with a large force to "make assurance doubly sure," Frank and Jesse saddled their horses, bade their respected parents a tender farewell and quickly rode away, without hindrance or molestation. None of the vigilant guards saw them depart, and when the hour fixed on for the attack came they were fifty miles away, quietly enjoying the evening in the house of a friend.

The assaulting party had no information that the birds had flown, but quietly and confidently they were drawing nearer and nearer to the house, sure as they thought of their prey, and determined to take them dead or alive.

At the hour of midnight the attack began. Nine well armed men from Pinkerton's force led the attack. Balls of tow saturated in coal oil and turpentine were carried along, and two heavy hand grenades with a 32-pound shell. It was not without

some fear that they marched to the attack. There had been so many surprises of terror, that to be met by a fierce and murderous repulse would only have been in keeping with the past history of the Jameses.

Two of the attacking party approached a window on the west side of the house, and in attempting to open it woke an old colored woman who had been for years a servant of the family. She gave an alarm at once. But the window was forced open and two balls of fire were thrown into the apartment. This brought all the inmates of the house in terror to this strange, unexpected scene. There were in the house Dr. and Mrs. Samuels, Miss Susie Samuels and some younger children. Instantly the room was filled with smoke and flame. The plan was to arrest Frank and Jesse the moment they should appear upon the scene, as was supposed they would be sure to do on the first sight of the threatening fire. All around the house were detectives and citizens with cocked pistols ready to challenge the boys to surrender, and if they would not to make an end of their miserable lives.

The young children screamed and wailed most piteously. Mrs. Samuels, true to her stern nature, began issuing commands and doing all that was possible to subdue the fire. Then followed a dastardly and shameful piece of business. One of the detectives flung a hand grenade into the room amongst the terrified women and screaming children. A dreadful explosion followed, and then screams of anguish and groans as of the dying. But

the brigands made no sign. For the best of all reasons, they were fifty miles away.

The attacking party being pretty well satisfied by this time that neither Frank nor Jesse were there, and without waiting to see the result of their onslaught, turned their steps homeward. A more cowardly and ignoble ending of a carefully laid plot can scarcely be imagined. The hurling of that hand grenade was beyond all things wanton and cruel, and altogether unworthy of men with any sense of honor.

When the consternation within had somewat subsided, Dr. Samuels lit a lamp, and there before him was a scene that utterly beggars description. There lay their little eight-year old son in the agonies of a painful death. The exploding shell had completely torn the boy's side away. Mrs. Samuels lay in a pool of blood, her left arm shattered and hanging helpless by her side. Susie and the poor old servant were both bleeding from desperate wounds. The scene was horrible. There was blood everywhere, and agonies and groans, and in the pale glimmer of the flickering lamp light the poor boy turned his pale face to his mother and with a great cry of anguish died.

It was a terrible night, that 25th of January, 1875! There was blundering and bungling on the one hand, and the most unwarrantable cruelty on the other. If Frank and Jesse had been home there would probably have been a very different record.

Years after when some one asked Mrs. Samuels *if*

Frank or Jesse were really home that night, she looked a very stern look at her questioner and said:

"Do you suppose that either Frank or Jesse would have been there and nobody killed?"

The funeral of the slaughtered child took place on the 28th of January. Mrs. Samuels had had her arm amputated and was not able to attend the funeral. But a great crowd attended the funeral, and that little coffin laid under the winter snow wrought a great change in the feelings of the citizens of Clay County.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIDE TURNS.

GENERAL JONES'S BILL—THE AMNESTY BILL FAILS—IF THE BILL HAD NOT FAILED WHAT THEN?—VENGEANCE—WHO KILLED DAN ASKEW?

That terrible night at Kearney turned the tide of feeling in favor of Frank and Jesse James. There was not an inhabitant in Clay County but felt outraged by the conduct of the detectives and such of the citizens as had taken part in that night of terror. If the Missourians did not justify Frank and Jesse in their lawless courses, they felt disposed after the memorable 25th of January, 1865, to let them alone.

There were thousands of respectable people all over this western region who had no sympathy with the legal attempts made to hunt these men who were already outlawed. They believed that animosities engendered by the course the boys took in the late war had a great deal to do with the present action. And the fatal fray of the detectives at Kearney led finally to the introduction into the State Legislature

of a bill granting immunity for all offenses committed during the war by Jesse W. James, Thomas Coleman Younger, Frank James, Robert Younger and James Younger, on the condition that they would return to their homes and quietly submit to such proceedings as might be instituted against them for acts alledged to have been committed by them since the war. General Jeff. Jones member for Callaway County, submitted the measure to Attorney-general John A. Hockaday, and then in a speech of great eloquence introduced it to the Legislature.

The following quotations will serve to indicate the perport and intent of the "Outlaw Amnesty Bill:"

WHEREAS, By the 4th section of the 11th Article of the Constitution of Missouri, all persons in the military service of the United States, or who acted under the authority thereof in this state, are relieved from all civil liability and all criminal punishment for all acts done by them since the 1st day of January, A. D. 1861: and,

WHEREAS, By the 12th section of the said 11th Article of said Constitution, provision is made by which, under certain circumstances, may be seized, transported to, indicted, tried and punished in distant counties, any Confederate under ban of despotic displeasure, thereby contravening the Constitution of the United States and every principle of enlightened humanity; and,

WHEREAS, Such discrimination evinces a want of manly generosity and statesmanship on the part of the party imposing, and of courage and manhood on the part of the party submitting tamely thereto; and,

WHEREAS, Under the outlawry pronounced against Jesse W. James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, Robert Younger and others, who gallantly periled their lives and their all in defense of their principles, they are of necessity made desperate, driven

as they are from the fields of honest industry, from their friends, their families, their homes and their country, they can know no law but the law of self-preservation, nor can have no respect for and feel no allegiance to a government which forces them to the very acts it professes to deprecate, and then offers a bounty for their apprehension, and arms foreign mercenaries with power to capture and kill them; and,

WHEREAS, Believing these men too brave to be mean, too generous to be revengeful, and too gallant and honorable to betray a friend or break a promise; and believing further that most, if not all of the offenses with which they are charged have been committed by others, and perhaps by those pretending to hunt them, or by their confederates; that their names are and have been used to divert suspicion from and thereby relieve the actual perpetrators; that the return of these men to their homes and friends would have the effect of greatly lessening crime in our state by turning public attention to the real criminals, and that common justice, sound policy and true statesmanship, alike demand that amnesty should be extended to all alike of both parties for all acts done or charged to have been done during the war; therefore, be it

Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein:

That the Governor of the State be, and he is hereby requested to issue his proclamation notifying the said Jesse W. James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, Robert Younger and James Younger, and others, that full and complete amnesty and pardon will be granted them for all acts charged or committed by them during the late civil war, and inviting them peacefully to return to their respective homes in this state and there quietly to remain, submitting themselves to such proceedings as may be instituted against them by the courts for all offenses charged to have been committed since said war, promising and guaranteeing to them and each of them full protection and a fair trial therein, and that full protection shall be given them from the time of their entrance into the state and his notice thereof under said proclamation and invitation.

The bill was first introduced in March 1875. The bill was fully discussed by the committee on Criminal Jurisprudence. A majority of the committee agreed to recommend the bill to the House of Representatives. Near the close of the session of the 28th General Assembly it came up for its third reading. The debate was long and animated. General Jones wrought most nobly to see the bill pass. It was however defeated, and that act of the Democratic Legislature of Missouri was the practical ratification of Governor Silas Wordson's message of outlawry communicated to the 27th General Assembly.

The mark of Cain was branded afresh upon the brows of these outlaws. There was no mercy for them. But did they really crave such mercy as General Jones's bill would have afforded? Suppose the bill had passed they must then have surrendered, and all the robberies and murders since the close of the war would have been charged home upon them. And the result could only have been one of two things. Execution or imprisonment for life. And neither Frank nor Jesse James were anxious for either distinction.

And yet it has been averred again and again that the boys were most anxious for the passage of the bill. During the time in which the bill was under consideration they were exceedingly quiet. No robbery no depredation of any kind disturbed Missouri. It is further stated on what seems to be thoroughly reliable authority that the Jameses and the Youngers opened up communications with Governor Hardin

and Attorney-General John A. Hockaday through the sheriff of Clay County. The precise nature of these communications is not known, but the friends of the boys declare that they were getting weary of the life they had lived and were really and sincerely anxious to enter the the paths of peace.

They had spent a whole decade, and that the best portion of their life in bloody conflict with society. They had robbed and murdered, and their ill-gotten gains had slipped speedily away. It may have been, we cannot tell, but if there had been a door opened for them to a new path in life, they might have gladly seized the opportunity of turning from their dreadful past and

> "Climbing on stepping stones,
> Of their dead selves,
> To nobler things."

If the Amnesty bill had not failed! But it did fail. And its failure was a fresh pretext for the brigands to pursue their life of blood and pillage. They had received a permanent lease of outlawry, and now why should they care? Society had flung away the one chance of redeeming them. They were outlaws still, and they determined henceforth that it should go hard but they would fill the bill. Hunted as enemies of their fellows they threw up all the good resolves they had made. For to them

> "The die now cast, their station known,
> Fond expectation past;
> The thorns which former days had sown,
> To crops of late repentance grown,

Through which they toil'd at last;
While every care's a driving harm,
That helped to bear them down;
Which faded smiles no more could charm,
But every tear a winter storm,
And every look a frown."

They had been some time at bay, now they turned with fury on their foes and wrote broad and deep in their wild wayward hearts, the one word Vengeance! They had smitten men with whips, they would now use scorpions! And woe betide the men who dared to cross their path!

Mr. Daniel H. Askew was a flourishing farmer, and a much respected gentleman living near the Samuels' residence, in Clay County. His opinion as to the whole family living under Dr. Samuel's roof was anything but flattering. And he was one of those men who did not hesitate to give utterance to his views. He was believed to be a member of the posse which made the shameful attack on Castle James on that sad January night. Albeit he himself declared again and again that he had no share or part whatever in Pinkerton's raid. Still for reasons best known to themselves Frank and Jesse James both held Askew to be one of their inveterate foes, and felt persuaded from evidence they had obtained that Dan Askew had led the detective gang that had brought death and desolation to their home.

On the night of April 12th, 1875, and about 8 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Akew went after supper to a spring, about fifty yards from his house, for a

bucket of water. It was moonlight, bright and clear. He returned from the spring, set the bucket in the porch, and was just in the act of taking a drink of the cool spring water, when three shots rang out in the still moonlit air and the ill-fated gentleman fell dead on his face on the porch of his home, with three bullets in his brain. The wife and daughter of the murdered man rushed out just in time to see three men come from the corner of the wood-pile, mount their horses and ride swiftly away.

Who killed Dan Askew?

That question can perhaps be never fully answered. There is very litte doubt that the three men were Frank and Jesse James and Clell Miller. For a little later, the same night, three men answering to the above-named as far as could be well discovered in the moonlight, called at the house of Mr. Henry Sears, and summoned him to the door and said:

"See here, we have killed Dan Askew, and if any of his friends want to know who did the job, tell them detectives did it."

Without a single scrap more evidence, the public concluded in their own minds that Frank and Jesse were the perpetrators of this last murder and the tide that had turned in their favor was beginning to flow back into its old channel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SAN ANTONIO STAGE.

PLUNDERING A BISHOP—A $3,000 HAUL—A BIG BONANZA AT MUNCIE—A TRAIN BOARDED—$30,000 IN GOLD DUST AND $25,000 IN CASH.

After the death of Mr. Askew, the bandits, fearing a general rising against them,—for Mr. Askew was a general favorite throughout the whole district of western Missouri—thought it best to relieve the State of their presence for a little while, and beside, funds running low, it was felt desirable to seek for the replenishment of their resources in greener fields and pastures new.

Accordingly, after having spent a little time in the Indian Territory, they resolved to journey into Texas and try their luck among the rangers of that wild prairie region. The select company of robbers whose exploits are now to be recorded was composed of the redoubtable Jesse James, Clell Miller, Jim Reed and Cole and Jim Younger, and another of the lawless band, probably Frank James. After a brief council of war, they agreed on robbing the mail

that runs between San Antonio and Austin. They determined upon a spot on the highway about twenty-three miles south-west of Austin, and there lay in peaceful ambush awaiting the arrival of the stage coach.

There was quite a high-toned company on board the stage this 12th day of May, 1875. There was a real live bishop to start with, the Right Rev. Bishop Gregg, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Texas; Mr, Breckenridge, president of the First National bank of San Antonio; and other ladies and gentlemen of good standing—eleven in all. Merry, happy, souls who knew the brighter side of life, and knew no lack of earthly gear. It was as bright a May day as one would wish to see. The driver was in a splendid humor, and the horses seemed by their prancing necks and tossing manes to share the general brightness of the time. The stage called at its usual halting-place about six o'clock in order that man and beast might be refreshed. The sun was beginning to set as the journey was resumed, and the whole party, refreshed in mind as the result of being refreshed in body, fell into a pleasant conversation. The setting sun shone gloriously, flooding the landscape with unutterable splendors.

Just as the glories of the departing day were fading into the calmness and beauty of the solemn night, the driver descried ahead of him six mounted men, whom he took for rancheros; but as they drew nearer he became a little puzzled. They were mounted not on the rough mustang of the prairies, but on splen-

aid American horses of the best breed. The driver became a little anxious, and said, half to himself, in language more expressive than grammatical:

"Them's queer fellers, I'll swear. I don't much like the looks on 'em."

His fears were soon realized, the foremost of the mounted gang, presenting a loaded pistol, cried out in a voice of thunder:

"Halt! D—n your soul, halt, or I'll blow your brains out!"

Poor old Tony Weller never wished for an alibi for the immortal Pickwick half as earnestly as this San Antonio coachman wished for an alibi for himself in that unhappy moment. Of course he obeyed the command, and in less time than it takes to tell, the six robbers—three on each side—held the whole company of the stage under the cover of their pistols.

"Come, tumble out!" was the brief command, "Tumble out quick, if you don't want to die where you sit."

A scene of most admired confusion ensued. The women of the party lost all presence of mind, and without the slightest regard for the proprieties clambered over and clung to the gentlemen of the party for protection. Surely, never in this world, was a bishop hugged on the broad highway as that bishop was hugged by a very ponderous maiden lady, of a very certain age, as she begged him for the love of God to protect her from "those wicked, horrid men."

But the bishop was more in danger than his stout-clinging friend. Indeed, there was little danger to the women of the company, if they would but keep quiet. Jesse James did most of the talking on the occasion, though Younger occasionally put in a word. The ladies were assured they had nothing to fear, it only the men behaved themselves. "Behaving themselves" on this occasion meant simply getting out of the stage and delivering all their possessions quietly.

"Come, tumble out or die!" was Jessie's brief command.

None of the company wanted to die. Not even the bishop. Heaven was no doubt much better than Texas, but they all preferred Texas for the present. They hoped to go to heaven in the distant future, but just then they preferred San Antonio to Paradise, even though they should get there with empty pockets. So the gentlemen tumbled out; and were ranged in a row, two of the robbers keeping guard with cocked pistols, while the others searched the baggage. After plundering the trunks and boxes of the passengers they turned their attention to the United States mail bags, from which a large sum of money was extracted. And now came the plunder of personal possessions.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said Jesse in a mock politeness, "it will be our painful duty now to trouble you for the money and jewelry you may chance to have about you."

"Do you mean to rob us?" asked the bishop in a

tone of offended dignity, as he gazed on the scene.

"Oh! fie, fie," said the shocked young robber, "you shouldn't use such ugly language! Rob you! Oh! never, never! We would scorn the action! Do we look like robbers? No, gentlemen, we only wish to relieve you of a burden—that's all, old sock; so out with your money, and quick, we have no time to spare."

"Don't you call that robbery?" asked the bishop.

"Come, now, old coon! Dry up, or you'll not have an opportunity to ask any more nonsensical questions. Hand out your money."

The bishop reluctantly complied, handing out his pocket-book.

"Now that watch of yours!" Jesse further commanded.

"What! Will you not allow me to keep my watch? It is a gift and dearly prized. You would not rob an humble minister of Christ of his timepiece, would you?" queried the bishop, in plantive tones.

"Hand over that watch," said Jesse, growing impatient. "You must pay the full toll."

"You would not rob a minister of the gospel of a cherished, gift, would yon?" he asked, most piteously.

"What! you are a parson, are you? A meek shepherd, are you? A poor, unworthy vessel!" said Jesse, with a sneer. "So much the more reason you should pay. You have no need of a watch. Get you camels-hair, and that sort of thing."

Jesse's remembrances of the old days of his father's struggling ministry were revived. He remembered the hard conflict his father had with pecuniary difficulties. He had often heard stories of that hard fight and he had no large place of sympathy for well-to-do, well-clad, sleek ecclesiastics. So he taunted the bishop further,—

"Look here, my reverend old buck, Jesus Christ didn't have any watch, and he didn't ride in stages, either. He walked about to do his Father's will, and wasn't arrayed in fine clothes, and didn't fare sumptuously every day. What use has a preacher for a watch? Go and travel like the Master. Out with that watch! No more words—not one, mind you! We are not Christians, we are Philistines."

Most reluctantly the Bishop gave up the valuable time-piece, which he valued above all price as the gift of loved and trusting friends.

"If you've anything more, out with it and quick, I'm wasting time" cried Jesse, growing angry, in real earnest.

The bishop declared that he had not; but Cole Younger thought it better that he should be searched, urging as the argument for such a proceeding that "You could never trust these d——d canting Christians in an affair of honor." The bishop submitted to the search with a groan, but nothing of value being found on him he was let go.

The eight gentlemen were all searched, but very little was obtained till they came to Mr. Breckenridge, of the San Antonio Bank. He proved to be a

big bonanza. They obtained from him over $1,000. The ladies were ordered to yield up their treasures. One was old and evidently poor. They examined her pocket-book, and Jesse said:

"Madam, is that all you have?"

"Every cent I have in the world," she replied.

"And how far are you going?"

"To Houston, sir,"

"Well then, take your money, we won't trouble you."

To her intense surprise the affrighted old lady found, when she got home, that Jesse had slipped a twenty-dollar bill into her poorly furnished pocket-book; and she was wont to say in after years:

"Well, well, the boys were bad enough, Heaven knows; but they might have been a good deal worse."

From the other two ladies they took their possessions. From the fat old maid, who had clasped the bishop to her throbbing breast, they took a valuable gold watch and about a hundred dollars in cash.

They were nearly two hours at their task, but they were never molested, and not one of that company offered any sign of resistance. They made a haul of about $3,500. They took the lead-span of horses, enjoined strict silence and secrecy on those whom they had robbed, and then rode away into the dark and silent night.

The San Antonio stage rumbled on a sad, dispirited and poverty-stricken party. They were all of them philosophers enough to see that things

might have been much worse. They had saved their lives at the cost of their possessions, and on the whole they settled down to the view that they might have made a much worse bargain.

The scene changes. Some months have passed away, the $3,500 of the San Antonio stage robbery have dwindled down and "financial exegences"—to put no finer point upon it—have lead the boys to hold a "Committee of Ways and Means!" Jesse James, Arthur McCoy, Cole and Bob Younger, Clell Miller and Bill McDaniels hold a council.

It has come to the knowledge of this select company of robbers—how, deponent sayeth not—that the government intended to send a large shipment of gold dust eastward from Denver by the Kansas Pacific Railroad. There can be little doubt that some of these robbers had friends somewhere among the railway or mint agents; but if they had, the secret was well kept. Anyway, the robbers knew that there was to be a very large shipment at a certain date not long hence, so from Texas the boys journeyed northward through the Indian territory to Kansas.

About six miles from Kansas City, in Wyandotte county, is a little wayside station called Muncie; a quiet little station all alone in the hills, with no dwelling place for miles around. There was a large water tank here where the train generally stayed for water; but for this fact, and for its association with one of the most daring and successful of robberies, the name of Muncie might never have been

heard. It was May, the time of flowers and perfume, of golden corn fields and summer's smiling reign when the last exploit took place. Since then the autumnal fields had all been reaped and the autumn leaves had fallen, and now the stars of Christmas were burning in the bright December sky of 1875. It was quite dark when the train reached Muncie Station. As the train halted at the water tank there was a low, shrill whistle, and just a whispered word from Jesse:

"Now, boys! Quick, and quiet, and steady!" That was all; and instantly the train was boarded. Bill McDaniels held the engineer and fireman under charge of two pistols, and swore if they as much as "winked an eye-brow" he would shoot them dead.

The robbers then rushed through the cars, commanding the passengers to keep their seats and be silent or death would be instantly their portion. Two of the band stood on the platform of the cars, with cocked pistols, keeping, each of them, guard on two doors. In the meantime the remaining three rushed to the baggage car. The express messenger was overpowered, and in less time than it takes to write the story the van was sacked, and the wild robbers in less than fifteen minutes had possessed themselves of thirty thousand dollars worth of gold dust, and silver and other valuables to the extent of $25,000 more, and were riding away into the dark winter's night.

They had stolen in that brief space of time, without the slightest effort at resistance, *fifty-five*

thousand dollars! and not one cent of that huge sum was ever got back again, nor were one of the robbers ever arrested on the charge of complicity in this affair.

Of course they were vigorously pursued, and of course they were not caught! And after all there is no great wonder. It was a good deal safer to put their heads in a lion's mouth, than to be found within range of the unerring pistols of the Jameses or the Youngers, or the desperate Clell Miller!

Some days after Bill McDaniels was arrested in Kansas City for being drunk, and there were found in his possession a sheep-skin bag and a large sum of money, these he swore he had honestly earned in Colorado. But these possessions looked very suspicious, and he was removed to Lawrence, Kansas, to await his trial. The ill-fated Lawrence that Quantrell and his band so utterly destroyed; when the old black flag was flying, and Jim Lane and his Jayhawkers had to be avenged. Con O'Hara, a clever detective, was detailed to pump Bill and get him to squeal about the Muncie affair. But Con's hydraulic powers failed.

"Did he budge?" said O'Hara's chief.

"Divil a bit!" said Con, "coaxing and threatening, it was all the same, he was as ignorant as a pig and as dumb as Ailsa Craig!"

Being taken from the calaboose at Lawrence for trial, Bill managed to escape. And for a whole week he was hiding in the woods. At last a citizen named Banermann fired a fatal shot and McDaniels

lay mortally wounded. But even in death he was true to his partners in guilt, and would not devulge a single name or clue to make plain the mystery of Muncie's successful raid.

The robber-gang was highly incensed at Bill McDaniels for allowing himself to be taken, and to be taken drunk, but after his fidelity, even in death, they wiped out the memory of his folly. And sitting one night soon after in their safe retreat, they spoke of him only what they thought was praiseworthy. If it had been a genuine Irish wake, they could not have been more profuse in their compliments, and as the night went on

Each one said
"Something good of the boy who was dead."

And last of all Jesse charged his comrads to fill a bumper and half-grimly, half-sadly said:

"D——n it boys, he was a brick after all, so here's to Bill McDaniels, *wherever he is*," added Jesse with a strange half solemn look, "he was game to the last! and died without a squeal! Here's to Bill!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WAR CARRIED INTO VIRGINIA.

HALF AN HOUR AT HUNTINGDON—ANOTHER BANK ROBBED—$10,000 IN THIRTY MINUTES—A FOUR WEEKS' HUNT—TOM MCDANIELS KILLED—JACK KEEN CAPTURED.

There is a very fair adage that claims that even the devil should have his due. It is believed that even he may be painted just a shade darker than he is. Weakly wicked people are wont to roll up pious eyes and lay the charge of their miserable follies at Satan's door. This gang of murderers and robbers whose strange history we are tracing, was bad enough, but the Jameses and the Youngers did not do all the shooting and plundering that was done in the United States. Probably many things have been laid to their charge of which they were entirely guiltless. One offence is charged to them which they could not have committed.

A robbery was committed at the classic little town of Corinth, Alcorn County, Mississippi. Now between Corinth and Muncie many hundreds of miles

intervene. And it is impossible that the James boys could be at Muncie and Corinth on the same day. That they were at the Muncie affair is beyond any reasonable doubt. The allegation that they were at Corinth must therefore be utterly set aside, as a false charge against the Jameses at least. They may have planned the robbery, and their confreres may have executed their plans, but they themselves were certainly not at the Corinth raid.

The wild war however was carried into Virginia. In April 1876, Frank James, Cole Younger, Thomason McDaniels, a brother of the brave Bill McDaniels who took the secrets of his compatriots to a felon's grave—and a fellow with dark eyes and beetling brows named Jack Keen resolved upon raiding a bank and this time Westen Virginia was made the field of their strange enterprise.

Huntingdon, a pretty little town sweetly embosomed amid the hills of Western Virginia, is situated on the Ohio river, in Cabell County, and is on the line of the Chesapeak & Ohio Railroad. The opening of the railway had given the little town of 3,000 inhabitants a new life. And the sleepy streets became quite animated by the vigor of a new commercial life. The Bank of Huntingdon was doing a brisk little business, and Mr. R. T. Oney the cashier was widely respected by all the citizens of the little thriving town.

On a bright spring day in 1876, the banker was conversing with a gentleman who had just made a deposit, the common talk of the day was the great

Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, and the banker and his friend and customer were speculating as to what sort of an opening speech General Grant would make.

"Oh! he won't say much! He'll only say what he's told to say," said the banker half sneeringly.

"Do you know" said the customer laughing "I think that's Grant's salvation. Whatever he owes to his valor as a soldier, he owes more to his reticence as a Statesman. I don't worship the General, but I have again and again admired the skill with which he manages to say nothing impressively."

"You remind me" said the banker "of an amusing criticism I heard on Count Bismarck the last time I was at Cincinnatti, a most enthusiastic German admirer of the great chancellor crowned his eulogium by declaring that Count Bismarck knew how to hold his tongue in six languages!"

So the conversation flowed on. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly four men well mounted rode up Huntingdon street, they excited no attention, they made no special sign. Arrived at the bank, two of them dismounted and entered the bank. These were Frank James and Cole Younger. They covered the cashier and his customer with two pistols assurring them that their one chance for life was to keep quiet. The safe door was open, $10,000 in ready cash were speedily rolled into a bag brought for that purpose. With more threats, and with the assurance that to sound an alarm would only be to ring their own funeral knell;

the robbers mounted their horses and fled away to the fastnesses of the Virginia hills. Half an hour had sufficed for this romantic transaction! Time was not money to the robbers, it was more it was life! In thirty minutes they had gained $10,000. They could hardly have made it quicker in Wall St. or at the Chicago Board of Trade!

As the robbers rode away they saw the citizens were beginning to understand the state of affairs, and as they went they kept firing right and left to intimidate any who might be disposed to stay their progress.

Before an hour had passed away the Sheriff at the head of twenty-five citizens set out in hot pursuit. The authorities of other counties were notified, and very soon the whole of that region became a hunting ground. Bligh the St. Louis detective was largely directing the search. Away the robbers sped into the hills and hiding places of eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. A hundred miles away from Huntingdon the man hunters sighted their prey. A parley was called and a terrific fight ensued. The runaways had been compelled to abandon their horses. In the fray a bullet found its way to Tom McDaniel's heart and stopped forever its wild pulsations!

That hunt lasted four weeks. Jack Keen was captured in Fentress County Tennessee, lodged in Cabell jail and afterwards sentenced to eight years imprisonment in the penitentiary, where he still resides.

The two leaders Frank James and Cole Younger

were not captured, they escaped to the Indian Territory. The spoils not having been yet divided the two successful robbers bagged $5,000 each.

So ended the Huntingdon raid.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ROCKY CUT SENSATION.

THE BOYS AT OTTERVILLE!—THE TRAIN ON THE LAMINE BRIDGE!—THE RED LIGHT—$17,000 IN AN HOUR!—AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS!—HOBBS KERRY AND THE WHISKEY!—KERRY APPEALS—"A GOOD PEACHER!"—'FESSES TOO MUCH!

After the escape from the Huntingdon raid Frank met his brother Jesse in the Indian Territory, and so far from being dismayed by their

"Hair breadth 'scapes
I' the imminent deadly breach,"

they seemed to be only encouraged to further wild adventures. The perils that would have filled timid minds with fear and dread, seemed to be to these boys a perfect inspiration. They were playing a high game, they had made great hauls, and the glitter of the gold made them disposed to underestimate the perils that thickened about them and increased with every wild raid.

A long and carefully prepared plot was now ar-

ranged for the wrecking of an express train. The gang was increasing, but this increase was not without some disadvantages. The larger number became unwieldy in management, the chances of arousing suspicion were greater, the chances of capture were increased; and when it came to the simplest of all questions, the dividing of the spoils, then it was found much easier to divide $10,000 among four than seven! Still, this gang set themselves to their perilous tasks—Bill Longley, Sam Bass, the Haskins and Moores of the Indian Territory, and last of all, Hobbs Kerry, a Texan ranger, who had all the wickedness but none of the pluck and endurance necessary to make a first-class villain. Kerry was never fit for any dangerous post, and the wonder is that he gained admission to the gang at all! He never did anything but hold the horses of the robbers, and when caught at last by his own drunken folly he gave his comrades shamefully away. The point determined on for this daring robbery was a little spot known as Rocky Cut, about four miles east of Otterville, in Pettis county, Missouri. At this Rocky Cut a huge bridge spanned the Lamine river, and a watchman was always kept in lonely guardianship of the bridge. The plan which so thoroughly succeeded, was to capture the watchman, show the red light when the train approached, and then as the train stopped board it, rob the express car, and then fly for life.

All the plans were most carefully and thoroughly digested. Nothing was left to chance or peradven-

ture. The time fixed was July the 8th, 1876. The plan had been largely concocted in the fertile brain of Frank James, but Jesse was undoubtedly the leading spirit of its execution. As of old time the animals entered the ark in pairs, so on the afternoon of the 8th of July the gang gathered at the appointed rendezvous.

The robbers came along
Two by two;
There was Frank and Chell
And Jesse too:
And there was one more river to cross.

The rendezvous was about two miles east of the Lamine river. By sundown the whole posse had arrived. Hushed and silent they marched in that summer twilight, till they found within a hundred yards of the bridge a thick, dense copse crowded with trees in their richest foliage, and thick enough to be a safe and secure covert from all ordinary gaze. Here their horses were secured and left in charge of Bill Chadwell and Hobbs Kerry. It was now close upon nine o'clock. The business of securing the watchman was delegated to Chell Miller, Charlie Potts and Bob Younger. Accordingly they went down to the bridge between nine and ten o'clock. The watchman, hearing footsteps, cried out with voice as full of astonishment as command:

"Hello! who's there? What do you want at this time o'night?"

With that he swung his lantern and stared into the faces of his late visitors, only to be terrified

with the sight of a pair of heavy navy revolvers most uncomfortably near his venerable nose.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the astonished watchman.

"You keep still, that's all you have to do," was the reply.

"But you ain't going to hurt me?" he inquired.

"What do we want to hurt you for? We want that money on the train, that's all we care for. So give up your lantern and come along and be quiet, and you'll be all right! But if you're fool enough to make a noise—why, lookee here!—smell o' that!" and with this piece of good advice, Jesse put the muzzle of his revolver still nearer the old man's nose.

The old man had passed the age when a man must be either a fool or a philosopher, and he had chosen the philosophic side, and therefore he gave everything up to the robbers, and seemed indeed much more disposed to oblige his late visitors than to cross or vex them. The poor old watchman was taken away into temporary captivity.

At a rocky cut, the rails were loosened and obstructions placed upon the track. The red lantern of the watchman was prepared and concealed, to be used at the proper moment, and all lay waiting for the game that must certainly fall into the trap so simply laid.

All was now ready, the danger signal was to be shown by Charlie Pitts. The robbers lay down in ambush, and scarcely spoke a word for nearly an hour.

At last the Missouri Pacific train with its costly freight came tearing along. The danger signal was hoisted, the train stopped and was immediately boarded by these masked robbers. The passengers were held in check bv a robber at each door of the car, with loaded irons, threatening death if any of them should rise for one moment from their seats. It was now the uniform policy of the band to be satisfied with whatever was found in the express car. The robber-guards, therefore, were free to promise the passengers that if they sat still they should go on their way unmolested. The leaders of the work of plunder compelled the express messengers, under threats of instant death, to open the safe. The contents were then emptied into a leather sack, without which the boys never traveled.

The shrill whistle of Jesse James indicated that the job was done. The train was ordered forward. The robbers seized every moment of time, mounted their horses and rode away into the darkness of that Missourian summer night.

The whole transaction had hardly taken the space of one brief hour and the result was $17,000, besides jewelry and many valuables.

The robbers rode on in a southerly direction. The story of their bloodless exploit had been telegraphed all over the western states. The detectives of St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago and even of the seaboard cities were all on the alert, but before the July sun rose on the morning of the 9th the robbers had ridden fifty miles, found a dark safe spot where they

divided the spoils, and adjourned *sine die.* They went away in couples and for a time there seemed no clue to the identity of the robbers, save only the common sense clue, that only the Jameses and the Youngers were equal to such tasks—"Jesse James his mark"—was pretty plain on all these border raids.

Not one of the band was taken save Hobbs Kerry. And he first of all gave himself utterly away. Hobbs had been all along half rogue, whole beggar; hanging on to any skirts, dirty or clean, if it did but pay for the time. He finds himself now in unusual good luck. He had by a pure fluke, as far as he was concerned, come in for a big bonanza. The beggar was suddenly placed on horseback, and he took the usual ride!

Both the Jameses were worried about Hobbs Kerry. They didn't know him, and they were more than a little surprised that they had trusted him so far on so slight an acquaintance.

"If the cub should be caught, they might make him squeal," said Frank, thoughtfully.

"Time enough to worry about that when he's caught and squeals!" answered Jesse, who left all the business of borrowing trouble to his more sedate elder brother.

At the same time even Jesse could not wholly disguise from himself that he felt a little nervous about the "Cub."

Kerry had parted company from Pitts and Chadwell after fording the Grand River, and now flush

with ready cash, he goes to Fort Scott in Kansas, and there arrays himself in gorgeous array, and begins to play the "fast young gentleman," which is only another name for the "perfect fool." He visited Fort Scott, Vinita, Parsons, Granby, and Joplin; and had a good time with the boys generally. And just as long as the "stamps" were on hand there were plenty of the boys ready to help him have his good time. It was women and whisky and cards, alternating with whisky and cards and women! For about six weeks he had "a high old time." Bagnios, gambling-hells, dance-houses, he squandered his ill-gotten money, and when the whisky was in he forgot to be mum! He was watched and betrayed. One of the many ladies of his acquaintance, who were willing to love him most devotedly nearly all the time his money lasted, sold him to a detective for a higher price. This was good, sound, political economy. Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. The "Cub" had nothing to complain of. The man who utterly gives himself away ought to think himself honored when anybody stoops to make a bargain of him. Hobbs Kerry was arrested through blabbing when the drink was in. And, of course, after cooling his heels a little he was quite ready to squeal. And as the detectives said he made "a good peacher!" Like Topsy, who cries out, "Oh! golly, ain't I wicked," and then luxuriating in iniquity "'fesses' to faults of which she is utterly guiltless; so this poo' fool "'fessed" too much; until the shrewdest detect

tive didn't know how much or how little of his wild story to believe. He certainly neither served his own cause nor harmed the James boys by his revelations.

Frank and Jesse denounced him as a fraud and declared all the story of the "danger signal" as born of a wild mad brain; and for some time they were thoroughly believed by thousands in the Western States. They had still hundreds of friends, and thoroughly disinterested friends, too.

Large rewards were offered for the robbers of the train at Otterville. The whole economy of detective forces were at work, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky and the Indian Territory were scoured for months. But not a dollar of the stolen money was ever found, nor one of the robbers caught, excepting Hobbs Kerry—the "Cub!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MINISTRY RECORD WILDER THAN ROMANCE.

THE ROBBERS IN COUNCIL—THE PLACE OF RAID DECIDED UPON—BILL CHADWELL TO BE GUIDE—THE TREBLE TRAGEDY OF NORTHFIELD—THE FATAL SEPT. 6TH, 1876!—HAYWARD SHOT DEAD—BUNKER WOUNDED—THE SCENE IN THE STREET—THE GALLANT DR. WHEELER—BILL CHADWELL AND CHARLEY PITTS KILLED—A BLACK THURSDAY FOR THE ROBBER BAND.

One of the reasons why the robbers were so successful in their raids, and especially successful in their escapes, was the fact that they were perfectly conversant with the country where their dark deeds were perpetrated. There was not a nook or corner in Western Missouri with which the James boys had not made themselves perfectly familiar. To say they knew Clay county like a book is to say very

little; they knew it much more perfectly than the most diligent student ever knew a book! And so, when the work of blood or pillage was done, they knew just exactly which way to take for safety, without wasting time or going a mile out of their way. Swift horses, prompt action, and a thorough knowledge of the geography of the place, will account fully for many of their hair-breadth escapes.

"Never stir an inch till you know the lay of the land, or you're a goner," was one of Frank James' most sober lines of advice.

The baffled and defeated detectives, who had shown but little sagacity, whatever zeal and courage they might possess, were beating chiefly about the bushes of Western Missouri. But they were beating to little purpose. They were no match for the wary robbers, either in baffling their plans or securing their capture after the murder was done or the plunder taken. Russelville, Gallatin, Corydon, Columbia, St. Genevieve, Gadshill and Muncie, were all unavenged! And people grew impatient! It seemed as if these robberies and murders should be hindered or the perpetrators captured.

"One of two things is clear," said a Senator of Missouri; "either the detectives are in league with these outlaws or they are utterly incompetent to cope with them."

And, speaking thus, he echoed a sentiment that was fast gaining ground. But it must not be forgotten that, while the robbers did everything quickly, they never did anything rashly. The plan once

thoroughly and carefully considered, they struck the blow short, sharp and decisive. And before the echoes of that blow had died away they, like the witches in Macbeth, had

"Vanished into thin air."

Not infrequently the detectives would be most diligently scouring one region of country when, to their surprise, just as they thought they had salted the tails of their wild birds, they heard of some daring trick of these ubiquitous devils five hundred miles in another direction.

It was, moreover, very remarkable that their means of communication were so perfect. It was scarcely possible for the hunters to make a move or plan a campaign without the robbers knowing all about it. At the time of which we are writing, the detectives held Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky and Iowa under a kind of surveillance. And with this fact the James boys were perfectly well acquainted. Their redoubtable mother—their trusty and ablest ally—rendered them most efficient assistance in this direction. And now, tiring of inaction, as they always did after a brief space of rest and revelry, they held a council of war, to which the notorious Bill Chadwell was invited. The council was held in a forest in Clay county, not far from the house of Dr. Samuels; the whole plans were submitted to Mrs. Samuels and met with her approval. That strange, awful spirit of hatred that possessed her prior to the midnight raid upon her home; when

her darling boy was killed, Susie wounded, and her own arm shattered, had grown in intensity. If she breathed vengeance against all detectives before, she now breathed vengeance doubly distilled. It was her boast, made over and over again:

"I hate all detectives as I hate the devil, and if I had my way I'd send them all where they belong before sundown!"

The reason for inviting Bill Chadwell, the notorious Minnesota horse-thief, to this council was to consult him as to the geographical characteristics of their new field of daring. In following his nefarious occupation, Chadwell had been compelled to ride through all the region over which they proposed to extend their visits. It was arranged, after a long consultation, that Chadwell should act as guide through the new paths of peril, that were destined to prove so fatal to the weird council which met in the light of the harvest moon, under the sombre shadows of the Missouri forest. Chadwell had many friends who could be relied upon if any danger came, to render assistance and shelter.

One of the motives that suggested that the outlaws should try their fortune in a northern direction was in order to utterly confuse the officers in pursuit of them. Moreover, the time was opportune. The grain growers were just disposing of their crops. The farmers were flush. There were plenty of funds in the banks. And the fact that Minnesota had heard of them only, and not seen them, and certainly had no anticipation of a visit from such illus-

trious adventurers, all seemed to speak in favor of the experiment.

The gang was made up of a double quartette of daring bravadoes! Frank and Jesse James, Coleman, Jim and Bob Younger, Charlie Pitts, Cheff Miller and Bill Chadwell, the latter acting as guide.

The place for assault was a matter of debate. Cole Younger, as was afterwards believed, was moved by his "good angel"—for even these men believed in their good and bad angels—in opposing for some inexplicable reason the raid into Minnesota. He would have preferred Canada, and said that London, Toronto and Montreal, or even Kingston, the city of the Ontairo penitentiary, could by new and special methods be worked effectively. It was a law amongst the robbers that the majority in council ruled absolutely. Every one of them had the fullest opportunity of speech, but the vote once taken there was no appeal, and every man threw himself into the scheme with all enthusiasm.

Mankato was first thought of, but Bill Chadwell had a friend at Mankato whose information pointed in the direction of Northfield as a more likely theatre for their daring drama.

The band of eight divided themselves and took different ways. On the 3d of September they met at Mankato and completed their plans of robbing the Northfield Bank. Their place of rendezvous was the house of one of Chadwell's warmest friends. They came and held their council unnoticed and unknown. All was quiet, and not the least suspicion

was abroad that any robbery was contemplated. There never was in all their previous adventures more promising auguries of success. But alas! alas!

"The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agee!"

Northfield is a pleasant little town on the line of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, in the northeastern division of Rice county. It has a population of some 2,500 souls. Its inhabitants are for the most part hardy pioneers or the sons of pioneers, and they have the reputation of being a thoroughly vigorous people who were not to be played with in any sense of the word. Chadwell was not unacquainted with their characteristics, for in his lawless career he had more than once had occasion to know the sturdy kind of stuff of which they were made. But the great prize was at the Northfield bank; that was, no doubt, much richer than the banks of St. Peter and Mankato. "Nothing venture, nothing win," is a sort of devil's logic that has lured many a man on to peril, and will do again. Everything was staked on Northfield, and the Northfieldians went about their business that bright Thursday morning, little dreaming what that day was to bring forth in their quiet, plodding little community.

Just about noon three strangers on horse-back came in from the north by the Dundas road and went and dined on the west side of the Cannon river, which flows through the village. During the dinner they were talking on politics generally, and one of the three offered to bet $100 on the result of

the coming fall elections. These things were freely canvassed afterwards, but no special interest was excited more than would be by any ordinary strangers passing through the village.

The bank building was in the chief block on the public square. After their dinner these three strangers—who were Frank and Jesse James and Coleman Younger—tied up their horses nearly in front of the bank, and after a brief chat, which seemed to be of a most unimportant kind, they entered the bank. At this moment three fierce-looking men rode in mad haste over the east bridge into the village, yelling like demons, brandishing their revolvers and shooting wildly right and left, while two others came from the west in the same mad fashion, shooting out and commanding all people to go into their houses and keep quiet. Meantime a terrible tragedy was being transacted at the bank. The three brigands leapt over the counter and Frank James drew his knife and held it at the throat of Mr. J. L. Haywood, the cashier of the bank, demanding that he should at once open the safe.

"I will do no such thing," said the brave cashier.

"Quick now," said Jesse, "or you die like a dog!"

"I can't help that," said Mr. Haywood. "I will do my duty, if I die!"

"Then die," said Jesse, and in less than a moment a bullet went wizzing through the cashier's brain, and he fell instantly dead at his assassin's feet.

"You, here," said Cole Younger to Mr. A. E.

Bunker, the assistant cashier, "come and open this safe, or you see what your luck will be!" Bunker declared he did not know the combination, and with that made a bold dash and escaped through the back door; but as he was flying from the scene of death he received a bullet in his left shoulder. Mr. Frank Wilcox, the junior clerk, escaped without any molestation.

The robbers then searched for the cashier's money box, but they found nothing but a very small box half filled with nickels. This they scattered in grim disgust over the form of the dead cashier, who lay in a pool of blood. They pursued their search a little longer, when the strange excitement of the street arrested their attention.

A fearful scene met their gaze. Dr. Wheeler, a brave and courageous gentleman who occupied rooms immediately opposite the bank building, saw what was going on, and scaring up an old shotgun took deliberate aim at one of the mounted brigands and shot him through the heart, and Charlie Pitts, as great a curse in Texas as the James boys were in Missouri, gave one wild yell, and cried as he threw up his arms,—

"My god! Boys I'm done for!" and with an awful spasm of agony he fell head foremost upon his horse's neck, dead!

The valiant Dr. Wheeler fired again, and this time Bill Chadwell received the deadly message and rolled mortally wounded from his horse. He had just strength to groan out to one of his comrades:

"Take my revolvers, keep 'em for my sake," and these were the last words of the greatest desperado and horse-thief ever raised in Minnesota.

Others now joined the fray. Mr. A. K. Manning, Joe Hyde and George Betts obtained guns and joined in the dreadful melee. Excitement ran wild. Another of the bandits was wounded and fell from his horse, which ran riderless out of the town, but one of his companions flung him across his horse and rode away with him. At this point a Mr. J. S. Allen, a brave and highly respected citizen, turned his steps toward the bank, but he was soon arrested with the threat: "D—n you turn back. I'll blow your brains out if you squeal."

Things had got to a horrible pass. Two of the robbers lay dead in the street, another was badly wounded, and Dr. Wheeler and Mr. Manning were both firing away with most admired zeal.

Northfield was turned into a perfect pandemonium. An eye witness of that awful scene says:

"It was as if hell was let loose, and men of ordinary quiet character sprung into demons in an hour!"

Frank and Jesse James and Cole Younger, coming out of the bank, took the whole situation in in a moment, and leaped to their horses and fled from the awful scene. But quick as thought the insulted citizens of Northfield resolved on avenging themselves of these blood-thirsty cut throats, and with all speed fifty of them mounted and set off in hot pursuit.

It was indeed "Black Thursday" in the history of that lawless brood. Two of the leaders dead and a third wounded. But

'Bad begins and worse remains behind."

The tragic raid into Minnesota did not exhaust all its dark and dread romance in the quiet town of Northfield. Over hill and dale and through forest and ravine the trail of blood was carried. To follow that trail will be our business in the next chapter.

WILD SCENE AT NORTHFIELD—CHARLIE PITTS SHOT DEAD.

the survivers of this band of men exceeding bold.

The bandits fled, but they found that the terrible news was ahead of them, and every way, and ford, and creek, was guarded by some volunteers who were set on their capture. They came to the little village of Shieldsville and they galloped through the long street, firing right and left and yelling like demons to secure for themselves a safe passage. On they passed into LeSeur County. Jim Younger was bleeding well-nigh to death and his blood trail served as a guide for the pursuers. It is averred but with what of truth if it is impossible to tell that Jesse James wanted to have Jim Younger killed, to put him out of awful misery and make their escape more sure. But this has an air of great improbability about it. For when the Youngers and the Jameses did part, they parted as friends, and the Youngers consigned to their comrades the custody of all their money and jewels, which would hardly have been the case if so wanton and cruel a proposition had been made.

The fugitives wandered on day after day and night after night, until at last their jaded and wearied horses had to be left, and for further purposes of safety they thought it best to proceed on foot. Bill Chadwell, who was their guide and to whom they trusted to pilot them through a new country, was lying dead at Northfield. And they were oftentimes at their wit's end through their ignorance of the geography of the country. They were afraid to turn lest the turn should land them into the lap of

their enemies. After six days of this weary pilgrimage they came round by Mankato and hoped against hope that their pursuers were growing weary of the search, they came upon a farm house and begged a chicken—for they had lived chiefly on green corn for a week—but they had to fly, for they heard the shouts of people who were mad with excitement, because they thought they had the fugitives almost in their grasp. They were fired upon and both the Jameses were wounded somewhat seriously.

The day after this episode it was thought best that the company should divide. So Frank and Jesse went their way from the bottoms of the Blue Earth river, and the three Youngers and Clell Miller took another route.

We will follow now for a little the course of the weary, wounded, dispirited four! They had passed through the county of Blue Earth and were taking a westerly course into Watonwan County. They had traveled in and out a hundred and twenty-five miles since they had left Northfield, though they were but seventy-five miles away in a strait line. Their foes were fast closing round them. Their doom was sealed. They had lived on such vegetables as the field provided. They dared not light a fire if even they had the materials. They were ragged and torn and wounded and friendless. They had made war upon society for many long years and now the terrible time had come. The Nemesis was at hand! Sheriff McDonald tracked them to a dismal swamp

near Madelin and now the poor bandits were fairly trapped! Hundreds against four! What could they do? But they fought to the last! A heavy ball came crashing through Jim Younger's jaw, the wail that broke from him was terrible, but not half as horrible as the awful sight he presented with the lower part of a sad face shot away. Still they fought on. Once again a terrible cry was heard above the reports of gun and pistol, and Clell Miller flung up his hands and cried.

"Oh! my God boy's I'm done! But don't give in!"

And with that, the dying bandit fell against a tree groaned once or twice and died!

Closer and closer the terrible network drew around the three struggling brothers. Worn and spent with travel and hunger and fatigue; and now riddled through and through with shots they fought while they could stand, and revealed that whatever faults they had, they had at least the courage and endurance that in a better cause would have made the world proud of their names. What might have been fame was now infamy!

The three boys were captured and were taken to Madelia, and there after months of suffering they were arraingned for trial at the Rice County court at Faribault. They were charged with murder. But under the counsel of their legal advisers they were persuaded to plead guilty as the only means of sparing their necks. They were sentenced to be confined in the State Penetentiary for the term of their natural lives. The iron gates of the grim prison of Still-

water swung back upon them in the brightness of an October morning! They are there still. Wiser and perhaps on the whole happier men than they were in their wild lawless days! Who can tell?

But what of the heroes of these pages? How were Frank and Jesse faring? After leaving the Youngers in the Blue Earth River bottoms they went into a perfect wilderness and were so completely surrounded by their pursuers that their escape seems to have been half miraculous. It is true they had had long years of experience in this direction. They had ten days of such horrible trial that one would think that once delivered from these perils, they would never have cared to venture in these ways again. They would hide behind a tree and hear three or four citizens pass within a yard of where they stood talking and declaring that they saw them only a moment ago. They lived on green corn and new potatoes. They could not make a fire, and they dare not if they could. They forded streams and swam rivers. They often managed by these means to cover up their tracks. At last they got out into the open country, they then ventured to buy a couple of horses, and they got a hearty meal at a poor woman's house whose husband had gone to hunt these dreadful murderers! They now lost no time but rode all night and began to hope that all danger was passed. But in this they were mistaken! On the border of Iowa they were met by seven armed but poorly mounted men. There was a most severe contest, and Frank received an ugly wound, but their old

time skill on horseback came back to them, three of the seven were wounded, two were killed, and the brothers escaped. After this fierce and prolonged contest James and Jesse found themselves once again safe and sound in their old retreat in Jackson County.

But the robber-band was broken. The Youngers no more could carry on this strange war against society, and three of the ring leaders were dead. Northfield has never forgotten that terrible raid. The cashier Mr. Haywood had the largest funeral Northfield ever saw. The banks of the whole region contributed to a most handsome annuity for his heart-broken widow. The two wretches who were shot by Dr. Wheeler were laid in the jail and afterwards buried in a felon's grave. Prior to their burial hundreds out of a mere morbid curiosity came to see their dead bodies. And on the evening before they were interred a veiled woman pretending to be a relative of Bill Chadwell's brought wreaths of flowers and laid them on the dead. Captain Coleman Macy —than whom, a tenderer hearted gentleman did not live in Minnesota—was directing affairs at Governor Pillsbury's instructions, and when he saw these floral offerings on the cold breasts of the murderers, he became very greatly incensed, and said with mingled pain and anger in his eyes:—

"I know how to reverance death, and I know the proper ministry of flowers, but it a gross desecretion to cover these hardened breasts with floral wreaths," and with that Captain Macy tore the wreaths from

the shameless dead and trampled them beneath his feet.

Years have passed away, but the Northfieldians love to tell how the bloodthirsty James and Younger gang were defeated, and the death of Mr. Haywood was avenged.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE JAMES BOYS AMONG THE MEXICANS.

THE FANDANGO AT MATAMORAS—FRANK AND JESSE POOR DANCERS—INTO THE RIO GRANDE—STIRRING TIMES NEAR CARMEN—THE NOONTIDE REST AT THE FOUNTAIN—THE BOLD AND SUCCESSFUL RAID.

The fame and notoriety of the James boys was not confined to the Western States. Not only were their names signs of terror to Missourians and Kentuckians, and along the borders of Kansas and up the Indian Territory. But Mexican mothers frighten their childen by the very mention of Frank and Jesse James! As far back as May, 1860, and just after the Gallatin Bank robbery, Frank and Jesse James made their way into Texas, and one day they rode well mounted into Matamoras. It was a gay season. What season is not gay to the light hearts of Mexicans? A fandango, a sort of ball on a small scale, was announced, and Frank and Jesse, nothing loth, resolved to see what was to be seen and have their share of the fun. The night came, and the hall was well filled with olive-eyed

swarthy senoritas and gay looking hidalgoes. The band struck up and the fair Mexican damsels began to

"Trip the light fantastic toe,"

their graceful movements soon stirred the pulses of the robber brothers. They joined the festive dance. They were not celebrated as graceful dancers. And the intricate gyrations of the mazy Spanish dance was quite too much for them. No doubt they were clumsy. And their awkwardness would be all the more manifest when contrasted by the exquisite grace of every movement of their partners. The on-lookers were first amused, and then broke out in open ridicule, and laughed at Frank and Jesse and began to mimic with exaggerated contortions, the awkward dancing of the brothers.

Now, the boys could stand a good deal, but you were not to laugh at them. They were not very fastidious or exacting in their demands, but they would not stand being laughed at! So, quick as thought, down went one of the boldest, beneath the strong hand of Frank; in a moment a strongly-built Mexican struck Frank a blow on the cheek, which sent him spinning headlong into the ample laps of two Mexican maidens, much to their astonishment and disgust. This was no time to waver, so Jesse improved the moment by sending a bullet a journey through the brain of the Mexican who had struck his brother Frank. This stirred the Spanish blood, and what lovers, of the sanguinary would say, the fun began and the fighting was beautiful. Frank

and Jesse made for the door, but their way was blocked by the furious and vengeful hidalgoes. Stilettos gleamed and glittered. Frank and Jesse both were struck and stabbed. But stilettos are poor where revolvors come. These Mexicans kept the doorway for a time, but after the boys had used their pistols a few times, four Mexicans lay dead on the threshold, and six others were dreadfully wounded.

The Mexicans had blockaded that door, but the boys of Missouri raised that blockade! Just at the passage from the hall a vengeful Spaniard was aiming a deadly blow at Frank's heart, but Jesse intervened and lodged a bullet in the would-be-murderer's heart. He fell and struck the dagger in the floor as he fell. Escaping the room they made for their horses. Jesse ran first, but Frank was pursued by three of these hidalgoes; Frank had seized a bludgeon on his way, and now turning at bay faced his followers, and with almost Herculean strength he laid the three Mexicans stunned and motionless at his feet. The boys got on their horses and rode away. But they were pursued, and there was nothing for it but to make a bold plunge for the Rio Grande, which they did and swam safely to the further shore.

They had paid a dollar at eight o'clock for a night's fun at the fandango. Jesse said, his face rippling with humor, spite of the pain of several stiletto wounds:

"Well, Frank, old boy, guess we got our dollar's

worth of exciting amusement out of that gang?"

"You bet!" was Frank's laconic reply. The boys had to go into quarantine at a little town called Concapcion, here they remained under surgical care for three months, so perverse were the wounds they had received in the fandango at Matamoras, on the banks of the Rio Grande.

But years have passed by since the night plunge into the Rio Grande—years of strange and weird adventure—many a successful raid, and many a hair breadth escape—The exploits of Northfield and that terrible hunt that followed are just passed —of the eight who went into Minnesota on that fair September day, three have fired their last shots and are lying all untimely in a dishonored grave, and three are hidden away in the living grave of Stillwater's gloomy jail; and Frank and Jesse have escaped alone to tell the tale.

And now, in 1877, the dauntless pair are quietly living at the little village of Carmen, in the Northern part of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. What purpose had they in settling down in this out of the way place, which seemed to be on the extreme edge of the borders of civilization? Let us be patient and we shall see.

This same quiet Carmen was on the highway of travel, and Mexican merchants and traders with their costly wares passed to and fro in their journeyings. Frank and Jesse had matured their plans and providence seemed to favor them, as it generally did. They have hitherto been remarkable examples

of the dictum given by the immortal Shakespeare:

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

One fair May morning, six pack mules, each guided by a separate muleteer, and each mule bearing the glittering burden of 150 pounds of solid silver on his back, moved out of the city of Chihuahua. Beside these there were twelve men as a guard. In all, eighteen men to guard the precious treasure. All went well till they reached Carmen, and then two simple-minded, guileless-looking young Americans entered into general conversation with the guards, and by the Socratic method of gentle enquiry possessed themselves of the knowledge necessary to help them in due time to possess the silver. No Scotchman ever felt more attached to his "siller" than did these American young gentlemen at Carmen. Then our boys—for of course the reader understands that these quiet young men were Frank and Jesse James—assumed to make confidantes of these Mexican guards. They wanted to get back to the United States, but they had heard so much of the peril of the way that they were quite timid at taking the journey. What with Indians and guerrillas they were quite afraid to venture. Frank and Jesse had three other friends who were really in the same box with themselves. The chief of the guard was interviewed with a request that he would allow these young men who had been inspecting mines, to go under their escort for safety just across the perilous border, of course agreeing

that if danger came they would fight in the interests of the guards and their treasure.

The chief consented, and so there started out next day from Carmen the procession of mules and their treasures and guards, and these five pious looking young gentlemen—goody-goody-looking enough to teach in Sunday school or exhort at a mission. And yet Mexico had not five such desperadoes from the North Fork to the most southerly sweep of the Rio Grande!

For two or three days they were watched, but soon all suspicion gave way to confidence. It was noon about the fifth day out, the cavalcade halted near a most refreshing fountain. The burdens were taken from the mules that they might graze at leisure in the valley. The muleteers and guards, all save two—who were reserved to stand sentinel over the bags of silver—were enjoying their noonday siesta. The ingenious five were under a tree apart, holding quiet converse. The whole guns of the party were stacked against a tree. The two guards on duty over the silver pouches were holding their guns in the most formal and careless manner over their shoulders.

The opportune moment had come!

"Let's go, boys!" was the brief signal from Jesse, accompanied by his low, shrill whistle.

Crack! went a couple of pistols, and the two armed guards sank quivering to the earth, shot dead! The arms stacked against the tree were destroyed in less time than it takes to tell. The other guards were

ordered to hold up their arms, and were at once disarmed. They then ordered the muleteers to put the bags of silver on the best mules. All the rest of the horses were shot. Then Frank and Jesse and their confreres rode off with their stolen treasure, threatening instant death to any one who dared to follow. The robbers bore their treasure into Texas, divided the spoils, and congratulated each other on the success of their enterprise.

Nine hundred pounds of silver! to be divided amongst five robbers! Not an ounce of the silver was ever traced to the robbers, nor were one of them ever brought to justice. The Mexican merchants would henceforth be most careful how they undertook the guardianship of innocent looking young American gentlemen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MORE MEXICAN ADVENTURES.

THE ROGUES' MEETING PLACE AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS—WOUNDING AND KILLING—BRIGANDS IN AMBUSH—MEETING AN OLD FRIEND—A FANDANGO AT MONCLOVA—THE FESTIVITIES DISTURBED.

There is a spot on the River of the North called Piedras Negras, which is known as the meeting place of all sorts of strange characters—brigands from the passes of the Sierra Madres; thieves from Matamoras; cut-throats from Saltilio; smugglers from all the border-line. And now to this appropriate region come the James brothers in the Spring of 1877. They both of them anticipated there would be, to use their own phrase, "plenty of fun," and in this supposition they were not destined to be mistaken. They soon got all the fun they wanted.

Riding leisurely together one day through one of the villages not far from Piedras Negras, they were observed by a number of Mexican raiders, who probably thought there was the chance for a good haul, and accordingly the enterprising Mexicans

proposed to try their luck. The boys quickened their pace after they left the village, and soon found they were pursued by a dozen or more half drunken, howling Mexicans, who fired off pistols madly and wildly, as though to impress the young men who had ridden through their village what kind of dare-devils they had to deal with. To the utter dismay of this roystering troop, our boys, instead of flying in hot haste before them, deliberately turned round and faced their pursuers, and in a brief space four of the foremost of the rabble squad lay sprawling on the ground, with their right arms broken from the bullets of Frank and Jesse's pistols. They at once retreated to the village in hot haste, and Frank and Jesse, as if mad for mischief and heedless of peril, returned also. A regular fusilade ensued. Bullets rained upon them to their heart's content; they left two greasers dead upon the plaza as relics of their visit, and then passed on. That night, as they crossed a stream swollen by the rains of Spring, they were surprised by ten brigands in ambush on the opposite side of the bank. Fire was opened, and Jesse received a small wound in the left shoulder. This incited their anger, and the brothers charged into their hiding-place, and everyone fled, save one who lay stark and dead that night, a victim to his own folly and the sure aim of Frank James.

In the course of their wanderings they came to Monclova, a large town in Coahuila; and here, to their surprise, they met one of their old companions

of the guerrilla days. He had turned after Quantrell's death to peaceful pursuits, and having become enamored of the bright piercing eyes of a Mexican girl, he had married and settled down to a quiet, happy life. But the sight of the James boys, and the sound of their voices, woke up a thousand pleasant memories. They talked of the old times, and sang the old songs, and fought the old battles over again, till the Mexican bride was alarmed to think how desperate a man she had married.

Now, it seems the one essential proof of Mexican kindness is to honor your friend who visits you with a fandango. Frank and Jesse nothing loth, on the promise that the grace and beauty of Monclova should adorn the scene, accepted the honor. The night came, and with the night the fandango. All was bright and gay and festive. Music discoursed its sweetest strains,

> "And bright the lamps shone
> O'er fair women and brave men."

The honored guests were summering in beauty's smiles, the host was charmed that all went so well, and the gentle hostess beamed and smiled complacently around. Indeed you might have thought you were on Fifth avenue, New York, or in some palatial mansion in Chicago rather than away on the Mexican border. All went well for a time, till the quick eye of Jesse thought he discovered a furtive glance in the eyes of two of the guests. A young lieutenant of the Mexican army and an American gentlemen from Matehuala were among the guests.

They were conversing in low tones and looked, as Jesse thought, strangely at Frank and himself. Frank was making love to a fair senorita, when Jesse called his attention to these signs of mischief. But Frank thought Jesse was making the best use of his imagination. Jesse began to think he had seen both these men before, and when after a little while this mysterious pair departed, he became more and more convinced that danger was brewing. And forewarned forearmed he advised Frank to be on the alert. He was not mistaken, these gentlemen both knew Frank and Jesse. Both men owed the boys a grudge, for one had lost a brother at their hands in 1865, and the other a friend not more than a year ago. Again, there was still an offer of fifty thousand dollars for their heads from the American auhorities. Captain Macy still held Governor Pillsbury's offer good of one thousand dollars each for the capture of the bandits. There was money to be made, and fame and honor. So the authorities were at once addressed and in the dead of the night a muster was ordered and a detachment of some eighty was at once brought to the fandango. The place was thoroughly surrounded. When the festivities were at their gayest the doors were unceremoniously thrown open and a stately officer strode into the room, followed by a military guard.

A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The men were astounded, the ladies were panic-stricken. The only calm people at the fandango were the two

most concerned. The dancing ceased and the astonished musicians gazed on in utter amaze.

"Vat ish all dot, anyhow?" asked a musical German who hugged his violin as though it were his only child. Perhaps it was.

The officer marched up to Frank and Jesse and in the name of the Mexican Government, demanded their surrender. The brothers laughed derisively in the faces of the officers.

"Will you surrender peacefully?" he asked.

"Never!" was Frank's calm reply.

With that the officer motioned to his guards to move up.

"Stop!" It was Jesse's voice of command. The officer waved the guards to halt.

"We have a proposition to submit. Will you hear it?"

"If it means surrender, yes," replied the officer.

"It is this:" pursued Jesse, not appearing to notice the purport of the officer's reply, "allow these ladies here to retire, and we will discuss the question with you."

"I shall be compelled to take you by force," said the officer.

"Let the ladies retire, I say!" exclaimed Jesse James in a tone that betrayed his impatience.

The officer intimated that opposition was really useless. The house was surrounded. Yet he mortally hated to begin an affray in the presence of the ladies who were excited enough already. And probably if matters had gone to immediate issue would

have flung themselves a fair bulwark of defense before the young American gentlemen, who had been so "awfully nice" all the eveniug, and who were now being so shamefully ill-used.

"Let the ladies retire!" repeated Jesse, as though he were commanding officer.

The ball-room was soon cleared of the fair ones.

"Now," said the officer, "lay down your pistols. I have an ample guard to enforce these orders. The house is surrounded; you cannot get away."

Before the sentence was well out of his mouth the officer lay dead at Jesse's feet, with a bullet lodged in his proud heart.

Quick as thought the guard started forward unable to realize that their leader was dead.

One, two, three! Sharp, short, and quick. A deafening report, three wiffs of smoke and three soldiers lying in pools of blood that flow from the fountains of their own hearts.

It was an awful sight! Were these men demons instead of men? All the evening they had been polite and gentle and bland. And now in two minutes four men lay dead at their feet, and they looked as if every man who thwarted them must suffer a like fate.

The guard became demoralized and fled. The boys now rushed for the street, the soldiers guarding the house fired, but they fired aimlessly in their wild confusion. And Frank and Jesse only received a few scratches.

In a little while the whole town was mad with

excitement, and the wildest stories got abroad. All the ladies at the fandango had been remorselessly butchered by hireling murderers, the soldiers were all shot, and the work of massacre was going on. The wild stories grew and grew. The streets soon surged with a most excited crowd. The fire bells rung, the alarm drums beat at the barracks, the whole of the soldiery formed in line and marched to the scene of the disaster. Men, women, and children made the night hideous with their screams. The darkness was dense and favored the fugitives. Frank and Jesse reached their horses and while Monclova was hunting them about the region of the place of blood, they were

"Over the hills and far away!"

And for some time, Frank and Jesse kept their abode in the mountains, and it was not till all was over and almost forgotten that they ventured to turn their faces from the scene of blood. Not that for one moment they held themselves culpable of any wrong. It was defensive warfare, and all is fair in love and war.

And, indeed, not a few felt some sort of sympathy with the robber boys. They felt sorry for the death of the soldiers, and concerning the chief officer, who was foremost in his desire for the arrest, they felt much as Hamlet felt concerning old Polonius—

"Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger."

The fair senoritas of Monclova were most enthusiastic in denunciation of the military.

"Gentlemen and soldiers indeed! A little more of the gentleman would'nt have harmed them! They ought to have known a little better than accept the hospitality of a gentleman and then turn his fandango into an opportunity of miserable arrest. And as for courage! Well, the two young American gentlemen—and *they were* gentlemen—had proved themselves as courageous as your soldiers were though they did not wear soldier's clothes."

And so the fair ones babbled on. "They were just delighted, that the poor boys had escaped, so they were."

And so Frank and Jesse dug four graves in Monclova. Though it must be admitted they did not invite the fray.

CHAPTER XXXV.

STILL IN MEXICO.

BORDER CATTLE THIEVES—FRANK AND JESSE RAID PALACIO'S BAND—A DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE—"I'VE GIVEN THE VULTURES WORK FOR TO-NIGHT."

Juan Fernando Palacio had won the fame of being the most blood-thirsty and relentless, of all that vile robber brood that infested the Piedras Negras, Eagle pass and Meir, on the upper Rio Grande. The James brothers were now to test their prowess alongside this notorious free-booter and his bloody-minded followers. He was the captain and guide of thirty daring unscrupulous men. The valley of the Pecos, where Frank and Jesse were now residing, was rich in flocks and herds, and it was the sole ambition of Palacio to sweep these herds from the peaceful vale and utterly discomfit the "cow boys" as he and his followers disdainfully called the dwellers in the Pecos.

The time for the stampede was fixed and assisted by a murderer, who rejoiced in the name Jesus Al-

monte, an outlaw from all civilized society; Palacio proposed to carry away all the cattle, and if the cow-boys on the various ranches objected—well, cold lead and a short shrift. And the cold lead first. The stampede was complete. Three of the "cow boys" were killed but the herds were marched to the banks of the Rio Grande. Two days afterwards Frank and Jesse heard of this from one of the sorely distressed herdsmen. It so happened that Frank and Jesse had possessions in the valley and their flocks had been carried off by the murdering Mexicans. And of all men they were not the men to sit down and be robbed in silence. Their plans were soon formed. Prompt action was needed now. It was in October. Frank and Jesse soon got on Palacio's trail. They came to El Paso, all was silent though the robbers had driven through the village. Palacio and Almonte came to camp in the mountains. They felt themselves quite secure and so fell asleep in fancied safety. But they had but little sleeping time. They were suddenly aroused by reports from the avenging pistols of the James boys. Shot after shot was fired dealing death at every discharge. Roused from the midst of a fitful sleep the robbers were dazed and bewildered and thought they were surrounded by a huge company of avengers, and so they fled as fast as their weary legs could carry them, giving themselves no time, for they were in no mood to examine the state of things. Ten of these robbers lay dead, and the rest terror-striken had hurried away in wild confusion to the shelter of the hills. The leaders

Palacio and Almonte were not with the camp when Frank and Jesse made their murderous onslaught. When the tidings reached them they of course imagined what the rest of the thirty thought, that there must be a company of avengers; or "Grino Diablas" as they called them, from the Pecos Vale. When they came to understand that this successful raid had been carried on by two men only, they were furious; and swore by all their gods to be avenged. The whole troop of the twenty-five were on the trail of the brothers to re-capture the cattle and strike death to the hearts of the graceless two who had wrought them such humiliation, and dessimated their band.

At last they came in sight of the great crowding herds of cattle and there were only these two men to deal with. Who would now give a pin's worth for the chances of either of the boys? And yet we have seen how again and again when their peril was the direst, they were the calmest. And so often have they rode straight up to the very jaws of death and return scaithless, that they at least must not be buried even in our thought till they are quite dead. The boys had one advantage, they carried with them long range sixteen shot Winchester rifles. Five of the Mexicans, dead shots all of them, were detailed to finish these "impudent American devils!"

The boys had fastened themselves to their saddles, held their reins between their teeth, and dashed out to meet the furious fire. Their long range rifles saved them, each picked his man and in a moment two saddles were empty and two Mexicans fell dead.

The astonished three turned to flee away. But it was too late! Two more fell victims to the long range, and only one was left to go back and tell the story of their defeat.

So far they had been remarkably successful. But an imperfect success is worse sometimes than direct defeat. There must be twenty of that band not far away, and Jesse did not feel that the shouting time had come, they were still in the wood. So he quietly observed to Frank:

"I'll ride to that swell over on the left to see what those other devils are doing."

Arrived on the crest of the hill he saw fifteen of these greasers coming up the hill. They were four hundred yards away, but Jesse's trusted long range Winchester did splendid service. One after another the Mexicans fell, till by the time Frank came up, four of the leaders and one of their mustangs lay dead, and the rest of the company had beat a retreat. As Frank reached the brow of the hill, Jesse said:

"Well, I've prepared a feast for the vultures over yonder."

"How many are down?" asked Frank.

"Oh, only four men and one horse," he answered, with a grim sort of smile.

And the rest of the valiant Mexican host were galloping away for dear life. But if they should return for a night attack! There was the true danger. For Mexicans may be human all the day, but they are devils at night! Frank and Jesse were in serious council when their attention was attracted

to the westward, where some objects were seen.

"See," said Frank, "away there on that ridge whose top the sun is gliding! Are those moving objects men on horseback, or a herd of buffaloes? What do you think?"

They raised their glasses and looked with patient care.

"They are mounted men," said Jesse.

"Texans, Mexicans, Lipans or Commanches? Which do you say?" asked Frank.

Jesse looked awhile — the cavalcade, whatever it was, was two miles away — at last he broke forth:

"Soldiers, and Federal soldiers at that! — by Jehovah! Frank, my boy, I've seen the time when I would n't like to have met such a crowd! But times are changed, we 've been robbed, shamefully robbed, have n't we old man?"

It did not take a minute's consultation to determine the course to be taken. Jesse rode forward, sure that this was a troop of McKenzie's soldiers out in search of Palacio's band, and informed the leader of the troop, of the scandalous conduct of the greasers. At sight of this the remnant of the band fled, with McKenzie's soldiers in hot pursuit.

The boys were left in undisputed charge of the cattle, which they drove back to the Pecos Valley. Jesse singing as he went along —

"Wide is our home, boys,
Freely we roam, boys,
Merrily, merrily, o'er the brown lea;
Brief though our life, boys,
With peril rife, boys,
Oh! it has wildness, and rapture and glee."

ALICE GORDON RESCUED BY JESSE JAMES

CHAPTER XXXVI

ANOTHER ROMANCE OF THE PECOS VALLEY.

MEXICAN ROBBERS—THE FAIR ALICE GORDON—ON TH OTHER SIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE!—THE DEATH OF BUSTENADO—ALICE GORDON RESCUED!

"Panama's maid may well look pale
When Risingham inspires the tale,
And Chile's matrons long shall tame
The wayward child with Bertram's name."

It has already been hinted that Frank and Jes James were winning quite a fair reputation in t Pecos valley. They were enterprising traders a graizers in the eyes of their neighbors, and not o of them would have dreamed that such inoffensi young men could ever have perpetrated such w deeds as these pages record. They had acquir considerable property in the Pecos valley, whi was well kept in charge. Their frequent and p longed absence from home created not the small surprise. It was common enough in that regi where life was as restless as it was primitive, men to wander widely from their homes. Abo all things, their fine blood horses were the admi tion of the whole region.

On one occasion, after a prolonged absence, Frank and Jesse found on their return home that a brood of Mexican cattle robbers, under the lead of the infamous Bustenado, had crossed the Rio Grande and made a night raid among the herdsmen. The raid had been swift and well managed, and Bustenado and his tribe were fast making for the other side of the river.

A special element in this raid, that made it doubly atrocious, and just such a raid as the James' would feel they were called of Heaven to avenge, was the fact that the bold robbers had carried away the fair Alice Gordon, the pride and beauty of the vale.

Gordon, the father of the captured girl, was a Scotchman over seventy years of age, who had been overwhelmed by misfortune in the East, had become misanthropic, and who had sought relief from his troubles in the comparative solitude of the great plains where there was almost no society and where nature alone could charm him to something of contentment. His daughter Alice, a beautiful young lady of many accomplishments and of strong will, accompanied him. To the few rude men who sometimes sought the hospitality of Gordon, she was the embodiment ot all the grace and beauty their imagination could picture, and there was none who would not ride and fight in her behalf without an instant's delay.

There was one and only one redeeming feature in this case. The robbers had not borne her captive alone, for they had taken also a most devoted and

attached negro servant, Joe. Joe worshipped the beautiful Alice, and would readily have died for her. Little harm would come to Alice while Joe was near at hand. What their ultimate purpose was in capturing Alice it was hard to tell. She was captured and borne away from her home. That was the first practical fact. The next was, that she was to be rescued, and Frank and Jesse leapt to that task of rescue, as gallantly as the knights of old entered the lists for the ladies they loved.

On the morning of the third day's march Frank and Jesse came upon the objects of their search. They determined on an immediate attack. No waiting for the night. No waiting a moment longer than to take in the whole situation, and act with caution as well as promptitude. They were so to act as not to endanger the life of Alice, and yet to bring swift vengeance to the mean and dastardly Bustenado.

The robbers were eating breakfast when first the boys espied them. They were evidently enjoying themselves, laughing merrily over their exploits. The cattle were slaking their thirst at a neighboring spring. At a little distance from the rest Alice Gordon, wearied, sad and heart-broken, was sitting apart, her faithful attendant, the sable Joe, vainly imploring her to eat. The company of the Mexicans was composed of thirty well practiced robbers. The James boys only mustered six to follow their lead, but what had they not done with as small a number in the years that were gone? The

command was given into the hands of Jesse. The little company of avengers had approached within sight. They were ready with their reins between their teeth, a loaded Colt's revolver in each hand. They only waited the word of command. At last it came. A wild yell from Jesse, and the eight sprang upon the unprepared greasers, and before the first awful fire of Jesse and his clan, half the Mexicans were killed. The rest, horrified, fled to regain their horses and decamp. The miserable Bustenado led the retreat, and as he gained his horse, with mean and dastard spirit he fired a parting shot aimed at Alice Gordon, who had fainted. His aim happily missed its mark. But Jesse, quick as thought, sent a bullet between his shoulders, and he fell upon his horses neck, as dead as a bag of sand. Not more than six of the company escaped, and they had the sad work to tell how the weird Americans had strewn the banks of the Rio Grande with the forms of some of the bravest sons of Mexico.

The cattle were turned homeward, and the rescued Alice Gordon sat upon her horse as gay as a queen, and headed the procession back to the vale of Pecos, where Frank and Jesse James are thought of to this day as brave, heroic men.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ROBBERY AT BIG SPRINGS.

THE CAMPERS AT OGALLALA—$100,000 HAUL!—JIM BERRY AND THE BANDANAS—WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN?

The scene changes once more. We are back from the land of the Pampas and the Aztecs and once more within the range of comparative civilization. Big Springs is the name of a railroad station about twenty-three miles west of Ogallala, between Keith and Cheyenne counties, Nebraska.

This quiet little spot unknown to any fame save the fine springs of water which gave it its name, was the scene of one of those remarkably successful train robberies with which the readers of these pages will by this time have grown familiar. This, indeed, was one of the greatest and most daring of all the robberies.

It occurred a little after nightfall on the 17th of September, 1877. The train came from the Pacific slope, and was known to contain considerable treasure, and beside the treasure in gold, the train had on

l a great crowd of very wealthy passengers.
ıe ill-fated train pulled up at Big Springs, seven
with red bandana handkerchiefs over their
s and revolvers in their hands, came on board,
ing the passengers to be quiet if they valued
lives.
e safe in the express car had $62,000 in gold be-
ng to Wells, Fargo & Co., this the robber-gang
ly appropriated. Then two men well armed
wed by a third who carried the ever-useful sack,
through the train and took from the affrighted
ngers all their possessions. Not a life was
ı, and only a few random shots were fired to
e the passengers that they meant business. It
d be impossible to compute the gains of that
raid, but they certainly could not fall far short
00,000. The night's work clearly done, the raid-
ode off to the plains and the train proceeded on
ıstward coarse through Bovale to Ogallala.
eat excitement prevailed and suspicion at
fell on a number of so-called "stockmen,"
were on their way from the pastures of the
ıe Star," with cattle for the Chicago market.
e stockmen had encamped near Ogallala and
been there two or three days prior to the raid of
'acific express. It transpired that this camping
consisted of an old guerrilla named Jim Berry
Missouri, Jack Davis of Fort Smith, Billy Hef-
e, and Sam Bass. A mystery has always hung
t the other two. One especially seems never to
been identified. He was often spoken of in

this connection as the "mysterious unknown."

Those red bandanas gave the clue to the robbers. Jim Berry had bought those bandanas in Leach's store in Ogallala. This man Leach had done a little in the amateur detective business, and was anxious to make money and a name, and finding a piece of one of the bandanas in the camp which the "stockmen" had deserted at Ogallala, and knowing the goods to exactly correspond with the piece in his store from which those were cut which were sold to Jim Berry, he could hardly help following up so palpable a clue. He followed stealthily upon the track of these "stockmen" and saw them on one occasion dividing the spoils, but that was not his time to strike. He was specially intent on securing Jim Berry, the Missourian, who was known among guerrillas as "the best man in Callaway County."

"The best man in Callaway" soon began to render his foes efficient service. He got to changing an unusual number of $20 gold pieces, wore very fine clothes, sported a fine gold watch and gave other manifest signs that he had made a great strike of some sort recently. Sheriff Glascock was urged by Leach to institute a thorough search for Berry. On Saturday evening, October 14th, 1877, he was caught in a wood by the sheriff. A sufficient guard was on the watch, and the sheriff gave this command:

"Boys, if you see him, halt him; if he shows fight, shoot him; if he runs, shoot him in the legs. Catch him, at all hazards."

The sheriff and his posse were lying in ambush

when Berry appeared, the sheriff fired but the shot went over the fugitive's head, but the next charge sent seven buck shots into Berry's left leg. The poor fellow brought thus to bay, begged that his foes would kill him outright. To this the sheriff gave no heed, but ordered that Berry be searched. His belt was found to contain five $500 packages of money, his pocket-book had in it $304 in all, $2,804 were found upon his person, besides jewelry. He was taken to a house not far away and a surgeon was sent for to attend to his wounds. Sheriff Glascock then went to the house of Berry. But Mrs. Berry knew nothing of her husband's movements or his whereabouts. She had not seen him for several days, thought perhaps he had left the country, was expecting to hear from him by every mail. The sheriff saw that Mrs. Barry was more than a match for him. He then pulled out the watch he had taken from the wounded man and asked her if she knew that, before she had time to reply the eldest girl cried out:

"Why, that's papa's watch!"

The whole story now dawned upon Mrs. Barry, that her husband was arrested. Her grief was uncontrolable. The sad wailings of the troubled wife and her five little girls and one boy were most pitiful. And yet in the midst of it all she paid a tribute to her husband's intrepid courage.

"And so you say Jim's taken!" said Mrs. Berry, looking sternly at the sheriff.

"Yes," said the officer, and he then detailed the

story of that Sunday morning's arrest to the wife.

"Well," said the brave woman, as if somewhat disappointed; "I never thought Jim would be taken alive, never!"

The house was searched but no valuables or money were found. Mrs. Berry at once hastened to the Ringo House, where her husband lay wounded and dying. The next day gangrene set in and for two days he suffered great torture; but his sorrows were cheered by the tender ministries of love. Mrs. Berry never left his side. On Tuesday evening Jim Berry, the "best man of Callaway," saw the sun set for the last time, the strange, stormy life came to a peaceful end; he breathed his last with his weary head pillowed on the aching heart of his devoted wife.

Of the seven men who robbed the train at Big Springs, four of them came to an untimely end in a very short space of time. But who was the mysterious unknown seventh? Was it Jesse James? Possibly! Probably! But this deponent sayeth not.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ANOTHER RAILWAY RAID.

ANOTHER RAILWAY RAID—THE SOLDIERS OF GLENDALE—THE WHOLE POPULATION OF GLENDALE IMPRISONED—THE NIGHT EXPRESS FROM ST. LOUIS—$30,000 HAUL! IN SEARCH FOR THE ROBBERS!—A PLOT TO MURDER JESSE!—GEORGE W. SHEPHERD FIRES THE SHOT.

Since the direful tragedy of Northfield, Frank and Jesse James had left the Western borders of Missouri unblessed by their presence. For three years as we have seen they pursued a devious way amid the great wilds of Texas, and on the banks of the Rio Grande. It was hoped that their exile would be permanent. For though they still had many friends in Missouri and Kentucky, still even these were disposed to think that for these States and for themselves it would be well if the James Boys transferred themselves permanently to some distant scene. Three years seems a long or short period under differing circumstances. It was, however,

quite long enough to give the Missourians ground to hope that now the reign of law and order was fully established in Missouri.

But in the Autumn days of 1879 this fond dream was utterly dispelled. When the newspapers of October the 8th announced far and wide that another of those terrible railway raids had successfully taken place, then it seemed as if the reign of law and order was to give place to the old reign of terror.

"Have you heard? Those merciless devils are back again, and busy at their old work!"

This was the common speech in the mouths of western border men in those bright October days of 1879.

Glendale is a lonely flag station in Lafayette County, Missouri and is on the Kansas City branch of the Chicago & Alton Railway. Its situation is most picturesque. The lofty dark hills, torn into clefts and glens and dales, no doubt suggested the name of Glendale. The whole region seemed to hint that a spare handful of Bonny Scotland had been cast on this far western scene.

Glendale, famous for its beauty and majestic surroundings, was not famous for an extensive population. There is the flag-station, a post-office and a general store connected with the post-office, but there is not so much as a blacksmith's shop, or a saloon. The male population of Glendale numbered six when the James boys took the census in October 1877. On the evening of the 7th of October in this

year of grace 1877 the whole of the male population except the station agent were sitting outside the post-office store.

"It's a fine night, Mr. Anderson," said one of the compan

"Deed it is," added the postmaster who being a Scotchman was sparing even of his speech.

"But there's a storm brewing I'm thinking" added a third, who little knew what allegorical truth there was in his prognostication.

At this point a stranger suddenly made his appearance and tapping the somewhat astonished postmaster on the shoulder, said:

"I want you."

"What do you want?" asked the postmaster.

The new arrival did not deign to answer the question, but quietly stepped away, and said·

"Here, boys."

In a minute—nay, a moment—half a dozen rough-looking men, muffled and masked, stood by his side, armed with huge pistols and wicked-looking knives. Their pistols they held cocked in their hands. Then the leader, in a harsh, grating voice, said:

"Now, take care, make tracks out of this!"

"Where are we to go?" asked the man who had just prophesied a storm.

"To the depot," was the brief answer. And so the little company filed off to the depot. There was Mr. McIntire the operator and agent, his venerable mother was in a room overhead and Mr. W. E. Bridges assistant auditor of the Chicago & Alton

line was taking tea with Mrs. McIntire in the room over the office.

The leader of the masked men, for there were twelve of them now at the door of the depot, sauntered lazily into the office and said:

"I want to send a message to Chicago."

"All right!" said Mr. McIntire. But before he was well aware, a heavy hand was laid on his arm and he was pulled back with the astonishing announcement.

"You are my prisoner."

In a moment the instrument was torn from its place and rendered utterly useless. The instrument was smashed.

"Now," said the leader, whose only mask was a long dark beard, "I want you to lower that green light!"

"But," said the agent, "the train will stop if I do."

"That's the alum! precisely what we want it to do, my buck, and the sooner you obey orders the better. I will give you a minute to lower the light," said the bearded leader, at the same time thrusting a cocked pistol to the face of the agent.

The operator could see the long, bright barrel of the pistol and yielded at discretion.

The order was obeyed with the reluctance with which a conscientious man puts his hand to such work, but the agent was powerless to resist, and he obeyed the order.

Before this was done he had been asked, "Anybody up stairs? Do you hear?" and he had answered

truthfully that his mother was there, and that the traveling auditor of the road and she were taking tea when he came down.

One of the robbers mounted the stairs and soon relieved Mr. Bridges of his money and a handsome gold watch. Mrs. McIntire was almost frantic with fears for her son's safety, but was assured that he should not be harmed if he did as he was told.

The robbers now concealed themselves and waited for the train which was now at hand.

At the moment of its arrival two of the masked robbers rushed to the cab of the locomotive and demanded the coal hammer.

"What do you want with it?" asked the engineer.

"Never do you mind! Hand it here quick or you'll never have use for a hammer again," was the response.

The hammer was yielded and soon was brought into requisition to break open the door of the express car which had been securely locked on the first faint gleam of danger by the messenger Mr. William Grimes. The faithful custodian of the express treasures had formed the plan of hiding the gold or escaping with it. He took most of the money out of the safe and hastely deposited it in a satchel which he carried with him. He swung the safe door too and was making for the further door of exit.

He was one moment to late! The robbers confronted him.

"Here you!" said one of them "give me the key of that d—d safe and quick!"

"I will not" said Grimes "take it if you want too!"

In a moment the faithful Grimes lay senseless on the floor from a blow from the butt end of a revolver. The safe was ransacked, the money in the satchel was taken and other valuables. The train had waited ten minutes at Glendale, but *not* for refreshments! During that brief space the sum of $35,000 to $40,000 had been stolen. The train was then ordered to proceed. The prisoners were released from the station house.

Before leaving, the leader of the gang gave Mr. Bridges a dispatch to send to the Kansas City *Journal* from the next station. It was dated Blue Springs, Missouri, and read: "We are the boys who are hard to handle, and we will make it hot for the boys who try to take us." The dispatch was signed with the names of Frank and Jesse James, Jack Bishop, Jim Connors, Cool Carter and three others.

What the worth of that dispatch is it is hard to tell, but there is no moral doubt but that both Frank and Jesse James were engaged in this raid. Again and again it has been shown in these pages that where Frank was excellent in planning, Jesse was equally excellent in execution. No team of horses ever ran together in harness with more perfect harmony than Frank and Jesse ran together in their wild career of crime.

In this last work against peace and order, the black-bearded leader of the Glendale fray can hardly have been any other than Frank James.

Major James Liggett, of Kansas City, now set to work to discover the robbers. But cool of brain and brave of heart and most patient in the execution of every purpose, he set himself a task that was not easy of performance. In setting out to hunt the Jameses down he sat himself

"A derned long row to hoe."

The major saw no way of accomplishing his purpose by straightforward means, so he resolved to employ stratagem. George W. Shepherd, who had had a most checquered career, who belonged to the old guerrilla band in the days of Quantrell, who had been captured, sentenced to a term in the penitentiary, and had served that term and came out to find his trusty spouse had during his "durance vile" taken advantage of the divorce act, and was now the lawful wife of another. This shock and blow to Shepherd's constant affections turned the tide of his life. He had promised the parson in the penitentiary that as soon as ever he was released he would begin a new course of life. All convicts do this, and probably George W. Shepherd meant to do so, just as seriously as all other convicts do.

But when he found himself so basely deserted by the wife of his bosom, saw all the hopes and dreams of his long prison years thus rudely cast aside, he gave up all faith in woman's constancy, all trust in goodness, human and divine, and flinging the reins to the horses he sang,

'Hey, lads; hey!
The devil take the hindermost."

For a good long time Shepherd was associated with the James boys, and more particularly with Jesse. It was through Shepherd that Major Ligget hoped to reach his prize. It would appear from all that can be gathered that Jesse, while in a general way he trusted Shepherd, still had misgivings more than once that if circumstances were more favorable to himself than to his comrades, he would look well to himself and leave his comrades to take care for themselves, but Jesse never thought Shepherd base enough for absolute betrayal.

Another element must be considered in this story. Shepherd had a nephew named Flannery, whose body was found murdered, and he was then robbed of $1000 in hard cash. Shepherd always charged this murder at the door of Jesse James and Jim Anderson. So there was in his mind a grudge against both Jesse and Jim Anderson.

It will be seen that Shepherd held an attitude toward Jesse that made him a ready tool in Leggit's hands. Shepherd had been working at a dry goods store. Leggit's plan was that Shepherd was to find out Jesse, tell him that it was no use trying to walk straight, the detectives were always shadowing him. He was to show bogus newspaper clippings to that effect, tell Jesse that he wanted to come back and join him, and then, at a convenient time, betray Jesse to his employers. Shepherd was to be provided with a horse and $50 a month till the job was done, and then the great rewards were to be divided.

That Shepherd killed Jim Anderson to be avenged of the death of his nephew is probably true. He took him to a lonely spot, accused him of a share in the murder and robbery, and gained a sort of half admission of the truth of the charge. He then drew instantly a keen polished blade, and swift as revenge he cut the throat of his quondam companion, and nearly tore his head from his body.

That Shepherd shot Jesse James too is also true. Jesse, we are told, fell from his horse, and Shepherd believing he had killed him, fled. But Jesse was not killed, as we shall see. This strange affray came off at Short Creek. Shepherd called out to Jesse, "D——n you, Jesse James, thirteen years ago you killed my nephew Frank," and with that he wheeled round and fired. And when, as he thought, the redoubtable Jesse was dead, he dashed away to parts unknown.

But Jesse was not mortally wounded, though the wound was an ugly one, and threatened to be fatal. For a long time Mrs. Samuels, Jesse's mother, believed him dead, or affected to believe so to put people off his track, which is much more probable.

This shooting took place in 1879. In April of last year—1880—a very large immigration convention took place in St. Louis. Jesse James—under another name of course—was a guest at the Lindell hotel. He enjoyed the best with the best. He was dressed in a dark suit and wore a soft felt hat. He was known and recognized by many old friends, though he maintained during his stay in St Louis the ut-

most reticence regarding himself and his comrades.

Jesse James is still a free rover! His shrewdness is unexampled, his resources are unlimited. What his future will be, who can tell?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE STAGES.

THE LAST OF THE STAGE ROBBERIES—THE SOLITARY LADY — CATALOGUE OF THE SWAG!—"GIVE MY LOVE TO THE GIRLS!"

The last daring feat of the highwaymanship attributed to the James brothers took place in September, 1880, after the following fashion:

The Mammoth Cave is the giant sight of Kentucky. Thousands on thousands flock year by year to gaze upon its mysteries and marvels. If less majestic it is not less wonderful than the world-renowned Falls of Niagara.

In the fall of the year tourists and pilgrims from all lands visit this famous scene. And as they are generally wealthy people who come they are supposed to carry about with them, as a rule, the "wherewithal" so necessary for the sight-seer in these regions. If they would see what is to be seen, they must heed Iago's advice to Roderigo:—

'Put money in thy purse."

The well-lined corpulent pocket-books of these

tourists have often proved a sore temptation to the robbers who sometimes infest that neighborhood.

One of the favorite routes to the cave is by the Louisville and Nashville railroad, to Cave City, and thence by the Concord stage to the cave, a run of some eight or ten miles. About half way between Cave City and the cave there is a dense wood, serving as an exquisite shade in the heat of the day, but as the shadows of evening fall, the whole region looks sombre and gloomy.

It was a little after 6 o'clock on Friday evening, September 3rd, 1880, that the Concord Cave-coach came rumbling along, carrying seven gentlemen and one lady. The coach had got well under the gloomy shadow of the wood, when the driver descried faintly two horsemen in the distance, he took little notice of them till they got nearer, the younger of the two suddenly cried: "Halt!"

And with that, presented a pair of revolvers at the driver's head and covered the whole stage. The driver pulled up and was ordered to the door of his coach. He saw at once whom he had to deal with. And by their peremptory manner as much as by their personal appearance, he knew the strangers to be Frank James and one of his gang, and begged his passengers, if they valued their lives, to yield to the highway men without a moment's resistance; arguing with an irresistible logic:

"You see, they'll have your money, anyhow, and if you bother 'em they'll have your life as well as your money."

"Come out of the stage, please," said the rider who had first commanded the halt.

The order took the shape of the most polite request. The passengers looked through the open windows and saw the muzzles of two pair of revolvers, commanding the whole line of the stage. The passengers needed no further argument. Mr. R. S. Rountree, of the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, was wide awake to the importance of the hour, and managed to slip his gold watch and pocket-book under the cushion as he rose to leave the stage. Miss Rountree, daughter of the Hon. R. Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., the only lady on board, was permitted to retain her seat. After the passengers were out and stood in single file, Frank James tossed his rein to his companion, who covered the whole line with his pistols, and then proceeded to search their pockets, while they were charged to hold up their hands and keep them up. There seems not to have been the first thought of resistance. How successful the raid was may be gathered from the following detailed

CATALOGUE OF THE SWAG.

The cash:—

J. E. Craig, Jr., Lawrenceville, Ga	$670
Hon. R. H. Rountree, Lebanon	55
S. W. Shelton, Calhoun, Pa	50
S. H. Frohlichstein, Mobile	23
G. M. Parsley, Pittsburg	33
G. W. Welsh. "	5
Total	$936

Beside this they bagged about $200 worth of jewelry. When they were through with their examination and robbery, they generously returned the railway passes and tickets that were no manner of use in the world to them. Then with the utmost nonchalance they proceeded to explain that they were not robbers! Oh! dear, no, nothing so vulgar! They were only moonshiners who were unduly pressed by an unreasonable Government, were compelled to leave the country, and of course they could not go without money. And, therefore, though much against their principles, they were compelled to levy toll after this fashion. They were extremely sorry if they had given any undue annoyance. It might be some consolation to know that they had taken toll from the out-going coach that very afternoon, and Mr. George Crogham, one of the owners of the celebrated cave, had contributed the handsum of $700.

Turning to Mr. Craig, of Georgia, Frank said he hated worse than anything to take his money, for in the late war he had fought in a Georgia regiment himself, but then he had no option.

"You know, my dear sir," said Frank, with a smile, "Needs must when the devil drives."

Turning to the only lady of the party the impertinent robber enquired her name.

"Miss Rountree, of Lebanon," said the lady, scarcely able to hide her disgust.

"Indeed!" said Frank, his face quite lighting up with a smile, "why then you'll probably know some

friends of mine. I have some very dear friends in Lebanon. Do you happen to know the Misses Smithers who live there?"

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Miss Rountree.

"Dear me," added Frank, "what a coincidence! Nice girls the Smithers' girls, ain't they? Real jolly girls! No nonsense, you know, but real out and outers! I wish you'd give my love to them when you see them. Tell them not to be afraid, I'll make all this right."

By this time the passengers were again in the stage and Frank ordered the driver to drive on, and as the old stage rumbled along he shouted a farewell request to Miss Rountree:

"Be sure and give my love to the girls!"

The old coach rumbled on to the great Mammoth Cave, its occupants were sad and morose and gloomy, their lightness of pocket accounting for their heaviness of heart.

But Frank James and James Cummings, heavy of pocket and light of heart, rode off in another direction.

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST DARK DEEDS OF THE JAMES GANG.

MORE ROBBERY AND BLOOD SHED—WILLIAM WESTFALL AND J. MCMILLAN THE LAST VICTIMS OF THE BLOODY CONFEDERATION—THE DEMORALIZED PASSENGERS.

After a period of comparative peace the old battle-field of the James and Younger brothers rings again the tocsin of alarm, another of those atrocious exploits that stain the pages of modern civilization and bring the blush of shame to every humane cheek.

America from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate and from the mountains to the sea, was in the throes of a great sorrow! In the midst of general and wide spread prosperity, when all went merry as a marriage-bell; the whole land was suddenly convulsed with a great horror at the dastardly attempt of a blood-thirsty assassin—in the person of Charles Jules Guiteau—to take the life of General James A. Garfield, President of the United States. On the second of July in the very heart of the smiling summer, this would be murderer, fired three shots at the unoffending Head of the Nation. The assassin giving

this reason for his shameful deed, that the death of the President was necessary for the good of the Republican cause. Those shots resounded through the length and breadth of the great Republic. And the pages of history have no record to paralell the great agony of grief that America and subsequently the whole civilized world felt and manifested for her smitten wounded chief. Day by day and hour by hour the bulletins were waited and watched for with most intense anxiety. And just as relief came in the approaching convalesence of the illustrious sufferer; the ear and heart of Western America was startled and alarmed by the record of another of those murderers frays that were so common on the Western border line of Missouri years ago.

On a peaceful summer night, Friday July 15th 1881, the desperate attack took place; the tidings swept along the telegraph lines ; and early the next morning the world was startled by the intelligence of the latest exploits of this bloody confederation. And once again the questions are being asked why cannot this wild band of men be suppressed? Are the laws of Missouri inadequate to meet the case? Or being equal to such emergences, do the proper authorities tremble at the task of putting them into operation? Is Missouri or its western border to be the undisputed scene of wholesale plunder and cruel murder? The recent developements in a district of Ontario, Canada, in which religious factions and family fueds led to the notorious Biddulph murders, are bad enough in all conscience, but they are noth-

ing compared to the twenty years of a reign of terror during which the Youngers and the Jameses have ruled; the red-handed murderous tyrants of Kansas and Missouri. The leading journals of the west are asking why the peaceful, law-abiding inhabitants of these regions do not rise and put an end to this state of things. They do not openly propose a vigilance committee, nor do they in as many words recommend a trial of the methods of Judge Lynch. But it is clear that the *modus operandi* would not greatly distress them, so long as this murderous James gang was once swept from the face of the earth.

On Friday evening, July 15th, 1881, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific train left Kansas City, with its usual complement of passengers, but with a lighter treasure than usual, both in freight and bullion. Indeed there was not more than $2,000 of express money and a few bars of silver, which latter form no strong temptation to robbers, being too heavy for rapid transit. The express agent in charge was Mr. C. H. Murray, whose brave conduct so impressed the robber-gang that they thought a fellow with such grit and pluck was worthy to be spared. And it is to be hoped that his courage will not be altogether overlooked by the company he serves.

The conductor of the train, William Westfall, who fell a victim in the fray; shot dead without time for a dying word, his blood and brains scattered all along the smoking car and on the platform in front, was an old and widely respected conductor on the line. An opinion is somewhat current, that one

of the motives of the onslaught, if not the chief motive, was vengeance on Westfall. It is reported that Westfall was a conductor on the Hannibal & St. Joe line some years ago, when the James brothers attacked and robbed a train, and that, when the Pinkerton agents went in vain pursuit of the thieves, Westfall was conductor of the train and acted in the capacity of guide to the Pinkerton clan. Some years ago a half brother of the James brothers was killed in a melee and a bombshell was thrown into the house of Mrs. Samuels, the mother of these men. It is believed that Westfall was concerned in both these acts of rough retribution, and that therefore, the James brothers cherished towards him the bitterest spirit of revenge. And as the old crusader had wrought upon his shield—"I bide my time;" so these border scoundrels waited for a convenient season for their revenge. However this may be, and whatever their motive was, the gang did their work most effectively.

The train left Kansas City on time on the memorable Friday night, and all went well till it reached Cameron, at which spot a number of the notorious gang boarded the train. At the next station east, Winston, the remaining members of the robber brood entered the train. It was now dark, and the train had not gone far out of Winston when the muderous work began. The bell connecting with the engine was pulled, presumably by some affrighted passenger; the fireman guessing something was wrong, said to the engineer, "give her hell."

The engineer suddenly turning round became aware of two masked men with drawn revolvers, seeming as though they were rising right off the coals glaring like fiends, one of whom said, in hoarse, commanding tones, "go on, you —— —— ——," and he instantly pulled the throttle clean out of the valve, put out the light, and escaped almost miraculously through a rain of pistol shots. He and the fireman hung on to the cowcatcher for awhile and then escaped to the woods. Meantime a dreadful work was going on in the cars. William Westfall, the conductor, was collecting tickets, when a masked man, —undoubtedly the leader of the gang, Frank James —dressed in a linen duster and wearing a straw hat, followed by two others, came into the car, muttering something to the effect of, "You are my prisoner, you are the man I want," without time for a moment's reply, the quick, sharp crack of the revolver was heard and the conductor was shot. Westfall reeled against the seat and attempted to go out of the rear door of the car. But all in vain. Shot followed shot, and where the bullets struck, blood oozed forth from the crimson fountains. Westfall fell dead without a word, on the platform, and as the train was now slackening its pace his lifeless body rolled to the ground. Poor McMillan, a stone mason, in the employ of the company, coming to the door of the smoking car, was shot instantly dead by one of the stray shots. A scene of indescribable tumult followed. The masked robbers went through the cars firing their revolvers through

the roof and threatening, with instant death any who should dare to stir. The panic of suspense was awful. Big stout men crawled to the floor and tried to get under the seats. Others tried to hide in the Pullman car, where one devout old lady was heard amid all the tumult praying aloud, that the good Lord would turn the hearts of these wicked men, and spare the lives of the passengers.

For the most part the women were much more courageous than the men. The latter hiding their valuables in all conceivable places; utilizing the water-cooler, the spittoons and their boots as secret hiding places for jewelry, watches and pocket-books. While others held up their valuables as a sacrifice to appease the avarice of these miserable ghouls. One poor wretch scared well-nigh to death, notwithstanding he was armed, pulled out his revolver and laying it on the window-sill, saying: "Here, anybody can have this, I don't want it." One passenger in the Pullman car took the precaution to hide all his money in one of the pillows, which, perhaps, was the safest and wisest place under the circumstances. The prevailing idea was that the robbers were going through the train to plunder and murder every passenger if need be. But this was not their purpose. To keep the passengers terror-stricken for a little time was all they wanted of them. But the real work of the robbers was going on in the baggage car, where the valuables of the express company are always kept.

The night was very warm—it was mid-July—the

baggage van was in charge of messenger C. H. Murray, and baggage-man Stampes; and they had the door of the car partly open for the sake of ventilation. When the train so suddenly stopped Stampes was going to the door to see what was the matter, but he was suddenly grabbed by the legs by one of four masked men who said in a savage tone of voice:

"Come out, you —— of a ——, come out!"

With this Stampes was dragged to the ground and told that if he moved an inch or spoke a word, he would be shot instantly dead.

Holding Stampes thus in guard the robbers next sought for Murray, the expressman in charge. He had for a moment hidden behind some trunks. They rushed for the door, but he had managed to slam it to and bar it. Then they began firing at the door. Twelve bullets were subsequently found in the door. One went through the door and grazed Murray's shoulder. Enraged at this delay they by the means of an ax burst open the door, yelling: "Where is that —— —— —— —— ——?"

At this Murray rose from among the trunks, and said:

"Here I am, what do you want?"

He was grabbed, whirled round two or three times, then struck with the butt end of a pistol and the key of the safe was of course demanded without a moment's delay.

Murray says that during their search of the safe, one of the robbers held two pistols within an inch of

his nose and his right temple and never for one moment took his awful eye off him.

The leader of the gang then pulled out a sack and put all the money he could find into it, asking the guarded Murray how much money there was. Murray said he did'nt know.

"Then you ought to know," said the leader. "What the devil do you do here in charge, without knowing? Come, now, be quick! I want all you have, every cent! And if you give me any more trouble, I'll kill you, by God!"

Murray said, "You've got everything but those silver bricks."

"Oh, d——n your silver bricks," was the rejoinder. "You might as well give up. We have killed your conductor and engineer, and we are going to kill you, so get down on your knees. There are twelve men in this gang, and we've got full possession of the train.

But Murray had no more to give them, and so having soundly abused him and struck him again with the revolver, they left the cars.

It was no part of their purpose to rob the passengers. They were not of the wealthy sort; and beside the time wasted in going through a whole train, except under very special circumstances largely enhances the danger. So having secured all the safe contained, they escaped to the woods where they left their horses.

They only secured $2,000 by this raid, and that divided among seven would not be a large fortune for each.

CHAPTER XLI.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LAST RAILWAY ROBBERY.

TESTIMONY OF EYE WITNESSES—WERE FRANK AND JESSE JAMES AT THE HEAD?—OPINIONS OF SHERIFF CROSBY AND BILLY PINKERTON—MR. HANKEL OF CHICAGO AND MAJOR SCOTT ANTHONY OF DENVER INTERVIEWED.

The first tidings of the robbery led to the impression that of course the James boys were in this last outrage. The whole affair bore their private trademark. But further evidence leaves no other conclusion possible, or at least reasonable.

Marcus A. Lowe, attorney of the railroad and Sheriff Brown Crosby of Daviess County declare unhesitatingly that they have every sound reason for giving the following as the list of the robbers:

Jesse and Frank James, Pope Wells, Jim Cummings, Parmer, a brother-in-law of the James boys, Miller, a brother of L. Miller, who was killed in Minnesota, and a young Samuels, a step-brother of the James brothers.

On the evening of the 16th July, forty-eight hours after the robbery the following letter was found on Dog Creek bridge, but a short distance from the spot where the robbers left the train and took to their horses.

KANSAS CITY, July 12, 1881.—CHARLEY: I got your letter to-day, and was glad to hear you had got everything ready in the time for the 15th. We will be on hand at the time. Bill will be with me. We will be on the train. Don't fear. We will be in the smoker at Winston. Have the horses and boys in good fix for the feast. We will make this joust on the night of the 16th inst. All is right here. Frank will meet us at Cameron. Look sharp and be well fixed. Have the horses well gaunted. We may have some riding to do sometime. Don't get excited, but keep cool till the right time. Willco (evidently meant for Wilcott) will be on the engine. I think it best to send this to Kidder. Yours till and through death. ALECK.

Mr. William Pinkerton of the great Chicago Detective Department says:—

"The work was undoubtedly done by Jesse and Frank James, who are the only survivors of the famous James and Younger gang, the remainder being dead or in the Penitentiary. Jesse James lives in Clay County, Missouri, and he can gather a party to rob a train in Clay County in about two days' time. He has a thorough knowledge of the country, and if need be will be secreted by the citizens for months so as to avoid arrest.

The voluminous testimony of those who were on

board the Rock Island train that July night make it possible to give a more detailed and accurate account of this robbery than of any of the previous raids. The testimony of two of these eye witnesses will suffice.

Mr. Frederick Henkel of Chicago most obligingly gave his experience in answer to our questions, to the following effect:—

"I think that it was about twenty minutes past 9 o'clock. I had just had my supper, and was enjoying a cigar in the smoking-car. I think that the station is Princeton, Mo., where we had our supper, somewhere between Cameron and Winston station. About the time we arrived there we noticed a crowd of rather hard-looking characters about the station. They were together in groups of twos and threes. When we were through supper they yelled 'All aboard.' The first we knew the train was flying along at a rapid rate, and a man, very large, thick, heavy set, with a black beard, short but thick, came in, followed by a couple of others. He was dressed, as far as I could notice, in a linen coat and a straw hat, and the other parts of his clothing I don't recollect. The trio came in by way of the front platform of the smoking-car, and one of them, the man with the black beard, had a revolver cocked, in his hand. He muttered something and commenced to fire at the conductor. He ran out, and the others crowded up to him."

"Which way did the conductor run?"

"He ran towards the rear platform out of the

door, where I heard more shooting. We all ran back to the sleeping-cars where we belonged and threw ourselves on the floor. I only saw the gang at the station while they were in knots, and I should suppose that there were at least a dozen of them. I should think that there were four of them who came into the smoking-car. After the trouble was over we found the conductor's lantern and his brains on the rear platform."

"Was the train stopped?"

"No, we were on a stop when the bandits got on. The robbers held possession of the train. Three of the gang jumped on the engine, and with cocked revolvers compelled the engineer and fireman to submit. They couldn't do anything else. They were armed, but they couldn't get a chance to use them. In the excitement they crept away from their captors and put out the headlight. They also put the air-brakes on so that the speed was slackened. At Winston, to which they ran the train, one of the brakemen jumped off and telegraphed the death of the conductor and the stone mason, McMillan. The jig was up then, and the robbers ran away

"As soon as the train was in possession of the robbers, the passengers jumped down on the floor. Some of them hid under the seats. You see, it was unhealthy to be upon your feet at that time. It rained lead, and lead diet is unhealthy. There were six ladies in the sleeper, and as soon as they heard the shooting they just dropped on the floor like the other passengers. They were frightened, but they

showed as much grit as the men. We couldn't show much, for not one of us had a revolver. John McMillan was killed with the conductor. I think that the thieves recognized them and they were put out of the way on that account.

"I think that the express messenger, C. H. Murray, deserves a deal of credit for his pluck. The robbers shouted to him to open the door of his car, but he persistently refused. They fired thirteen shots at him, but none of them took effect. When they did break in they found him hidden between the coal-box and a sample trunk. They struck him twice over the head with a revolver, but said that they would not kill him because of his grit. The robbers only got $900 in money and a $1,000 bond. There was a large amount of bullion in the safe, but it was too heavy for the robbers to carry away. The passengers all endeavored to hide away their watches and money. One of them, a Chicago drummer, put his valuables in the water-cooler. I wrapped mine in a pocket-handkerchief, lifted the cover of a spittoon, laid it in, and put the lid on again. But the passengers were not molested. We found five bullets in the smoker and thirteen in the baggage-car."

"I boarded the train at Atchison. When we stopped at Cameron, Mo. (a point eleven miles southwest of Winston), where we had supper, two men got on and took seats in the sleeping-car, and soon engaged in an altercation with the conductor on the subject of fare. About eleven miles this side of

Cameron (Winston), several more passengers got in, and the conductor made the remark that he was afraid there was going to be trouble. There was something in the manner of the man who made a fuss about the fare, he said, which made him think that mischief was brewing. We had not gone three-quarters of a mile after we left this stoppage-place when the trouble began. Some one stepped up from the platform in front of the smoking-car and laid his hand on Conductor Westfall's shoulder, as he was standing in the front part of the car, and said to him, 'You are my prisoner.' The conductor dodged down and ran further into the car. At this time there were already three armed men in the car, and when the one who had spoken to the conductor followed him in there were four. As he did so this one fired at the conductor twice, the first time with the revolver which he held in his right hand. The ball struck the right sleeve of the conductor's coat, tearing it from a little above the wrist to past the elbow, where it entered the arm. The man fired the other revolver, and the conductor turned to leave the car, and when he reached the platform some one else must have shot him in the back, inflicting a wound from which he died in about twenty minutes. About the time this happened the fireman, seeing that something was wrong, said to the engineer, 'give her hell,' a laconic way of telling him to get up all the speed he could. The engineer started to do so, but at the same moment three men arose from among the coals in the tender and began firing.

The did not hit either the engineer or the fireman with their bullets, but one of them struck the fireman on the side of the head with a large chunk of coal. They then left the engine-cab and climbed around and took seats on the cow-catcher, while the three robbers to whom had been intrusted the job of capturing the engine took possession of it. But as they did this the gang who had the securing of the express-car on their hands attacked it. They obtained admission and threatened to kill the messenger—Charley Murray, a slight and lightly built man, weighing perhaps 120 pounds—if he did not give up his keys. He did as they requested and they opened the safe, which was found to contain $900 in money a $1,000 bond, and a quantity of silver bullion. They were intensely chagrined when they found that the safe contained so little, and asked: 'Where is the rest of your money, G—d d—n you?' Murray announced that that was all he had under his charge. They insisted that he must produce more, to which Murray answered, 'You can't draw blood from a turnip.'

"The leader of the seven men engaged in the express safe robbery said savagely, 'Well, d—n you, I'll draw blood from you then,' at the same time striking him a blow on the head with his revolver, which laid Murray out senseless.

"I have no doubt," Major Anthony added, "that the gang fully intended to go through the whole train. The first man who entered the smoking-car and who fired the first shots at the conductor, cried

out 'hands up' as he advanced. The others seemed taken aback at the large number of people they found in the car, and looked from one to another and hesitated. The one who had entered the car looked around him after he had shot a couple of times, and seemed to be surprised that he was alone, and then backed out of the car, waving his revolver as he did so to keep the passengers from rising upon him."

"The passengers were considerably scared, were they not?"

"Yes. I've been in one or two tight places before, and did not feel particularly scared. I was in the sleeper, and I called out for every man in the car to get his weapon and prepare to do his duty. Not a soul, however, had one on the car. Then began the fun. It was amusing to see the fellows going down for their watches, and money, and other valuables, and hunting for places to hide them in. One man, who seemed in an agony of despair, called out, 'They can have all the money I own,' at the same time diving under a seat. All sorts of places were utilized as hiding-places for money, etc. Men pulled off their boots and shoved their wads or watches into them. Spittoons were utilized for the same purpose. I popped my money into the pillow—a pretty safe place, I think. The men on the car were terribly frightened—much more so than the women. The idea prevailed that the robbers were shooting through the windows at the passengers, and as many as could find snug refuge

under a seat stowed themselves there, and remained there until long after the firing was over. On the other hand, not a woman seemed to be a particle excited. It was wonderful how coolly they took it. They now and then asked for an explanation of what was going on, and for pretty definite information as to when the affair was likely to end; but when, naturally enough, they found their curiosity could not be satisfied, they remained calmly in their seats and awaited future developments.

"There was one great danger which we escaped, as it were, by a miracle. When the car stopped, it did so not 200 yards in front of a high trestle. When the robbers had command of the locomotive they urged the train along at a tremendous rate of speed. Had this speed been kept up while the train was running along the trestle, it would, so railroad men tell me, have jumped the track to a dead certainty, and have become a total wreck, with a great destruction of life. The brakeman, Cole, however, by his opportune opening of the air-brake, slacked the train up and averted the calamity.

A great deal has been said concerning this last outrage. The public journals have made a special point of writing in an amusing vein of the timidity of the passengers, who could be so completely overawed by seven men!

Courage in an editorial sanctum is one thing, and courage in the front of a loaded Smith & Wesson's revolver is another. It needs no stretch of imagination to understand that a railway train thus sud-

denly boarded by men who have the reputation of being "the very deadest of dead shots," is not the likeliest place for coolness and presence of mind. And even the boldest editor

> "That's crowing,
> Like a cockrill three months old,
> If he saw young Jesse's pistol,
> Would'st be so blasted bold!"

Of course there has been the offering of a large reward, and the usual diligent search. But not a dollar has been returned, nor a robber arrested.

Daring and defiant, these men are still more than a match for the detective sagacity. They are still the untamed and perhaps, so far as the leaders are concerned, the untamable Bandits of the Border.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANOTHER DARING ROBBERY.

GLENDALE ONCE MORE!—THE CHICAGO AND ALTON TRAIN RAIDED—THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF CONDUCTOR HAZELBAKER—THE AFFRIGHTED PASSENGERS—THE TESTIMONY OF EYE WITNESSES—"DRINK TO JESSE JAMES!"—WHO WERE THE ROBBERS?

The robbery recorded in the last chapter had scarcely ceased to be the topic of current conversation, before there swept along the telegraph wires the story of another raid. On a pleasant Autumn evening twelve masked men boarded a train not far from Glendale, and in an incredibly short space of time robbed the express-van, and then every passenger on board; having done which they decamped as mysteriously and as silently as they came.

The ill-fated train left Chicago on Tuesday morning, September the 6th, 1881, in charge of Conductor Hazelbaker. The passenger cars were well filled, and the Pullman had rather more than its usual load of ladies and gentlemen. All went well till about

9 o'clock on the following evening. It will be readily understood that on entering the region that had been so famous for these daring raids the conversation would be like enough to turn on these robbers of the road. But no fear or timidity was at all manifest. It was a lovely night. The September moon was shining full and fair, and a company of young Englishmen who were on a tour of pleasure, standing on the back platform of the Pullman car, beguiled the weary journey by singing one of those pleasant ditties that reminded them of the land they had left in the far away east. There were four of them, and they sang in exquisite taste—

"Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheat and stubble
Is heard the distant gun.
The leaves are paling yellow,
And trembling into red,
And the free and happy barley
Is hanging down its head."

It was now 9 o'clock, the train was sweeping along in the region of Glendale—where the famous robbery of 1879 took place, when Jesse James led the robber band—the ladies in the Pullman car were about to retire for the night, when suddenly the train was brought to a stand still in a deep cut, where the Missouri Pacific crosses the track of the Chicago & Alton line, about three miles east of Independence. The train was immediately boarded by twelve men all masked. Boarded! It might rather be said that they dashed on like a pack of

wild tigers, yelling and cursing, as though they had just been let loose from Pandemonium. The engineer, L. Foote, whose story is by all odds the most intelligible account of the whole affair, and whose testimony will be found in detail further on—was ordered on pain of death to step down from his engine. He, in company with John Steading, his fireman, obeyed. At the point of a well-loaded revolver, Foote was made to take a coal pick from his engine and break down the door of the express-car. Fox, the express messenger, scenting danger the moment the train stopped, had hidden himself in the weeds near the line, but was induced to re-appear on hearing the vagabonds swear with awful oaths that if the express messenger did not turn up they would shoot Foote and Steading as dead as rats! The engineer and fireman were covered by four loaded revolvers, while others of the gang were going through the express-van; and because they thought Fox a little dilatory in his movements, they belabored his head with the butt end of a pistol. The leader wore a white cloth over his face, with holes in it. He swore a great deal. And the whole gang seemed to be annoyed that there was only some $25,000 to be secured. This, of course, was poured into a sack after the invariable custom, and most securely guarded. The engineer and fireman were held as prisoners till the work was done.

Meantime others of the raiders had entered the train, and swearing and swaggering and firing off their revolvers, declared: "We are coming in and

going through you all, so d—n you be quick and hold up your hands!"

Hazelbaker, the Conductor and Burton the brakeman divined from the moment the train began to slack that there was mischief and they went through the cars warning the passengers and begging them as they valued their lives to keep quiet. Having done this, these two brave men did a deed that for true daring and bravery, deserves not only to be chronicled here, but to be remembered gratefully by every passenger on that ill-fated train, to say nothing of the company they so faithfully served. The freight-train was following fast and Hazelbaker and Burton both knew that if the train was not flagged the chances were that the passenger train would be wrecked with an awful loss of life.

So through a drizzling rain of shot and at the imminent peril of their lives, these brave men went and flagged the fast following freight train.

But Hazelbaker tells the story best himself. In response to one or two questions he replies:—

"When I reached the sleeper I told Burton, my brakeman, to flag the train following. I knew there was a freight right after me, and would wreck my train, and I knew that that train must be stopped. Burton said he did not like to go, but the brave fellow went just the same. We dropped off together, and they began to fire at us. Shots whistled all around us. I think there were probably twenty shots fired at us altogether. We finally succeeded in flagging the freight-train just in time, and I went back, and,

climbing aboard the sleeper, took a back seat and waited quietly to be robbed."

Hazelbaker further says that the gang swore a great deal and seemed to centre all their wrath on him. Threatening his life if he continued to run on that line. The leader who said he was Jesse James put a pistol under the nose of the conductor and said:

"D——n you smell of that, that's the pistol I shot Westfall with at Winston!"

The robbers were greatly incensed because the Governor of Missouri had offered a reward for their capture. And one of the masked men threatened with many an oath:

"Now listen you ———, the next reward that's offered we'll burn your d—d train and don't you forget it! We will cut the Pullman loose and save it, because Pullman is white, and never offered a reward, but we will make a bonfire of your train as sure as you live."

In answer to further questions Hazelbaker said:—

"From their talk it appeared that the robbery was a piece of dare-deviltry in revenge for the Winston reward being offered. They constantly shoved pistols under my nose, and reminded me of Westfall's fate. After they left we pulled out, and as quick as we could."

"How many were there?"

"There were six in the sleeper and four or five outside."

"Did they expose themselves?"

"Not at all! I could see their forms, but absolutely nothing of their features. The leader, supposed to be Jesse James, had on a white muslin cloth with holes cut in it around his head, as if he had made a mask of a handkerchief. The others wore masks of dirty cloth or calico. They were all slender men except the leader, who was a tall, well-built man."

"Could you identify any of them?"

"No, and there lies the trouble."

"How much money do you suppose they got?"

"I could not tell. They took from each passenger between $1 and $300, and maybe got a couple of thousand. I don't know how much was in the express car."

It is believed that the robbers secured from the express van some $2,500, and from the passengers in money about $4,000, and in jewelry, in gold watches and diamond ear-rings and broaches and the like, they secured what would aggregate a sum not far short of $12,000 to $15,000.

The conductor managed to hide most of his money and jewelry successfully, but poor Fox was not as fortunate. In describing his experience after the gang had ransacked the safe he says:—

"When they had robbed the safe of everything. I ran back into the smoking-car and hid most of my money. The robbers came in and ordered me, with an oath, to lie down. I did so, and they shoved a gun up to my head and told me to fork over. I said my money was under the cushion. They told me to get it, and I got it in a hurry, you bet. It was

somewhere in the neighborhond of fifteen dollars."

For the most part the passengers yielded to the demands of the robbers without a word of remonstrance. One lady in the sleeper fainted under the influence of terror, and one of the gang threw a glass full of water in her face and told her she had nothing to be afraid of, all she had to do was to "fork out!"

The work accomplished, the robbers departed as speedily and as strangely as they came. No narrative of this robbery would be complete that did not incorporate the testimony of engineer Foote. His testimony is therefore inserted at this point. When asked to tell the story of that eventful night he proceeded as follows:—

"Between three and four miles east of Independence is a deep cut, over which the Missouri Pacific track crosses the Chicago & Alton, and it was just before entering the deepest part of this cut that I saw a pile of stones, probably five feet high, on the top of which was a stick, to which was attached a red rag, and behind the whole stood the leader of the robbers. Of course I stopped. I was then approached by four of the gang, besides the leader, who said, 'Step down off that engine, and do as I tell you, or I will kill you.' He then told me to get the coal pick, which I did, after some parleying, but as a revolver was pointed at my head I could not refuse to obey.

"They then marched myself and John Steading, the fireman, to the express car, and ordered me to

break the door down, which I did. Messenger Fox had hidden in the weeds by the roadside, but they swore they would kill me if he didn't come out, and so I called for him and he entered the car with two of the robbers, who forced him to open the safe and pour its contents into a sack."

"They were disappointed at not getting more booty, and knocked Fox down twice with the butt end of a navy revolver, cutting his head in a fearful manner. They then marched us to the coaches, where they kept us covered with revolvers while they robbed the passengers. After the last car was gone through they marched us back to the engine, when the leader said: 'Now, get back there. We will remove the stones. You have been a bully boy, and here is a little present for you,' and he handed me two silver dollars. I told them I would remove the obstructions, and the entire gang skipped over the embankment, and were out of sight in a twinkling."

"In going through the passengers, each one was made to hold up his hands, and what was taken from them was put into a two-bushel sack, which was nearly full of watches, money, and other valuables. They didn't take anything from me."

"The train was stopped only a car-length off. When I came back one of the robbers said: 'Have you lost anything?' I answered: 'Fifty cents.' He gave me $1.50 for interest. Then I heard one of the robbers say to the engineer: 'Choppy Foote, you're too good a man to keep up this business; here's $2 to buy a drink in the morning, and drink it for

Jesse James. I warn you you'll be killed if you don't leave this road. We are going to tear up and burst the Alton and Rock Island roads, for they have been offering rewards for us. We've no grudge against the Pullmans, and will switch off their cars and burn all the rest. I am the man who killed Westlake at Winston. He was too smart and drew a revolver.'"

The question arises, "who were these robbers?" The leader whoever he was assumed to be Jesse James. Some imagined that if he had been Jesse in reality he would never have given his name. But have we not seen over and over again in these pages how Jesse and Frank were capable of the strangest as well as the most daring courses. They would join a posse in search of themselves with the utmost glee. The general opinion is that the gang was headed by Jesse James, and if "Choppy Foote" did drink to Jesse James the next day with the $2 provided by the very considerate robbers for that laudable purpose, maybe he did not drink to the wrong man.

It has been affirmed by a gentleman of repute that Jesse was seen not far from Kearney three days before the robbery. Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the boys, being interviewed answered with a wicked, satirical leer:

"How could Jesse be there? Don't you know that George Shepherd killed him? How could a dead boy rob a train? I'm surprised at you!"

The Missourians rose in anger at this last outrage.

A posse of 200 men started in pursuit, and they have not utterly failed. Nine out of twelve of the robbers are supposed to have been captured, and are now behind the prison bars. Matt Chapman, the first of the gang arrested, is said to have given the whole crowd away.

On the other hand an ex-official, who evidently knows more than he cares to tell, avers that these arrests will all end in a screaming farce, and that the old birds are snug enough in their hidden nests enjoying the spoils of their latest fray.

Marshal Murphy and Whig Keshlead have done most of the arresting, and it is said that they came within an ace of capturing Ed. Miller, a brother of Clell Miller, who was shot in the Northfield raid. If Ed. Miller is indeed caught it will look as if the pursuers are on the right track. Chapman, Andy Ryan and Fisk are caught. Chapman was caught in a billiard saloon. When Ed. Miller and Little Dick are caught then will be a good time to go in search of Jesse James.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A SUDDEN TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

LIGHT ON THE BLUE CUT ROBBERY—THE WHOLE GANG GIVEN AWAY BY A CONFEDERATE—JOHN LAND'S CONFESSION — GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN RESOLVED TO RID MISSOURI OF THE BANDITS — SECRECY AND SILENCE.

The pitcher goes often to the fountain, but it is broken at last. The longest lane comes to an abrupt and unexpected turning. The wild career of the James Brothers has gone on unchecked so long, that there is no wonder that many regarded them as invincible if not invulnerable. They seemed to bear a charmed life. And though they were scarred and wounded, and bullet-laden, they lived on defiantly as if they dared fate to the uttermost. But fortune is a fickle jade. She turns her mystic wheel with a capricious hand. She smiles to-day with little cause for smiling and the next day frowns without any cause at all. The fabled Nemesis waits long and patiently by the wayside, but at last vengeance wakes, and doom comes swift as lightning and awful as death.

Jesse James had had his day, and an awful day it had been. Born in 1845, we find him in 1862 an enthusiastic follower of Quantrell's black flag that carried danger and death in every breath of its sombre folds. For twenty years Jesse, the Ishmael of Missouri, had had his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. How many awful murders were on his head it would be difficult to tell, probably the murderer did not know himself. His sun was destined to set suddenly not in peace and calm, but in tragedy and blood.

In September, 1881, occurred the daring robbery of the Chicago & Alton train, recorded in our last chapter. The question as to Jesse James's share in that terrible raid was for a long time an open question. The leader of that daring onslaught assumed to be Jesse James. It was said that if Jesse had really been there, he would never have given himself away in such a rash and heedless manner. And yet, these pages reveal that there was hardly any limit to the daring of these outlawed brothers. And not a few suggested that this very method was hit upon in order to bluff off any too minute and careful enquiries. It is now clear beyond all question, that Jesse was the leader of the Blue Cut raid. The country was scoured for miles around after that eventful September night, and the vigilant search made by over two hundred men resulted in the capture of nine out of twelve of the gang. The old adage about "honor amongst thieves" must henceforth be taken with a grain of salt. The idle boast that there

is a very sacred code of honor amongst thieves, and gamblers, and blacklegs, to which they always yield a very loyal allegiance is played out. These gallant braves, who are so heroic with loaded revolvers in the presence of unarmed, defenceless men and women, only need to be handcuffed and put behind the bars, and they will then squeal for all they are worth. Their robber's code of honor goes for nothing, when their precious necks are in danger. They swallow all their oaths and pledges sworn in blood, and become wonderfully enamored of the great principle that "preservation is the first great law of nature." All this is most natural; and no other course can be reasonably expected. But all this talk of "honor among thieves" and "dying game," is so much nonsense and buncombe.

On the 27th of March, 1882, John Bugler, one of the Cracker's Neck citizens involved in the Blue Cut robbery, was arraigned at Independence, Mo. Bugler's case was called, but it had transpired that John Land, who was also under indictment, had made a full confession, and had given the entire gang away. It had been suspected for some time that Land had squealed, but his secret was well kept. His testimony was most minute and explicit. He said that at least ten days before the robbery he had been interviewed by Creed Chapman and John Bugler, who told him that Jesse James and Jim Cummins had put up a job to rob the Chicago & Alton Express train at Blue Cut, and they invited him to take a part. He claims that he refused for some time to

have anything whatever to do with the robbery. But at last, when he came into personal contact with Jesse James, he was so charmed by that leader's persuasive arguments, or so afraid of him, that he resolved to throw in his lot with the adventurous band. He says that Jesse James averred that he had come into possession of news, on which he could rely, that on the night of the 7th of September the Kansas City Banks would receive large sums of money by the Chicago & St. Louis Express, and therefore that train was selected.

On the evening of the robbery the party, consisting of, Jesse James, Dick Little, and the old gang, John Bugler, Creed Chapman, John Mott, and Henry Bugler, who met in a wild spot near Glendale station, and perfected the plans for stopping the train. John Mott was at that time agent at Glendale station, and he furnished a lantern and red flag to signal the train. Land took the lantern and stopped the train, and while Jesse James and Dick Little robbed the express car, the others of the party robbed the passengers. A mistake was made in regard to the shipment of money, as $600 was all that the express safe yielded. The amount taken from the passengers, however, aggregated something over $15,000. As soon as the robbery was committed the gang repaired to an old house in Cracker Neck forest, and there made a partial division of the money, but pursuit being organized so soon after, Jesse James took possession of all the money and valuables and with the members of his gang

fled to Clay county, advising the Cracker Neck boys to go about their business and assist the officers in the search, promising to make an equal division of the money and at some convenient time return and pay each party his respective share. This part of the programme was, however, never carried out, and none of the natives ever received any dividend. Land, Bugler, and Chapman were arrested three days after the robbery, and have been in jail ever since.

This confession on the part of John Land, sets at rest forever the question of the identity of the Blue Cut robbers.

The universal abomination of these cruel and lawless raids was manifest in the way in which the whole neighborhood set to work to hunt the robbers.

But secretly and unknown Governor Crittenden was working to bring the whole band within the reach of the law. From that fatal night in July, 1881, when John Westfall was killed on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific train, near the old battle ground of Glendale, the Governor was resolved to leave no stone unturned to put an end to these wild raids. Missouri had grown heartily sick of its unenviable fame. The public journals of other States were casting serious reflections on the Missourians, as though forsooth they were almost conniving at these robberies. The public journals are sometimes "a little too previous." It is so easy for everybody to manage the devil but those who are possessed of

him. And the capture of Jesse or Frank, or any of their compeers, was scarcely a holiday amusement. The reputation of Jesse as a "dead shot" was such that most men would have preferred going round a block rather than meet him in an angry mood. The very sight of him struck terror into men and women who were by no means cowards. Jesse said himself, on one occasion, to a bosom friend, that he could stop a coach as easily with a corn-cob as with a revolver. And no doubt he was speaking the truth.

Governor Crittenden was resolved to rid Missouri of Jesse if it was possible, so all through the summer time he was quietly and secretly working. He felt that it was an outrage to think that a whole State, with all the force of law at its back, should be baffled and defied by a handful of lawless men. The one difficulty was a very practical one. There had never been offered a reward large enough. It was necessary that $50,000, at least, should be awarded. Governor Crittenden made an appeal to those Railway and Express Companies so deeply interested on financial grounds.

The appeal was very heartily and very promptly responded to. The money was quickly subscribed. The amount pledged was $50,000. The Chicago & Rock Island, Chicago & Alton, Burlington, Wabash & Missouri Pacific each pledged $5,000. The express companies also made liberal donations. These companies had all suffered by the depredations of the Missouri banditti. It was conditioned that

$10,000 should be offered for each of the James boys and $5000 for each of the other designated outlaws, the Governor being authorized to draw on the railroad companies for specified installments as fast as needed. Two installments have already been drawn and disbursed. The railroad officials say that the installment covering the case of Jesse James will be paid with "promptness and dispatch."

All the while silence was kept. The operations for the capture of Jesse James were carried on in secret, and the secret was well kept. The net was gradually gathering round Jesse James. His days were numbered. His head, throbbing with new plots of robbery and murder, or silent and motionless in death was now worth $50,000 to whomsoever had the hardihood and daring to secure it.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN IN EARNEST—THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN — DICK LITTLE SURRENDERS — HIS CONFESSION — JESSE'S QUIET LIFE AT ST. JOSEPH—LAST VISIT HOME —BOB FORD'S PLOT.

On Saturday morning, April 1st, 1882, Governor Crittenden was interviewed in respect to the James Gang.

"Do you think you are at last on the track of Jesse James and his Gang?" was the question proposed.

"I do," replied the Governor, "and I will capture him — dead or alive. He may rest assured of that. He is an extraordinary man in his line, and would have made a valuable man to society had he chosen an honest life. He is a natural-born leader of men. In this instance he is like many bad men, but I think his career is about ended. His old friends are leaving him, as his association is dangerous to their liberties. The big reward I offered for Frank and Jesse has had a happy effect. The cupidity of man

is only equaled by the force of the 'root of all evil' —money. Remember what I say, I will sooner or later capture these gentlemen of the pistol and the brush. They have about completed their bloody circle."

The Ford boys had been long and skillfully at work. As far back as November, 1881, they had been quietly gaining upon the confidence of the man whose life it was their business to watch, and take, rather than Jesse should escape.

But an event transpired on the 16th of February, 1882, that must be chronicled here. Governor Crittenden was in his office at the Capitol, in Jefferson City, in conversation with a friend. Their talk drifted from President Arthur and his Cabinet and the general affairs of the nation to more local topics, and very naturally, to the one question in which the Governor had grown most interested.

"Are you satisfied with your efforts in the direction of suppression?" asked the Governor's friend.

"Well, I have good reason to be, I think," responded the Governor. "I think the result shows good work. Two in the penitentiary for twenty-five years each, two in coffins, five in jail in Independence on their way to the penitentiary, two more under the control of the officers of the law, leaving only the old leaders, Frank and Jesse James, both of whom, I hope, will soon be beyond the limits of their own freedom."

Here the conversation ended, and soon the Governor was left alone to his official duties. But he was

called again from his tasks and this time it was by a thickly veiled lady who had a number of strange questions to ask as to the conditions on which an outlaw might surrender himself to justice with some hope of safety. But the Governor shall tell the story in his own words:

"On the 16th of February, a mysterious woman appeared at my office and asked me upon what terms an outlaw could surrender. I said it was owing to the man. Frank nor Jesse James could surrender under no assurances of immunity from punishment. If any others of the gang came in with an honest intention of abandoning their nefarious life, and with a full determination to assist the law officers in capturing Jesse and Frank James, ready at all times to go in pursuit of them, and, if necessary, die in the effort to capture them, he could come in, and I would use my influence for his protection; but not until I was fully convinced of the sincerity and honesty of his intentions — no reservations in behalf of any old friend, sympathizer, or actor."

But who was this mysterious woman? And for whom did she plead?

Rumor with tongue as inventive as it is busy, spread the report that this mysterious woman was none other than Mattie Collins, the alleged wife of Dick Little, the well-known accomplice of Jesse James. This, however, Governor Crittenden strongly denies. He says he never saw Mattie Collins in his life to know her, but the veiled lady he knew per-

fectly well, but refused to give her name, or any clue to her identity.

There is no difficulty, however, as to the outlaw for whom she was interesting herself, for in three days afterwards — February 19th, 1882,— Dick Little surrendered to John R. Timberlake, Sheriff of Clay County, and on the 22d of the same month he was taken to Jefferson City, and the testimony of the officials who had charge of him is that, so far as they could judge, Dick Little had acted in good faith, and that his surrender was a genuine surrender.

The character of Little's confession can only be surmised. Up to this date it has been kept a profound secret. It is said to be very voluminous, and as Dick Little was thoroughly acquainted with all the secrets of the Gang it is fair to presume that the confession will cover a very large area. Governor Crittenden has gone so far as to say that the confession will include in its comprehensiveness names of many who little dream of the talk of their old associate. When further questioned on the subject, the Governor said that all reports of Little's confession were spurious, and further added: "The confession is a voluminous one, and took two days and a half to write it down. It has been shown to nobody, and will be kept a secret until such time as I deem it advisable to give it out. It is entirely under my control. No one aside from myself and two or three others know a word of what it contains. Little is not accessible to reporters. He has been ordered

not to talk to them. The reason for not making Little's confession public is that it implicates a great many people who are supposed to be in good standing in the community."

The report that Dick Little had revealed all he knew of his old comrades reached the ears of Jesse James, who with a face on fire with relentless hatred said he would give $1000 for Dick's scalp, and swore he would have it sooner or later.

The destiny of Dick Little is not determined, on being asked if Dick had been pardoned, or assured of a pardon, the Governor replied:

"I have not pardoned Little. Such talk is all bosh. I pardon not before conviction. I hope he will be of much service to the state. Sometimes criminals turn State's evidence and do much good. I will always encourage the lesser criminal to convict the greater. That is not only a custom, but is the law, and is worthy of observance."

Jesse James went with his wife and his two children to reside at St. Joseph, Mo., in November last, under the assumed name of Mr. Thomas Howard. He seemed to be living in security; but he was shadowed daily, and little dreamed that an avenging foe was so near.

Two young men, assuming the name of Johnson, but whose real names are Robert and Charles Ford, the former 20 years of age, the latter 24, who hailed from Richmond, Ray County, Mo., and who are said to be cousins to Jesse James by marriage, were detailed by Governor Crittenden, H. H. Craig, Police

Commissioner of Kansas City, and Sheriff Timberlake, of Clay County, to make sure of Jesse at all risks and hazards.

The Ford boys were no strangers to either Frank or Jesse. Their home in Richmond has often been the stopping place of the James Gang. If these boys had not been actual accomplices with Frank and Jesse in their lawless exploits, they had evinced so much sympathy with them, that there could be nothing remarkable in their assumed desire to join the band of robbers. No man is at all times wise, and the most cautious men are sometimes caught napping when their interests need them to be widest awake.

When Jesse, with his wife and "twa wee bairns" came to live in St. Joseph, they lived in the southeast part of the city, on the hill not far from Worth's Hotel. The winter months passed very quietly, and Jesse was but very seldom seen. He was in the habit of keeping close indoors during the day, and all the visits made to the city were paid after nightfall; and then the journey was short and the return home was speedy. The nightly errand was for his favorite journals, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Cincinnatti *Commercial* and the Kansas City *Times*; in the perusal of which he spent most of his time. The neighbors took little interest in the new family. If they said anything at all, it was to the effect that the "Howard's" were a very quiet people.

Christmas passed pleasantly. Jesse had the reputation of being a very devoted father, and when he had no "professional business" on hand, he would spend most of his time in "cutting up with the young 'uns." Everything indicates that had Jesse chosen a quiet and honorable walk in life, he would have been a thoroughly domestic man.

All through the history of the James' Boys there has been a remarkable exhibition of filial affection. Frank and Jesse have never failed to show strong affection for their mother, while Mrs. Samuels, though stern and unbending in her nature, evinced boundless love for her sons, and was undoubtedly proud of their terrible exploits. She had been a faithful ally many and many a time. She had often obtained information of the greatest importance to them in their wild expeditions; and if half that is said of her is true, she was frequently consulted, and her counsel taken in the plots and schemes of the robber band.

About a fortnight before his death Jesse paid his last visit to his mother, at the Kearney homestead. The Spring was just making its appearance, and the old home of his childhood was donning its robe of vernal beauty. Little did Jesse think that before the bud changed to blossom he would lie sleeping under the grass with a bullet through his brain. His life had always been in danger. He had been in more "imminent perils" than Othello could recount. But this time did not seem specially perilous, except from hints that came of the thorough determination of Governor Crittenden to make a

full end of bank robbing and train wrecking. The arrest of so many confederates had somewhat unnerved him. And Dick Little's surrender was ominous. But, like Hamlet in the play, he "defied augury." He had borne a charmed life so far, and he would not blench with fear till there was some real cause.

Of the details of that last visit into Clay County only little is known; but that little is of great import to this narrative. It was during this visit that Robert Ford made the final arrangements that ended so disastrously for Jesse. Nearly all Jesse's old comrades were in prison or dead. The James Gang was utterly broken up, and Jesse evidently had no intention of giving up his course of life. What he wanted was new and good material. And Robert Ford seemed to him the kind of stuff to make a bank robber out of. And probably Jesse was right in his estimate of his dear relative.

Another matter was pressing on Jesse's attention; funds were getting low. He had not more than some $600 or $700, and the failing coffers must be replenished. The enormous amounts of money obtained by this Gang is only a little more remarkable than the speed with which it disappeared. It is another illustration of the old adage, "easy come, easy go."

A reference to the earlier pages of this book will show that the James Brothers must have secured by their nefarious proceedings not less than $275,000;

and yet, Jesse James had not a thousand dollars when he died.

At this last visit home, Jesse talked over a plot with Robert Ford for robbing another bank. But all unknown and unsuspected, he was himself the victim of a plot within a plot. Deep and subtle and far-seeing as he was

> "Beneath his depth,
> A deeper depth
> Lay threatening to devour."

CHAPTER LXV.

TRAGIC END OF JESSE JAMES.

JESSE GROWS NERVOUS—PLOT TO ROB PLATTE CITY BANK—THE FATAL APRIL MORNING—JESSE JAMES SHOT DEAD!—DIES IN HIS WIFE'S ARMS—UNIVERSAL CONSTERNATION —ROBERT FORD'S STORY.

There is no disguising the fact that Jesse James returned from that last visit home in a restless mood. A long spell of inaction always made him nervous. He wanted to be at his old tasks. There seemed to be a perfect enchantment for him in the old perilous way of life. The more perilous the more he liked it.

He had resolved to make a raid on the Bank of Platte City. The Burgess murder trial was fixed for April the 4th. His plan was to examine the premises of the Bank on the night previously, and then, when the trial was in full swing, and the majority of the citizens would be absorbed in the trial, to make one of those bold dashes that had been so successful in former years. Robert Ford approved of

the plan and suggested his brother Charles as a companion worthy of sharing the enterprise with them. Jesse had met the boy at the latter's house, near Richmond, three years ago, and consented to see him. It was finally agreed that Charles should join in the raid.

On Sunday, March the 26th, just eight days before the murder of Jesse, Robert and Charles Ford became inmates of the home of Jesse James. The house is a one-story cottage, painted white, with green shutters, and romantically situated on the brow of a lofty eminence, east of the city, commanding a fine view of the principal portion of the city, the river, and the railroad; and adapted as by nature for the perilous and desperate calling of Jesse. Just east of the house is a deep, gulch-like ravine, and beyond a broad expanse of open country, backed by a belt of timber. The house, except from the west side, can be seen for several miles. There is a large yard attached to the cottage, and a stable where Jesse had been keeping two horses, which were found after the terrible murder.

Ever since the boys had been with Jesse they had watched for an opportunity to shoot him, but he was always so heavily armed that it was impossible to draw a weapon without him seeing it. They declare they had no idea of taking him alive, considering the undertaking suicidal. The opportunity they had long wished for came on the morning of Monday, April 3d. Breakfast was over. Charles Ford and Jesse James had been in the stable currying their

horses preparatory to their night ride. On returning to their room where Robert was, Jesse said: "It's an awfully hot day."

He pulled off his coat and vest, and tossed them on the bed. Then he said, "I guess I'll take off my pistols, for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard." He unbuckled the belt in which he carried two forty-five calibre revolvers, one a Smith & Wesson, and the other a Colt, and laid them on the bed with his coat and vest. He then picked up a dusting-brush, with the intention of dusting some pictures which hung on the wall. To do this he got on a chair. His back was turned to the Ford boys, but for a moment; but it was the fatal moment for Jesse. The lynx-eyed brothers seized the opportunity, and in a moment, a ball from a gun which Jesse had presented to Robert Ford, only a day or two before, as a token of regard, went crashing through Jesse's brain. He fell with a heavy thud to the ground, the blood oozed in a crimson stream from the gaping wound, and in less time than it takes to tell, Jesse James, the terror of Missouri lay dead.

This daring deed was the work of a moment. No sooner had Jesse mounted the chair than the two brothers stepped between Jesse and his revolvers and at a motion from Charlie, both drew their guns.

Robert was the quicker of the two. In one moment he had a long weapon level with his eye, with the muzzle no more than four feet from the back of the outlaw's head. Even in that moment, quick as thought, there was something that did not

escape the acute ears of the hunted man. He made a motion as if to turn his head to ascertain the cause of that suspicious sound, but too late. A nervous pressure on the trigger, a quick flash, a sharp report, and all was over.

There was no outcry, just a swaying of the body, and it fell heavily back upon the carpet. The shot had been fatal, and all the bullets in the chamber of Charlie's revolver still directed at Jesse's head, could not more effectually have decided the fate of the greatest Bandit and Freebooter that ever figured in the pages of the country's history. The ball had entered the base of the skull and made its way out through the forehead ever the left eye. It had been fired out of a Colt 45, of improved pattern, silver mounted and pearl handled

Mrs. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done, divided from the room in which the bloody tragedy occurred, by the dining-room. She heard the shot, and leaving her household duties, ran into the front room. She saw her husband lying on his back and his slayers each holding revolvers in hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house. Robert had reached the inclosure and was in the act of scaling it, when she stepped to the door and called to him, "Robert, you have done this! Oh! my God! my God!! What shall I do?" Then with a wild shriek, she cried, "Come back—come back!'

Turning back to the horrible scene, Mrs. James fell to her knees and took the head of her dying husband to her breast and sought to staunch the

gushing wound, but her efforts were all in vain. Faster and faster the crimson tide flowed on; the face grew rigid, Jesse looked as if he would have said something if he could, but it was too late! One gasp for breath and all was over! Jesse died by the hand of a treacherous confederate, but he died in the arms of the wife he loved so well.

It was early on the bright spring morning that this fatal shot was fired. And Jesse was yet only in the prime of early manhood. He was but 37 years old! But what years they had been!

> "Men live in deeds, not breaths,
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

What deeds of violence had crowded into Jesse's brief life! There was blood enough on his hands to have darkened and stained the record of a century! The scene was sad enough, and yet it was not strange that a life that had luxuriated in deeds of violence should meet so violent an end!

Charles Ford tried to persuade Mrs. James that the pistol shot that made her a widow had been fired accidentally.

"Gone off by accident! No, I guess not!" and she darted a look at Charles Ford that was more expressive than any uttered language.

The cry of the little children was heartrending as they saw their dead father lying in a pool of blood, and saw their mother frantic with wild emotion.

"Poor papa!! Poor papa!!" they cried as they clung to their sad-hearted mother. For whatever the dead man had been to the world at large, he had been to them a true and loving father. And their little hearts were sore distressed. While this scene was going on in the now desolate home, Robert and Charles Ford made their way to the telegraph office, and sent messages to the Sheriff of Timberlake County, Governor Crittenden, and others, and then they surrendered themselves to Marshal Craig and a posse of officers.

When the Ford boys appeared at the police station they were told by an officer that Marshal Craig and a posse of officers had gone in the direction of the James residence, and they started after them and surrendered themselves. They accompanied the officers to the house and returned in the custody of the police to the Marshal's headquarters, where they were furnished with a dinner, and about 3 o'clock were removed to the old Circuit room, where the inquest was held in the presence of an immense crowd. Mrs. James also accompanied the officers to the City Hall, having previously left her two children, aged 7 and 3, a boy and a girl, at the house of Mrs. Lurnal, who had known the Jameses under the assumed name of Howard, ever since they had occupied the adjoining house.

Mrs. James was greatly affected by the tragedy, and heartrending moans and expressions of grief were sorrowful evidence of the love she bore the desperado.

The report of the killing of the notorious outlaw spread like wildfire through the city, and as usual, the reports assumed every variety of form and color. Very few accredited the news however, and simply laughed at the idea that Jesse James was really the dead man. Nevertheless, the excitement ran high, and one confirming report succeeded another.

Crowds of hundreds gathered in the streets, the Court House was crowded and every train brought in crowds of people attracted by the rumor of Jesse James's death.

Coroner Heddins was notified and Undertaker Sidenfader instructed to remove the body to his establishment. A large crowd accompanied the Coroner to the Morgue, but only a few, including reporters, were admitted. Nothing in the appearance of the remains indicated the desperate character of the man or the many bloody scenes of which he had been an actor. Only the lower part of the face, the square cheek bones, the stout, prominent chin, covered with a soft, sandy beard, and the thin, firmly closed lips, in a measure betrayed the determined will and iron courage of the dead man. A further inspection of the body revealed two large bullet holes on the right side of the breast, within three inches of the nipple, a bullet wound in the leg, and the absence of the middle finger of the left hand. After viewing the remains, the Coroner repaired to the court, whither soon after Mrs. James, in the custody of Marshal Craig, and the two Ford

boys, both heavily armed, followed. They were kept in separate apartments until the jury announced themselves ready to hear testimony. A jury was impaneled as follows: W. H. Chouning, J. W. Moore, Warren Samuels, Thomas Morris, William Turner, William George. The witnesses examined were Mrs. James, the Ford boys, and Dick Little.

It was still hard to believe that Jesse was really dead. Hunted so long—hunted by thousands, could it be possible that he had been run to ground at last? The news if not too good, was yet too strange to be true. Robert Ford was interviewed and as his words are of considerable importance at this stage of our story, we give the narrative as it came from the lips of the murderer of Jesse James.

"So they say that the dead man isn't Jesse James, do they? Then they are mistaken. I first met Jesse James three years ago, and I have made no mistake. He used to come over to the house when I was on my oldest brother's farm. Last November he moved here to St. Joe and went under the name of Thomas Howard. He rented a house on the hill, back of the Worlds Hotel, a quiet part of the town and not thickly settled. My brother Charley and I had known nearly all of the gang, but had never worked with them otherwise.

I was in collusion with the detectives, and was one of the party that went to Kentucky and arrested Clarence Hite, last February. Hite got twenty-five years in the penitentiary. Jesse never suspected

that we were false to him, and, as his gang was all broken up, he wanted new material and regarded us favorably. Two weeks ago he came to Clay county to see his mother, Mrs. Samuels, who lives forty miles east of Kansas City. Charley and I told him then we wanted to join him and be outlaws, and he said all right. Charley came here with him a week ago Sunday, and I followed last Sunday night. We both staid at his house, a one-story building with seven rooms.

Governor Crittenden had offered $10,000 reward for Jesse, dead or alive. We knew that the only way was to kill him. He was always cool and self-possessed, but always on the watch. During the day he would stay around the house, and in the evening he would go down town to the news depot and get the papers. He said there were men here who ought to know him, but they never did. He took the Chicago "*Tribune*," Cincinnati *Commercial*, and Kansas City *Times* regularly, and always knew what was going on all over the world. About a week ago he read a piece in one of the papers that Jesse James's career was over, and Charlie said he was awful mad about it. He said he would show them, before long, that Jesse James was not done yet.

He had not done any job since the "Blue-Cut" train-robbery, last September, and I don't believe he had over $700 or $800 in money. He was thinking of robbing some bank, near by, and then running in under close cover. It was for this he wanted our

help. We knew we had to kill him, but there was no chance to get the drop on him until this morning.

His wife, and boy of 7, and girl of 3, were in the kitchen. Jesse was in the front sitting-room, where he slept. Never knew him to be so careless. He commenced brushing the dust off some picture-frames, but stopped and took off his weapons, and laid them on the bed. There was a Colt's revolver and a Smith & Wesson, each forty-five calibre. He also had in the room a Winchester repeating rifle, fourteen shots, and a breach-loading shot-gun.

As he turned away from the bed, we stepped between him and his weapons and pulled on him. I was about eight feet from him when he heard my pistol cock. He turned his head like lightning. I fired, the ball hitting over the left eye and coming out behind the right ear. Charlie had his fingers on the trigger, but saw he was done for, and did not shoot. Not one of us spoke a word. He fell dead at Charlie's feet. We then got our hats, went to the telegraph office, and telegraphed what we had done to Governor Crittenden, Capt. Henry Craig, of Kansas City, and Sheriff Timberlake. of Clay County. The latter replied: 'I will come at once. Stay there until I come.' '

CHAPTER LXVI.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

UNIVERSAL CONSTERNATION—HARD TO BELIEVE THAT JESSE IS REALLY DEAD—CONFLICTING OPINIONS CONCERNING BOB FORD—WHAT AN OLD INDEPENDENCE CONFEDERATE THINKS.

The newspapers of Tuesday morning, April 4th, created a world-wide and profound sensation. The tidings that the wildest freebooter since the days of Quantrell had been shot dead in his own house, awoke universal astonishment. All over the States and Territories of the Union, and especially in the Western regions, the news created a startling effect.

"At last," men said,—and held their breath for a moment, and then, as if doubting the possibility of Jesse James's complete defeat, suggested that the news would need a good deal of confirmation before it was accepted.

In St. Louis and Chicago the excitement was intense, and in the latter city, Pinkerton's Detective Force were particularly hard of belief. When

however the news was confirmed, Mr. Pinkerton smiled most blandly and said:

"All right! Then John Wicher is avenged at last!"

A stranger in the country might almost think that Jesse James was some great hero so great was the excitement occasioned by the tidings of his tragic end. Many and varied were the opinions expressed concerning his fate.

"Too bad! too bad!" said one, "after all his pluck and courage to be shot down like a dog at last!"

"Poor devil!" said another, "Bad as he was, he was clear grit, and only an infernal traitor would have done him the dirty trick!"

There is a wonderful power in death to smooth out the wrinkles of a bad life. And as at the wake of Tim O'Hara every one said

> "Something good
> Of the boy who was dead."

So there seemed to be an almost universal disposition to pity the man whose life had traveled through such bloody ways, and ended at last in such utter, hopeless gloom.

The trains that came into St. Joseph on Wednesday brought hundreds of people that wanted to take one look at the face of the murdered man.

Many staid and sober minded men felt that Bob Ford had done the State "good service," but just as nobody loves a policemen or an executioner, so there was a revolt of feeling, in favor of the

murdered man and though it was generally felt that Missouri was well rid of Jesse James, yet the manner of his taking off was not admired. Even the devil should have his due, and it was felt that for Bob Ford to sneak into Jesse's house, and get into his confidence for no other purpose than to bring about his ruin and death was after all not very noble. One of the old members of the gang now at Independence gives his opinions on Bob Ford and the whole business very freely.

"What do you think of the killing of Jesse James?" was the question proposed to the old Independence confederate.

"I do not know what to think. I guess there is no mistake about it, and to tell the truth I have been expecting it for some time."

"Why?"

"Because Jesse was so infernally bold in his movements that he was bound to be caught napping some time."

"Did you expect him to go in this way?"

"Yes,of course; for I knew he would not be taken alive, and I also felt sure that his death would be accomplished by some member of the Gang. I never expected, however, that Bob Ford would kill him. I always thought Jim Cummings would be the one to do the job."

"Why did you think of Cummings?"

"Because he and Jesse were terribly jealous of each other, and were continually having some kind of a fuss."

"Do you know Bob Ford?"

"Yes, and I tell you he is clear grit, if he is nothing but a boy. He isn't afraid of the devil himself, and would just as soon tackle him as not."

"Was he connected with the Blue-cut robbery?"

"No, but his brother Charley was. Both were in the Winston robbery, and he also helped Dick Little kill Wood Hite."

"What effect will the killing of Jesse have upon the Gang?"

"It will break it up, of course. Frank was the real head of the Gang, and did all the planning, but Jesse did the execution, and without him nothing can be done."

"What about Jesse having lived in Kansas City for several months last year?"

"He lived on East Eighth street at the time of the Blue-cut robbery, and was at home and read a full account of the affair in the papers next morning. He was supposed to be a stock dealer, and he came to Cracker's Neck several times when making arrangements for the robbery on the pretense of buying cattle,and one time did drive a herd to the Kansas City stock yards."

"Did the people of Cracker's Neck know him?"

"Some of them did, but were afraid to give him away, while others had no desire to betray him. He came and went when he pleased, and was always welcome."

"What will Frank and Jim Cummings do now?"

"I think Frank will go to Texas and settle down. He is half dead from consumption, anyway, and I don't think he will live long. The excitement is all that has kept him up for more than a year. Jim Cummings is a treacherous scoundrel. I shouldn't wonder if he didn't try some scheme to secure a pardon by betraying Frank. He will never be able to organize a gang by himself as no one has any confidence in him."

"What do you think of the manner in which Jesse was killed?"

"It was a dirty, mean trick, but was the only way to get him. I am surprised that Jesse laid his revolvers down, for I never knew him to let them out of his reach before. Why, when he slept he always had a revolver in his hand, and the slightest noise would cause him to jump up straight in bed and cock his weapon ready for a fight. He was always afraid of being betrayed, and would never allow anyone to touch his pistols, or take them out of his hands. He was afraid of Jim Cummings, and would always make him eat and sleep apart from him."

"What effect will his death have upon you and your partners in the Blue-cut affair?"

"I don't know that it will have any, except to scare the boys. Bugler and Chapman are already frightened half to death for fear of being lynched. We are all gone up, and I don't see any use of making any fight about it."

"What about Dick Little's statement that you were not in the Blue-cut robbery?"

"Little is a liar, and I think he has been hired to tell that by Bugler's friends."

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

INTENSE DESIRE TO SEE THE DEAD BANDIT. MRS. SAMUELS SENT FOR. HER ENCOUNTER WITH DICK LITTLE. THE INQUEST—HARROWING SCENES IN THE COURT HOUSE. MRS. SAMUELS BEGS THE BODY OF HER SON.

If Jesse James had been the greatest hero of the age, a view of his dead face could hardly have been sought for more diligently. From all quarters men and women, young and old, crowded around the undertakers, if by any chance they might catch one glimpse of a face that for years, had been a sign of terror and dread. Each train brought in fresh crowds to gaze upon the dead. Every entrance into St. Joseph was choked up with teams and buggies, heavily laden with people from all the country round, who had left their homes, and farms, and occupations, morbidly curious to see or hear something of the tragedy that had closed the red-handed career of Jesse.

On the morning of April 4th, Mrs. Samuels, the mother of Jesse, arrived upon the scene. She had left her home in Clay County with a heavy heart. Her life had been for years, one of agonizing suspense. Any time for the last eighteen years, the likeliest news to come to the Farm House, at Kearney, was that either Frank, or Jesse, or both, had become chief victims in some bloody tragedy Many false reports of the death of Jesse, had, from time to time, distressed her. But she had unfailing confidence that Jesse would never be taken alive. And her confidence was well founded.

When the telegram reached her at Kearney announcing the death of her favorite son at the hand of Bob Ford, she shed no tears, she made no wild cry of anguish. She took in the whole situation at once, Jesse was dead, killed by a treacherous hand! And there stole over her aged face a pallor, and there gathered in her eyes an awful light that was indicative of an agony too deep for tears, an agony not unassociated with a spirit of bitter and merciless vengeance. She read the telegram again and again, and said in low half choked words:

"Shot by Bob Ford! Why did he trust him! Given away by Dick Little and shot by Bob! Traitors! Traitors!! Traitors!!!"

Mrs. Samuels arrived at St. Joseph at about 10 o'clock in the morning. Her interview with Jesse's wife and her little grandchildren was pathetic in the extreme. They clung about her and moaned and sobbed most piteously, as though they thought

she had power to bring the dead man back to life. Still Mrs. Samuels shed no tears. But there was a stony glance in her eyes and a firm compression of the lips that bespoke an agony too deep for utterance. Even yet she could hardly realize that Jesse was dead. He had met death face to face so many times and had escaped, that it seemed hard to believe that at last he had been conquered.

The sorrowing women and children were driven to the undertaker's to view the body.

Arrived at Undertaker Sidenfader's, they found all that was mortal of Jesse laid on a plank. When Mrs. Samuels caught sight of Jesse's cold dead face, she almost swooned, and it was with great difficulty that she rallied.

"My poor boy! My dear son! My darling boy!" she sobbed aloud.

The sight was, indeed, sad. Three generations, mother, wife and children, wailing in unrestrained anguish around the dead man's bier. The sad-hearted mother was now convinced beyond a doubt. She admitted its identity and cried with deep emotion:

"Would to God it was not!"

From the undertaker's, Mrs. Samuels, Mrs. James and the children, were driven to the Court House, where they were to testify to Jesse's identity.

The Court Room was crowded to excess. Every available inch of space was occupied, and all the corridors and approaches were thronged by eager crowds.

The most intense interest was manifested, and the closest attention paid to the testimony.

H. H. CRAIG, Police Commissioner, of Kansas City, was the first witness sworn. He said: "The body corresponds with the description of Jesse James. I know the Fords. Bob Ford assisted Sheriff Timberlake and myself. Ford was not commissioned. Robert Ford acted through our instructions, and Charles was not acting under our instructions."

SHERIFF TIMBERLAKE testified that he was acquainted with Jesse James and recognized the body. They were personally acquainted. "Saw him last in 1870. I knew his face. He had a finger off. I told Ford to get his brother to assist him."

DICK LITTLE was sworn: "I have seen the body and recognize it as the body of Jesse James. I have no doubt of it. His general appearance is that of Jesse James. His finger is off, as James's was, and I recognize the scars in the side and thigh."

JAMES FINLEY testified, he was not acquainted with Jesse James. "I went to the house after the shooting and found two horses. I sent two officers after the Johnsons, as they were then called. Ford came and acknowledged the shooting. He described the wounds on the body, and claimed the man was Jesse James. Ford told me there were watches and jewelry at the house. I found watches, jewelry, pistols, cartridges, and a purse. I gave the purse to Mrs. James. It had some small change in

it. A scarf pin was found with the marks 'J. W. J.'"

MRS. SAMUELS, mother of Jesse, was then called. As she entered the room all eyes were turned upon her. Men stood on the seats, craned their necks, and used every endeavor to gain a view of the woman, who, although the mother of the outlaw, had the respect of every one in the room. She moved with a slow step and bowed head to the witness stand. She has a kindly face and eyes, and a rather prominent nose. She was dressed in black, with a black straw hat, and a black veil that partly covered her face. When she took the stand her face had a resolute appearance, but, as the examination progressed, that disappeared, and she was very much affected. She testified that she was the mother of Jesse James, and she had seen the body but a moment before. "Is that the body of your son?" asked the coroner. "It is," she answered, and then sobbed out: "Would to God it was not!" Placing her hands on the heads of the little son and daughter of Jesse James, who were standing in front of her, she continued, "And these are his orphan children." As she said this she was moved to tears. Mrs. James was asked to raise her veil, and, as she did so, Mrs. Samuels was asked if she recognized her. She answered that she did, and it was the widow of Jesse James.

MRS. JAMES testified that she recognized the preceding witness as Mrs. Samuels. Mrs. Samuels retired from the court-room.

The Jury retired for a very short time and brought in the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased is Jesse James, and that he came to his death by a pistol-shot in the hands of Robert Ford."

The two Ford boys were at once committed to jail charged with the murder of Jesse James, under a warrant sworn out by his wife.

Returning from the Court House, Mrs. Samuels confronted Dick Little, whose treachery seems to affect her quite as much as the actual deeds of the Ford Boys. She seems to think that but for Little's surrender, Jesse would not have been hunted to his death. Mrs. Samuels is a woman of 57 years of age. Her hair has grown gray, but when her eyes dilate with passion, her towering form assumes a terrible aspect. It was in a crushed and broken state of mind that Mrs. Samuels turned away from the inquest. Turning from the witness stand, her eyes rested on Dick Little standing in the aisle. All the tiger in her nature was roused in a moment.

"Traitor! Traitor! Traitor!" she exclaimed excitedly. "God will send vengeance on you for this. You are the cause of all this. O you villain! I would rather be in my poor boy's place than in yours."

Dick cowered before her gaze and seemed to be in abject fear of the enraged woman, and, perhaps, it was just as well for him that she was not armed.

"I did not hurt him," said Dick, "I thought you knew who killed him."

"Oh! God! My poor boy, my poor boy!" She groaned out and left the Court room.

Mrs. Samuels begged for the body of her murderedson, and rumor avers that the agent who wanted to negotiate for Guiteau's body, put himself in communication with Mrs. Samuels and offered a very large sum for his remains. But this offer was in vain. Mrs. Samuels will bury her son in the old homestead at Kearney.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF JESSE JAMES TO KEARNEY —THRONGS ON THE WAY—ARRIVAL AT HIS EARLY HOME—THE SERVICE IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH—ASHES TO ASHES.

The body of Jesse James was given over to his widow for interment. In accordance with the wishes of his mother, it was arranged that he should be buried in the old homestead at Kearney. The spot that had sheltered him in a thousand days of peril, was now to be his last long resting-place. The remains were enclosed in a magnificent casket with silver adornments, the cost of which amounted to $500. The funeral cortege left St. Joseph for Cameron at sunset on April the 5th, and was in charge of Marshal Craig of St. Joseph. The members of the mourning family consisted of Mrs. Samuels, Mrs. James, the two children, Mr. L. W. James, cousin of Jesse, and Mr. R. T. Minims, the brother of Jesse's widow. Some difficulty had occurred through an official desire to have the body sent on to Kansas

City. But Sheriff Timberlake and the local authorities prevailed, and the body was formally handed over to Mrs. James by Coroner Hedding on an order of the Grand Jury of Buchanan county, and the dispatch of Governor Crittenden.

It is believed that an autopsy was held over the body of Jesse James, but the physicians decline to give any information on the subject.

The train left St. Joseph about 6 o'clock in the evening. An immense concourse gathered at the depot to catch a glimpse of the coffined Bandit as he started on his last railway ride. A carriage drove up and Mrs. Samuels stepped out, and leaning on the arm of an officer proceeded to the train, followed by a gaping crowd. She was exceedingly anxious to see the body safely on board. She was not content till she had been to the baggage car and had seen the coffin herself.

While in the depot, a short, thick-set man tried to fire a pistol at Mrs. Samuels, but was promptly seized and driven ignominiously out of the depot into the street. At all the stations along the road crowds gathered, moved by morbid curiosity to see what might be seen of the funeral procession.

The train reached Cameron about 9 o'clock, and a large crowd filled the depot and its surroundings. The bereaved family were conducted to a waiting room to await a special train that was to take the body on to Kearney. The box containing the coffin was strictly guarded by a member of the family, who was importuned in vain to open the coffin that

the curious crowd might take a last look at Jesse. The train left Cameron shortly after midnight. And just as the spring morning was breaking faintly over the scenes of his early years, Jesse's last journey on earth came to an end. The remains were conveyed at once to the Kearney Hotel, where they lay in rude state in a front room of the hotel from 6 o'clock to 10 o'clock, during which time more than fifteen hundred people viewed the dead desperado.

The services at the church took place at 2 P. M., and were conducted by Rev. G. M. Martin, assisted by Rev. G. R. Jones. The ordinary obsequies were conducted, interspersed with vocal music. Rev. Mr. Martin delivered the address, and his only reference to the character of the dead man was to say that it was too well known to need any comment. Without any expression of opinion regarding the spiritual outlook of the outlaw, he spoke only of the chances of the living and the lesson taught by the death.

About five hundred people were in the church and an immense crowd gathered outside who could not gain admittance. At the close of the service Mr. Martin stated to the audience that, owing to the severe illness of John Samuels, all but the near relatives of the deceased were requested not to follow the body to the grave. The corpse was then taken to the Samuels' homestead. When the short procession reached that place, a crowd was found to have assembled who had not been at the church. At the southwest corner of the one-acre tract that comprises the Samuels homestead a grave had been dug.

After a brief prayer the body was lowered into the ground, and the sounds of the clods of earth falling on the coffin told the crowd that had assembled that Jesse James had left the sight of the world forever.

Mrs. Samuels was greatly distressed. In the old farm house a younger son of Mrs. Samuels lay dangerously ill, while in the corner of the home lot Jesse's grave looked spectral as the sunset tinged the new made mound with lurid beams. She clings to the hope that Jesse is at rest and in peace.

"After life's fitful fever
He sleeps well."

THE FATE OF THE FORD BOYS.

Justice has been as swift and certain in her dealing with the Ford boys, as she has been laggard and uncertain in the case of Guiteau.

Charles and Robert Ford were arraigned before Judge Sherman, at St. Joseph, Mo., on Monday, the 17th of April. The court room was, of course, crowded. The prisoners seemed to be wholly unconcerned, and took the whole proceedings as mere formal business.

Prosecuting-Attorney Spencer read the indictment charging the prisoners with murder in the first degree. Both prisoners pleaded guilty without a moment's hesitation. The suddenness of the plea and the unconcerned manner of the prisoners took Judge Sherman somewhat aback. After a brief pause the Judge passed sentence of death upon both prisoners in the following words:

"Under the circumstances, there is only one thing I can do, and that is to pronounce sentence here and now. You have pleaded guilty to murder in the first degree, and it only remains for me to carry out the provisions of the law. It remains for others to say whether the sentence is carried out. Robert Ford, stand up."

Robert did as commanded.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you."

"Nothing," responded the prisoner.

"Robert Ford," said the judge, "you have pleaded guilty before this court to the crime of murder in the first degree, and it becomes my duty to pass the sentence of death upon you. It is therefore the sentence of this court that you be taken to the Buchanan county jail, and there safely kept until the 19th day of May, 1882, and at that time to be taken to a convenient place and hanged by the neck till you are dead."

Robert then took his seat, and Charles was commanded to stand up. The same sentence was then passed upon him, and then the two were taken back to the jail.

On the morning of the 18th, an unconditional pardon was issued for both the Fords, by Gov. Thomas T. Crittenden. Sheriff Thomas at once liberated the boys, who shook hands with the guards and many of the spectators. Robert's liberty was very short-lived. The smile of complacency had hardly faded from his face, when Sheriff Trigg, of Ray County, placed his hand upon Robert Ford and said "You are my prisoner!"

He then read a warrant for his arrest, charging him with the murder, or complicity in the murder of Wood Hite, whose body was found a week or ten days ago, in an old well, on the Ford farm.

Ford was evidently taken aback, and with a heavy sigh he said, "Is that so?"

In a brief conversation he asserted his perfect innocence in the matter, and, after the first surprise

of the arrest was over, he did not manifest any uneasiness. Sheriff Trigg took his prisoner to Kansas City, and thence to Richmond, where he will be speedily tried.

Charles Ford was permitted to go free.

JESSE'S ARMORY.

After the trial, Mrs. Jesse James went from Kearney to St. Joseph, where the guns, revolvers, and other paraphenalia of the bandit's life, held in charge by Marshal Craig, were, by the order of Gov. Crittenden, handed over to Jesse's widow. The armory is said to be worth from $500 to $700.

IN MEMORIAM—JESSE JAMES.

The following dirge, published in the Chicago *Times* of April 19th, may serve to show that there are not a few who regard the dead bandit as a hero:

Sadly, in the early Spring time
Did we lay him away to rest,
Away from this cold, unfeeling clime,
Safe away among the blest.

No more now will he be hunted
By his enemies so bad,
All his young life abruptly blunted,
Ah! 'tis sad, 'tis very sad!

Why did they kill him thus? So sudden
  Why pin him on death's awful lance?
Why pluck the flower just in its budding,
  Why didn't they give poor Jesse a chance?

How much worse were they who killed him,
  The brand of Cain is on their brow,
Oh how sad that they have stilled him;
  But Jesse is in Abram's bosom now.

His sisters, children, wife and mother,
  Shed their tears like floods of rain—
And his poor, wandering brother,
  We may never see again.

Oh! this is bitter, bitter, bitter—
  That the Lord should permit such wrong,
Think now of the lonely sitter—
  His mother singing out her wailing song.

Of her sainted boy gone before,
  Gone and left them all behind,
Weeping tears of sorrow so sore,
  Wafted to him on the wind.

Rest thee, Jesse, rest thee, rest,
  Know thy friends down here below,
While thou art in the land that's blest,
  Will not forget the terrible blow.

They feel that thou lookeet from above
  In that land of peace and beauty,
And wilt give them thy own richest love
  If they will do their duty.

Farewell, farewell, we see you there
  Beckoning with thy own dear hand;
And with the angels ever bright and fair,
  We will meet you in that heavenly land!

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